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THE WORKS OF

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE

IN VERSE AND PROSE

NOW FIRST COLLECTED WITH A PREFATORY
MEMOIR BY HIS NEPHEWS W. E. AND
SIR BARTLE FRERE.

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ANGLVS

VOL I

LONDON
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
196 PICCADILLY
1872

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EDITORS' PREFACE.

IN 1867, Mr. Pickering had prepared for republication all of Mr. Hookham Frere's literary remains which he could collect. Some of the works were in type when he applied to the author's family for their aid in making the collection as complete as possible, and also in correcting a biographical sketch which had already been printed.

It then appeared that, besides the works accessible to Mr. Pickering, there were others of considerable length and importance which had never been printed or published.

Mr. Pickering thereupon placed the whole of the materials he had collected at the disposal of Mr. Frere, of Roydon Hall, Norfolk, Mr. Hookham Frere's heir, and the present head of the family.

At his request, and on his behalf, two of his brothers, who had just then returned from India, undertook to do their best towards carrying out Mr. Pickering's design. Mr. W. E. Frere engaged to collect and prepare for the Press all that could now be recovered of his uncle's Works, and the biographical sketch prefixed to them has been drawn up by Sir Bartle Frere.

Both felt that, other deficiencies apart, thirty-five years of active service in the Tropics, chiefly passed at a distance from all literary and political society, and far away from such books, as well as from such men, as were Mr. Hookham Frere's companions, formed but a bad preparation for the task.

Time had, however, spared few of those who, by personal knowledge and love for the subject, as well as by similarity of tastes and scholarship, were best fitted for the duty. Of Mr. Hookham Frere's early friends or associates not one remained who could be asked to aid; and even those who had known him intimately, in the latter years of his comparative retirement at Malta, were rapidly passing away.

Under these circumstances, none better qualified, being able or willing to undertake the task, the advantage of having passed some time under his roof, and in daily intercourse with him, in 1834, 1841-4-5-6, may in some degree compensate for the faults of insufficient or rusty scholarship; and it is hoped that the spirit of filial love in which the work has been undertaken, will make up for serious defects which would not have existed had it been entrusted to abler hands.

Mr. Frere had, in his latter years, a great dislike to the mechanical task of writing, and much that he had composed found no record save in the memory of the few associates of his retired and almost recluse life. Owing to circumstances which need not here be detailed, very few of the letters which he received from his political or literary friends are now forthcoming. Some scattered notices remain of remarks or conversations which happen so to have struck the hearer, that they were written down at the time; but shipwreck and other accidents have caused the loss of many of these imperfect records.

With such scanty materials at command, it can hardly be hoped that the result will be satisfactory to the few now surviving who were amongst his personal friends; or who know him by the estimation in which he was held by such authorities in politics and literature as Canning and Cornewall Lewis, Coleridge, Southey, and Scott.

But the Editors trust that scholars and men of letters may find among the fragmentary additions to the collected works, however imperfectly edited, some ground for rejoicing that even these brief records have not been allowed to perish; and though the Memoir bears unavoidable traces of the difficulty experienced in converting what was begun as a simple family record into a sketch of Mr. Frere's political and literary life, all readers may find something to interest them in these memorials of one who Coleridge thought eminently deserved to be characterized as *ὁ καλοκᾴγαθός ὁ φιλόκαλος*.[1]

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[1] Coleridge's Will. Athenæum, No. 365.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page xix, line 26, *for* “Lambert” *read* “Lambton.”
Page lx, line 25, *for* “Prince of Peace” *read* “Prince of the Peace.”
Page lxix, line 7, *for* “oft times” *read* “of times.”
Page lxxvi, line 12, *for* “Prince of Peace” *read* “Prince of the Peace.”
Page lxxviii, line 31, *for* “Jerome” *read* “Joseph.”
Page ccvii, line 16, *for* “Sacri” *read* “Sacer.”
Page cclix, line 19, *for* “his” *read* “hers.”
Page 277, line 7 from bottom, should *read*, “Each antient and each modern grace.”
Page 280, line 6 from bottom, should *read*, “Roydon and Finningham, and Mellis' Green.”
Page 282, line 4, *for* “pride” *read* “guide.”
Page 282, line 21, *for* “then” *read* “there.”
Page 282, line 26, *for* “cast” *read* “caste.”
Page 283, line 11, *for* “tree” *read* “free.”
Page 283, line 5 from bottom, *for* “law” *read* “love.”
Page 283, line the last, *for* “contemplate” *read* “and you see.”
Page 288, line 24, *for* “noble” *read* “nobler.”
Page 302, line 12, *for* “rise” *read* “arise.”
Page 313, line 3 from the bottom, *for* “this” *read* “the.”
Page 314, line 11 from the bottom, *for* “Merit” *read* “Honour.”

VOL. II.

Page 37, line 3 from bottom, *for* “persons” *read* “speakers.”
Page 43, line 7, *for* “information” *read* “informations.”
Page 44, line 3, *for* “or” *read* “nor.”
Page 45, line 5, *for* “spichcocks” *read* “spitchcocks.”
Page 97, lines 26, 33, 39, } *for* “Boeck” *read* “Boeckh.”
Page 98, line 6,
Page 107, line 23, *for* “cooly” *read* “coolly.”
Page 121, note *, line 2, *for* “in” *read* “on.”
Page 141, line 4 from bottom, *for* “Kinesias” *read* “Cinesias.”
Page 209, last line but one, *for* “Canephroi” *read* “Canephoroi.”
Page 268, note *, last line, *after* “and” *add* “Achilles.”
Page 343, line 20, *for* “LXII.” *read* “LXIII.”
Page 414, line 9, *omit comma after* “Aragon.”
Page 425, line 25, *for* “Babeica” *read* “Babieca.”
Page 450, line 2, *for* “Lissa” *read* “Lyssa.”

MEMOIR.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE was born in London on the 21st May, 1769. He came of an ancient stock, long settled in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk.

A recent French genealogist, writing of those families whose ancestors accompanied the Conqueror from Normandy, professes to find among them the founders of the family of the Suffolk Freres. He traces them to a certain Richard le Frere and his son John, who followed the banner of Robert, son of William Mallett, one of the great nobles who fought under the Conqueror at Hastings. This Robert founded a priory at Eye in Suffolk, in the records of which mention is said to be made of John Le Frere, as "Vavasseur" and tenant of lands in Eye.

On similar evidence the same author identifies with the descendants of this Richard many of the name of Frere, or Le Frere, who are found mentioned in ancient charters and deeds connected with grants of land in other of the eastern and midland counties.[1]

From John Frere, who lived at Thurston, in Suffolk, in

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[1] In pedigrees and deeds relating to land in Norfolk and Suffolk, in the 12th and 13th centuries, the name, it is said, is generally written "Le Frere." But in the third year of Ed. III. (A.D. 1330), "John Frere"

1268, there is connected and well authenticated evidence of successive generations who held lands and bore arms in Suffolk, and intermarried with various families of landed gentry in that and the adjoining counties.[1]

Many Freres of previous generations had been buried at Finningham, in Suffolk, when the manor and advowson,

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is recorded by local antiquaries as having given to the Prior and Brothers of the Carmelites at Synterle (?) in Norfolk, certain lands there for the enlargement of the Manse. Twenty-two years later, "Thos. Frere," described as "Citizen and Fishmonger of London," gave land in the City of London to John Baud, Parson of the Church of St. Nicholas of Colne Abbey. In later times the Suffolk branch of the family dropped the Norman article.

Some of these East Anglian Le Freres held lands near Sawbridgeworth as early as 1197, when it is recorded that, on the day after the feast of St. Mark, in the ninth year of King Richard I., Richard le Frere obtained, on a plea brought before the King's Justices at Westminster from Henstac and others, two virgates of land in Sawbridgeworth, paying therefor 10*s*. sterling; and twenty-three years later Walter le Frere and his wife, with others, sold half a virgate of land in the same township for one marc. About a century later, in 1313, William le Frere is recorded to have bought a messuage, twenty-one acres of land, and half an acre of pasture in Sawbridgeworth "for a hawk."

This branch of the family, with the name Anglicised, held lands in the same parish and its neighbourhood up to the last century.

In the records of the 16th and 17th centuries, the name of all branches of the family is variously spelled as Frere, Fryer, and Frier.

[1] The family seems to have shared the passion for foreign adventure and travel which possessed so many Englishmen in the days of Elizabeth and her successors.

The name of John Frier is found among the original 215 adventurers to whom the first charter, constituting the East India Company, was granted in 1600, and John Fryer, apparently the same person, subscribed £240 towards the funds of the Company.

In the next generation, Dr. Fryer (whose travels in the East Indies between 1672 and 1681, published in 1698, is still one of the most graphic books of Eastern travel we have) is claimed by the family, though not by the Suffolk branch.

The Harleston branch, which divided from the main tree in the 16th century, moved, in the course of the 17th, almost bodily to Barbadoes. In opposition to the politics of the rest of the family, they were strong Parliamentarians. One of them was a member which still belong to the family, were purchased of the Cottons by John Frere. He died in 1679, and for several generations after him his descendants lived at Thwait Hall, near Finningham, till his great grandson purchased Roydon Hall, near Diss, in Norfolk.

Mr. Hookham Frere's very just estimate of his own obligations to such ancestry may be gathered from his reply to a request, made to him in his later years, that he would write a few lines on his coat-of-arms, of which, as having descended from the time of their first establishment in the county, the family were reasonably proud. The verses were asked for by way of preface to a "Parentalia," intended "to preserve, in the spirit of the family motto,[1] "traces of kindred and affinity in the relations of a race, the "members of which were becoming numerous and widely "dispersed."

It was in entire sympathy with this feeling, but with some fear lest future family heralds should be tempted to lay too much store by mere length of descent, unaccompanied by other claims on the gratitude of posterity, that Mr. Frere replied by sending the *following verses* :—

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of the Norfolk Committee for Sequestrations; and another, Tobias, is described, in some Royalist lampoons still extant, as a vehement partisan of the Parliament. To this branch probably belonged James Frere, the propounder in 1653 of a scheme "for transporting vagrants to the foreign plantations." In Nov. 1655, John Frere and others, "Merchant adventurers to Barbadoes," petitioned the Council of State to the effect "that they can procure but 800 firelocks for the 2000 old musket barrels formerly granted out of the Tower stores for the use of Barbadoes, and pray that they may pass Custom Free." On which an order was passed by the Council to Col. Hooper and Captain Tobias Frere to ship the firelocks custom free; and the same Captain Tobias, Thomas Frere, and others obtained in the same year, from the Lord Protector an order for 200 cases of pistols, 372 carbines, and 600 swords to be delivered out of the Tower for the use of Barbadoes. There may still be possibly representatives of the family in Barbadoes, where members of it have, during the past two centuries, held various offices of honour and responsibility.

[1] "Frere ayme Frere."

ON OUR COAT OF ARMS.[1]

THE Flanches, on our field of Gules,
Denote, by known heraldic rules,
A race contented and obscure,
In mediocrity secure,
By sober parsimony thriving,
For their retired existence striving;

By well-judged purchases and matches,
Far from ambition and debauches;
Such was the life our fathers led;
Their homely leaven, deep inbred
In our whole moral composition,
Confines us to the like condition.

But among the less remote ancestors of Mr. Hookham Frere, there were some whose example may be supposed to have had considerable influence on the formation of his literary tastes. His great grandfather Edward, born in 1680, was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in Bentley's days, and was probably one of the staunch adherents of the great Master in his disputes with the other members of the College; for his name is not appended to the petition which was forwarded to the Bishop of Ely on the 6th of February, 1709, while it appears in the list of thirty-seven Fellows attached to Bentley's reply, which is dated the 13th February in the same year.

Edward Frere's son Shepherd, a Fellow Commoner of Trinity, did not take any university honours; but his grandson John, Mr. Hookham Frere's father, went to the same college, and had the good fortune of contending with no less distinguished a competitor than Paley for the honours of Senior Wrangler, in 1763. The story of the contest is told with characteristic details by Bishop Watson, who was Moderator that year. After recording how, when he took his own degree, he had been placed Second Wrangler, when in justice he ought to have been first, the worthy Bishop relates that, when he became Moderator, he prevented such partiality for the future by introducing the practice of examining rival candidates in the presence of each other, with the happy result which he describes in the following terms:[1]—

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[1] Gules, two leopards' faces between flanches, or. It may save the tyro in heraldry trouble to warn him that he will search the text books in vain for the "known heraldic rules" which the poet, following the example of but too many modern heralds, invented for his own amusement.

"The first year I was Moderator, Mr. Paley (afterwards "known to the world by many excellent productions, though "there are some ethical and some political principles in his "philosophy which I by no means approve), and Mr. Frere, "a gentleman of Norfolk, were examined together. A re-"port prevailed that Mr. Frere's grandfather" (this was the Trinity Fellow of Bentley's days) "would give him a thou-"sand pounds if he were Senior Wrangler. The other "Moderator agreed with me that Mr. Paley was his superior, "and we made him Senior Wrangler. Mr. Frere, much to "his honour, on an imputation of partiality being thrown on "*my colleague and myself, publicly acknowledged that he* "*deserved only the second place, a declaration which could* "never have been made, had they not been examined in "*the presence of each other.*"

While Paley was slowly working his way to honours far more enduring than any the University Moderator could assign him, his competitor had the good or bad fortune to succeed to his family estate, and thenceforward devoted himself to his duties as a country gentleman. In 1768 he married Jane, the only child of Mr. John Hookham of Beddington, a rich London merchant. She brought with her, not only fortune and personal beauty, but rare gifts of intellect and disposition. Her own reading in early life had been directed by Mr. William Stevens, the intimate friend of Bishop Horne and of Jones of Nayland, a ripe Greek and Hebrew scholar, and one of the most learned laymen of his day. The catalogue of books which he drew up for the young heiress, and which she seems, from her note-book, to have carefully read and studied, would probably astonish the promoters of modern ladies' colleges by the ponderous, though varied, nature of the reading prescribed, embracing almost every branch of what an erudite and pious High Churchman of Johnson's days would consider sound divinity and history; in French, as well as in English, literature.

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[1] "Anecdotes of the Life of Bishop Watson of Landaff," 1818, vol. i. p. 30.

Mr. Frere was High Sheriff for Suffolk in 1776, and in 1799 was elected Member of Parliament for Norwich, after a severe contest; but though a diligent magistrate, devoting much time to county business, he did not neglect the favourite studies of his youth. His son used to regret that so few of his father's occasional papers had been preserved or published. I have heard my uncle relate with much humour a story of his father's learning, when he was High Sheriff, that a Whig judge, rather a rare phenomenon in those days, was coming on circuit to the Norwich assizes; whereupon the High Sheriff, though not much addicted to theological composition, sat down and composed a High Tory sermon, which he got his chaplain to preach before the judges. It was pronounced, by those of the learned congregation who were not in the secret of its composition, to be "an excellent "sermon; much better than judges usually got from High "Sheriff's Chaplains;" but whether it did as much to improve the political principles of the Whig judge, as to confirm his Tory brethren in theirs, was more than the real author of the sermon could discover.

Mr. Frere was an active member of the Royal Society, and of the principal scientific and antiquarian associations in London, and occasionally contributed a paper to their transactions, or to the "Gentleman's Magazine," then the usual vehicle for publishing the less formal and elaborate class of scientific or literary compositions.

One of these papers, written in 1797, possesses considerable permanent interest. It is an account of some flint implements dug up near Hoxne in Suffolk, and was published in the "Archæologia."[1] This is probably the first notice, in any scientific publication, of the remains left by the prehistoric races in this country, which have of late years attracted so much attention.

Mr. Frere's only surviving sister, Ellinor, married Sir John Fenn, editor of the well known "Paston Letters," an accomplished and learned antiquary. It is possible that from him, or some of his antiquarian friends, who were always welcome guests at Mr. Frere's house, his son imbibed that taste and appreciation for English ballad literature which he showed in his early school-boy days, and for which he was remarkable throughout his long life.

Lady Fenn[2] was a woman of strong, original understanding, and great accomplishment; though, as she lived at a time when Norfolk was two days' tedious journey from London, her influence was mainly confined to the small country circle in which she moved.

Speaking of her in her later years, Mr. Hookham Frere said, "It is difficult to give any one nowadays an idea of "the kind of awe which, in my boyhood, a learned old lady "like her inspired, down in the country, not only in us, her "nephews and nieces, and in those of her own age and rank

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[1] Vol. XIII.

[2] She was herself an authoress of some repute in her own day, and in her own line. There are many now living who can recollect receiving their first reading-lessons in "Cobwebs to catch Flies," and other books for children, which, under the name of Mrs. Lovechild, she wrote for her brother's children and grandchildren, and afterwards published. She shares with Mrs. Trimmer and Mrs. Barbauld the credit of founding that school of fiction for children, in which Miss Edgeworth afterwards reigned supreme and almost unrivalled.

"who could understand her intellectual superiority, but even "in the common people around her.

"I remember one day, coming from a visit to her, I "stopped to learn what some village boys outside her gate "were wrangling about—they were disputing whether the "nation had any reason to be afraid of an invasion by "Buonaparte, and one of the disputants said, with a conscious air of superior knowledge—'I tell ye, ye don't know "'what a terrible fellow he is: why, he don't care for no-"'body! If he was to come here to Dereham, he would'nt "'care that,' snapping his fingers; 'no! not even for Lady "'Fenn, there!'"

Little that is noteworthy has been preserved of Mr. Hookham Frere's early boyhood. In 1785, he went from a preparatory school at Putney to Eton. The following are extracts from notes made in 1844 of some of his early recollections.

He had been speaking of the mistake made by a celebrated head master, who tried to keep the boys of a great public school in order by superior physical energy. This was not the way, he said, to attain what should be the object of every head master—to impress every one about him, tutors as well as boys, with a profound respect for his authority. "Davies," he said, "who was Head Master in my "time, was the very incarnation of authority. We boys "never dreamed of his condescending to any physical effort "other than flogging us. I never shall forget my surprise "when my father took me to place me at Eton, and I saw "the way in which Davies treated a man to whom I had "seen every one else so deferential.

"'Mr. Frere, I believe? Well, sir; is this your son?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, what can he do? where has he been?'

"'At Mr. Cormick's, at Putney.'

"'Humph! not a bad school; we have had some lads "'well prepared from him.' And he gave me a passage to "read, and away I construed for bare life. Everything "about him had the same character, down to his 'Hem!' "which might have been heard at the end of the long walk. "He was ordered by his physician, when he got a little infirm, to take carriage exercise. So he had a coach-and-four; but there was something we boys did not quite like, "even in his riding in a coach-and-four, like an ordinary "mortal; and this effect was not lessened by his always "using, when the horses were restive, the same phrase, and "in the same tone, as he was accustomed to address to the "prepositors (of the lower school), 'Can't you keep them "'quiet, there?'

"When old King George III. came over to Eton, which "he used to do very frequently, I remember the jealousy "with which we watched Davies, to see that he did not play "the courtier too much; and very well he managed it. The "King, too, used quite to understand and humour the kind "of feeling we had.

"Davies was preceded by, and, I fancy, caught much of, "the manner of Foster, who, as I have heard Etonians of his "day tell, had almost the same kind of weight, in London "society, that old Thurlow possessed.

"It was a grand idea to have such a school as Eton close "under the wing of the royal castle. I have often wished "that some one would hunt up the early charters or statutes "to find out whether the position was the result of accident "or design, like so many of the things which appear accidental in the foundation of Winchester, but which the "statutes show, were all provided for, by the foresight of the "founder."

At Eton Mr. Hookham Frere formed more than one lifelong friendship, and there began his intimacy with Mr. Canning, for whom he cherished a love and admiration, which absence never diminished, and neither age nor death itself could dull.

They appear to have become fast friends from their earliest schoolboy acquaintance. Mr. Canning was about a year junior to his friend, but had already given promise of a brilliancy of intellect, destined, a few years later, to dazzle the House of Commons, while the oratory of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and Sheridan, in their best days, was still matter of living memory.

In 1786, they joined with a few Etonians of their own standing,[1] in starting "The Microcosm," a periodical, the essays and *jeux d'esprit* in which were supposed to refer primarily to the miniature world of Eton, though they often contain evidence of views directed to the great outside world of politics and literature, where some of the young authors were destined in a few years to play a conspicuous part. "The Microcosm" was the first school periodical which attracted much notice beyond the walls of the school itself, and to this, perhaps, as much as to the intrinsic merit of the papers it contained, is due its great success, which led to numerous literary ventures of the same kind at other of our great public schools. Some of the papers in the "Microcosm" contain unmistakeable promise of considerable literary ability, and one at least, Canning's Essay on the Epic of the Queen of Hearts, will probably maintain its place in English literature as a classical specimen of burlesque criticism.

The first number of "The Microcosm" was published on the 6th Nov., 1786, and forty numbers appeared regularly every Monday, holidays excepted, till the 30th of the following July, when it wound up with an account of the deathbed of "Mr. Gregory Griffin," the supposed editor, and a copy of his will, in which he bequeaths to the various authors the papers they had severally contributed. Mr. Hookham

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[1] Mr. J. Smith, Mr. R. Smith (brother of Sydney Smith), Lord Henry Spencer, third son of the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Way, Mr. Littlehales, Mr. Capel Loft and Mr. Mellish, were the other principal contributors.

Frere's contributions consisted of five papers,[1] the style of which contains but few traces of a school-boy's hand.

The "Microcosm" was subsequently published in a collected form,[2] with a dedication to Dr. Davies, the Head Master, and went through at least five editions.

Like most Eton men, Mr. Hookham Frere, to his latest years, cherished a warm affection for everything connected with the Royal college, and was never tired of recalling the memories of his school-boy days. Among his companions at that time, he used to say that, "next to Canning, none "was expected by his contemporaries to do more in the "world than Sydney Smith's brother 'Bobus.'

"Of Lord Wellesley's" (then Lord Mornington) "future "career, the boys," he said, "formed a truer judgment than "the masters; for, while Mornington's school companions "had a high opinion of his abilities, and expected him to "distinguish himself, the masters underrated him, and used "to express surprise at the unsurpassed facility and cor "rectness of his Latin verse."

Much was looked for by both boys and masters, from Mr. Lambton, the father of the first Earl of Durham. "Lambton was a most amiable superior man," he said, "and would have made a great figure in public life, if he "had not been spoilt by his Whig associates. He was a "great favourite with all his schoolfellows, notwithstanding "the mortal offence which his father, General Lambert, once "gave us. He was a very rough old soldier, and affronted "some of us mightily by inviting us to eat, with 'Come "'along, ye young dogs! Come and eat this, will ye?'"

Talking of one of my father's earliest reminiscences of Eton, when eighty boys were flogged for a sort of barring out, and among them Mr. Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Iron Duke, he said, "No one who has not seen it can "estimate the good Eton does in teaching the little boys "of great men that they have superiors. It is quite as "difficult and as important to teach this to the great "banker's and squire's boys, as to duke's sons, and I know "no place where this was done so effectually as at Eton. "Neither rank nor money had any consideration there compared with that which was paid to age, ability, and standing in the school."

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[1] *Vide infra*, p. 3.

[2] "The Microcosm," a periodical work, by Gregory Griffin. Windsor: Printed for C. Knight, 1787.

With these recollections he was, not unnaturally, disposed to question the wisdom of the plans which, even thirty years ago, were sometimes propounded, for making fundamental changes in the system and subjects of teaching in our public schools. "It was not," he maintained, "of so much "importance what you learnt at school, as how you learnt "it. At school a boy's business is not simply or mainly to "gain knowledge, but to learn how to gain it. If he learns "his own place in the world, and, in a practical fashion, his "duty towards other boys, and to his superiors as well as to "his inferiors; if he acquires the apparatus for obtaining and "storing knowledge and some judgment as to what kind of "knowledge is worth obtaining, his time at school has not "been misspent, even if he carries away a very scanty store "of actual facts in history, or literature, or physical science. "If, in his school-boy days, you cram his head with such "facts beyond what are merely elementary, you are very "apt to addle his brains, and to make a little prig or pedant "of him, incapable, from self-conceit, of much further progress afterwards. Nor can any boy carry from school any "great number of facts which will really be useful to him, "when he comes in after life to make those branches of "knowledge his special study, because they are all, but "especially the physical sciences, progressive, and the best "ascertained facts, as well as theories, of to-day, may be "obsolete and discredited ten years hence. You find many "learned men who have been great students and experimentalists, and even discoverers, in very early youth; but "the number of facts worth remembering, which they accumulated in boyhood, always bears a very small proportion "to what they have learnt after leaving school, and in early "manhood."

For these and similar reasons, he held that no physical science, nor even history nor literature, taught as separate branches of knowledge, could ever be efficient substitutes for classics and mathematics, at our public schools and universities, by way of mental training, to fit a boy to educate himself in after life: classics as forming style, and giving a man power to use his own language correctly in writing and speaking, and even in thinking; and mathematics as the best training for reasoning, and as a necessary foundation for the accurate study of physics and natural philosophy.

He once gave me the following illustration of his position that a man might be a great man, in every sense of the word, without even a rudimentary knowledge of the facts of natural science. "I remember one day going to consult "Canning on a matter of great importance to me when he "was staying down near Enfield. We walked into the "woods to have a quiet talk, and as we passed some ponds "I was surprised to find it was a new light to him that "tadpoles turned into frogs."

My uncle added—"Now, don't you go and tell that story "of Canning to the next fool you meet. Canning could "rule, and did rule, a great and civilized nation; but in "these days people are apt to fancy that any one who does "not know the natural history of frogs must be an imbecile "in the treatment of men."

From Eton, Mr. Hookham Frere went to Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1792, and M.A. in 1795. His B.A. degree was "allowed," as an ægrotat prevented his going in for honours. But his college career was not undistinguished. He was made Fellow of Caius, and gained several prizes for classical compositions in prose and verse. One of the former still possesses an interest, as showing the views of an ardent young Pittite on such subjects as colonization, free trade, and convict instruction, in 1792, and illustrating the hold which the writings of Adam Smith had already attained on the minds of the young men of his own day. It was an essay which gained the Members' prize in that year on the question—"Whether "it be allowable to hope for the improvement of morals, and "for the cultivation of virtue in the rising state of Botany "Bay?"[1]

After a description of the colonies of Greece and Rome, and of the principles of their management as contrasted with our own American colonies and India, in which our main object had been commercial advantage, the writer refers to the then recent loss of our American colonies, caused, as he argues, by over eagerness to assert sovereign rights, and neglect of the sound commercial considerations, which would have dictated a more liberal policy. Referring to Botany Bay, he insists that no commercial benefit could be expected from the settlement, unless the trade to the East Indies were relieved from the Company's monopoly. He proceeds to warn our Government against embarrassing the future growth of the colony by maintaining too long that strictness of regimen which was needed at first, alluding more particularly to martial law. From the example of our American colonies, from the non-existence in Botany Bay of many temptations met with in older communities, and from the natural tendency of simple habits of life to aid any development of virtuous instincts, he draws a hopeful augury for the wellbeing of the infant community.

He then notices, at some length, and with great surprise, the absence of all mention of religion, both in the published accounts of occurrences in the colony and in the governor's dispatches. He argues that mere fear of death can do little to deter from crime those who have already shown their contempt for it by their acts, and that we ought to think better of human nature than to despair of reclaiming them. At all events, future generations, he insists, might be rescued from contamination, and he adduces our American colonies to prove that, with abundance of fertile land, free for their occupation, the children at least might be trained to simple habits and honest industry in field labour.

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[1] *Vide infra*, vol. i. p. 41.

The essay contains frequent references to Adam Smith, whose great work, published in 1776, was then becoming popular, and concludes with an elaborate eulogy on the author of the "Wealth of Nations:" as—

"The man who laid the foundations of peace and concord "throughout Europe, opened and guarded the road to Free "Trade, enunciated precepts for instructing the people, and "for colonization, supplied, in short, whatever was necessary, "beyond the schools of philosophers, for the welfare and "happiness of mankind, and brought us, to all appearance, "*within a near approach to that wealth of the ancients,* "from which we are certainly now[1] far distant, being ex-"cluded, not by nature's wrong, but by our own ignorance. "Only let us, according to his advice, not strive by abrupt "and headlong courses, but accomplish his ends by follow-"ing the known and gentle paths, which he has pointed "out."

On leaving the university, Mr. Hookham Frere entered public life in the Foreign Office, under Lord Grenville. He was returned to Parliament in November, 1796, as member for the close borough of West Looe in Cornwall, for which he continued to sit till the dissolution in 1802.

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[1] At the time when the essay was written very great and general pecuniary distress prevailed in this country.

He was from his boyhood a warm admirer of Pitt, who, ten years his senior, had, for nearly that period, been Prime Minister, when Mr. Frere first began to take an active share in politics. Maturer judgment, and longer experience in public life did something more than confirm the young political subaltern's allegiance to a great party leader. His attachment to Pitt was, indeed, a much warmer personal feeling than that which the haughty character of his chief inspired in most of his political adherents; but it was discriminating and enduring; and when the generation of public men, to which they both belonged, had passed away from active political life, and the events which had so passionately convulsed Europe in his youth, had become matters of history half a century old, Mr. Frere, who never lost any of his keen interest in the political events of the day, would still maintain that Pitt understood the spirit and force of the French Revolution, as well as the genius and wants of modern English political life, more clearly than any, either of his contemporaries or immediate successors in his own party, and was a greater and more far-seeing statesman than any of his rivals or opponents.

It cannot be said that this feeling was, in any respect, the worship of good fortune, for the tide of unvarying prosperity which marked the earlier years of Pitt's administration, had turned before Mr. Frere took office under him.

In 1792 Pitt had been most reluctantly forced into hostilities with France, and however flattering to our national pride may have been the naval successes which, from time to time, added to our colonial empire, or averted invasion from India, or from the British Islands themselves, the brilliancy of these victories did but deepen the gloom, which, year after year, seemed settling down on our prospects in our own country and on the continent, as one ancient monarchy after another succumbed to the vigour of the young republican armies, as our financial and domestic difficulties, especially in Ireland, increased, till in 1800, after eight years of war, the peace of Luneville proclaimed the utter prostration of every one of Napoleon's continental opponents. Nelson's daring at Copenhagen, and the death of the Emperor Paul, averted, for the moment, that combination of the Northern powers with France against us, which so seriously threatened our command of the sea, but it was evident that the danger was but averted for a time, and at no period in our modern history was there so much reason for the grave anxiety of all true patriots—so much necessity for that constancy and courage for which even his worst enemies allowed that Pitt was pre-eminently distinguished.

We who now know how all this ended, and to what it has since led, can with difficulty put ourselves in the position of those who saw the concluding eight years of the last century, and could estimate better than the crowd of their contemporaries the strength of the revolutionary spirit at work, and the weakness, corruption, and divisions of much that was naturally opposed to it. But as we read the chequered chronicle of national success and failure, we can enter into the feelings of those young and ardent followers of Pitt who were, in some sense, behind the scenes of official life, and saw public affairs in something of the same light as he did; and we can understand the enthusiasm with which they would devote themselves to a leader who, in the darkest hours of our national trials, was still recognized by the instincts of the least reflecting of his supporters as the "Pilot "who weathered the storm."

Mr. Frere paid a short visit to France just before the final outbreak of the French Revolution, and brought back with him a strong conviction of the gravity of the crisis which was evidently impending. His intercourse with Mr. Canning, which had been necessarily somewhat interrupted during their college career, when Mr. Canning went to Oxford and his friend to Cambridge, was renewed very much on the intimate footing of their school-boy days at Eton, after Mr. Canning took his B. A. degree in 1793. The following is an extract from a note of some recollections of those days as described by Mr. Frere nearly half-a-century afterwards (1844-5). The conversation had turned on a life of Canning, in which his early adhesion to the Tory party was discussed as if it required explanation. Mr. Frere remarked, "Nothing was more natural or less needing explanation than "Canning's early adhesion to Pitt. As schoolboys, while I "was, by association, a Tory, and, by inclination, a Pittite, "Canning, by family connexion and association, was a "Whig, or rather a Foxite. This was, I believe, almost "the only point on which our boyish opinions in those days "very materially differed; but it did not prevent our being "great friends, and I am sure that a young man of Canning's "views and feelings, entering Parliament at such a time, "could not long have been kept in opposition to Pitt. Canning's uncle and guardian was a Whig, and at his house "Canning met most of the leaders of the Whigs, and they "were not slow in recognizing his ability, and tried to attach "him to their party. It showed Canning's sagacity as well "as his high spirit and confidence in himself that he determined to take his own line, and judge for himself. When "I went to see him at Oxford he showed me a letter he had "received from Mrs. C——, whose husband was a great "Whig leader. It inclosed a note from the Duke of Portland, offering to bring Canning into Parliament. The offer "was a very tempting one to so young a man. But Canning refused it, and he told me his reason. 'I think,' he "said, 'there must be a split. The Duke will go over to "'Pitt, and I will go over in no man's train. If I join Pitt, "'I will go by myself.'

"I afterwards through Lord —— got Canning introduced "to Pitt. He came into Parliament for one of what were "called 'Bob Smith's boroughs,' and he very soon became a "great favourite of Pitt's—Dundas used often to have Pitt "to sup with him, after the House rose, and one night he "took Canning with him. There was no one else, and "Canning came to me next morning, before I was out of "bed, told me where he had been supping the night before, "and added, 'I am quite sure I have them both;' and I did "not wonder at it, for with his humour and fancy it was impossible to resist him. He had much more in common "with Pitt than any one else about him, and his love for "Pitt was quite filial, and Pitt's feeling for him was more "that of a father, than a mere political leader. I am sure "that from the first, Pitt marked Canning out as his political "heir, and had, in addition, the warmest personal regard for "him.

"Some years after, when Canning was going to be married, "Pitt felt as keenly about the affair as if Pitt had nothing "else to think of, and Canning had been his only child. "It was a good match for Canning in a worldly point of "view, for his own fortune was not adequate to the political "position Pitt would have liked him to hold. Pitt not only "took a personal interest in the match himself, but he made "old Dundas think almost as much about it, as if it had "been some important party combination."

In reply to some remark about Pitt's supposed frigidity of disposition, Mr. Frere said, with some warmth, "No one "who really knew Pitt intimately would have called him "cold. A man who is Prime Minister at twenty-six, cannot "carry his heart on his sleeve and be 'Hail, fellow! well "'met,' with every Jack, Tom, and Harry. Pitt's manner "by nature, as well as by habit and necessity, was in public "always dignified, reserved, and imperious; but he had "very warm feelings and, had it not been for the obligations "of the official position, which lay on him almost throughout "his whole life, I believe he might have had nearly as many "personal friends as Fox."

Speaking (in 1844) of the early years of the French Revolution, Mr. Frere said: "I am certain that, up to the very "last, it was Pitt's determination to have kept clear from "the European wars consequent on the French Revolution. "Nothing was more unjust than the charge constantly "brought against him that he did not do all that a patriotic "minister could do to preserve peace. His personal interests "and predilections were all in favour of peace, and nothing "but the outrageous conduct of the French compelled him "to take part in the war, which no English minister could "have long avoided, unless by joining the French in their "onslaught upon all the old governments in Europe. He "had got the funds up from about 64 to something like 93, "and had established his Sinking Fund, which, if he had "been succeeded by men like himself, would have done all "he expected of it; but the inferior men who followed him "had not the wisdom to resist the temptation of cribbing "from it, to supply the necessities of the day.

"People talk of the Sinking Fund as if Pitt had ever "imagined that money had some mysterious reproductive "power. He, of course, never imagined anything of the "kind. But he knew human nature, and he thought, I "believe rightly, that it was a device by which people could "be made more patient of taxation, than in any other form, "to pay off debts; and most people, who have an income in "excess of their current expenditure, devise some kind of "sinking fund for themselves."

In reply to a question whether subsequent events had not shown that Pitt underestimated the strength of the revolutionary spirit with which he had to deal in opposing the French Republic, he added: "I think not in the least. It "seems to me that all we have since learnt of the internal "history of France during the first ten years of the Revolu-"tion, goes to prove that Pitt was much more right in his "calculations of what we had opposed to us than even his "followers and admirers at the time supposed. I do "not say that anything could have checked the progress "of the Revolution. We have not to this day seen the "end of it; but the French nation and resources were "more thoroughly exhausted than we were, which is saying "a good deal, and the war would have ended when Pitt expected, and the French have been compelled to let other "people alone, for some years at all events, had it not been "for the appearance of Buonaparte. He was a phenomenon "on which no man could have calculated, and it was mainly "owing to him that the final exhaustion of France was "deferred for fifteen years.

"A war, like the Revolutionary war, is necessarily one of "exhaustion. You cannot end it by a pitched battle, nor "even by occupying a capital or over-running a whole "country.

"The Republicans had found in history that all great "military commanders under a Republic were apt to end "by making themselves supreme. They thought to prevent "this by chopping off the head of every successful general; "and this system answered very well till they got hold of "Buonaparte. I remember when first I read his dispatches "from the army of Italy, and saw how completely he understood the Directory, and how to manage them, I said "to myself, 'Well, here at last is a fellow whose head they "'will not be able to chop off.'

"People who find fault with Pitt's conduct of the war do "not consider the difficulties arising from the jealousies of "our allies. It is easy to say he might have found a Marlborough and done as Marlborough did. But Marlborough "was always doing the work of his allies, and they knew it. "It was not till after years of humiliation under Buonaparte's heel that the continental nations agreed to sink "their jealousies under Wellington, and even he would "have had hard work of it if Buonaparte had had a little "more time, or if France had been a little less tired of "him."

In reply to a question whether he had read Alison's account of the French Revolution in the "History of Europe," he replied, "No! I have no wish to read any "more summary histories of the French Revolution. It cost "me ten most miserable years of my life; for, from 1794 to "1804, I had but little hope for England. When it first "broke out, people in England were beside themselves, "and very few men had any notion of what it would lead "to. I remember old lady Fenn, a pattern of a good old-"fashioned Tory and High Churchwoman, and a wonder-"fully shrewd, sensible woman too, writing to my father "after the destruction of the Bastille. She had been read-"ing Cowper's lines, and was charmed with what had been "done. I can fancy his answer was a trimmer; for he saw, "more clearly than most men, what mob-rule meant, and "that, when once they began to have every thing their own "way, the mob would not stop, after they had destroyed "Bastilles. It is very difficult for any one in this generation "to imagine what a struggle it was for existence as the war "went on. The first real daylight I saw was when the "Spaniards rose and I found that there were people, besides "ourselves, in Europe, who were determined not to be swal-"lowed up and converted into French subjects."

Speaking of Burke he said, "I did not know him much "personally, and never met him in society; for when I be-"gan to busy myself about public affairs, he was old, and "depressed, and lived very retired at Beaconsfield. But "I was sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons "during his famous dagger speech, and I agreed with most "of his political views. I well remember getting his first "letter on the French Revolution. It was one of the few "books which I ever sat up all night to read.

"At the time we were first involved in the Revolutionary "war, all Pitt's thoughts and hopes were directed to fiscal "and financial and other domestic reforms; and it is a knowledge of how much his mind was, from choice, directed to "such reforms, that satisfies me of the sincerity of his wish "to have avoided war at the outset, if he could have done "so with honour. He never lost sight of his plans of financial improvement during the whole of the life and death "struggle which followed; and it was, I think, his feeling "that the opportunity for carrying out his plans was never "likely to recur during his own lifetime, which made him "towards its close so anxious to put Canning in a position to "succeed him as his political heir. Canning fully entered "into all Pitt's views on such matters, and would have carried them out, but he never had an opportunity till it was "too late. Before he became Prime Minister he had little "to say to finance. After the war was over, there was for "many years great exhaustion and a kind of lassitude "which made men indisposed to entertain projects of reform "in finance or in anything else.

"I remember, about that time, asking Canning what had "become of many plans of the kind which we used to talk "of in our younger days; and he said, almost bitterly, in "allusion to some of the men with whom he was obliged to "act, 'What can I churn out of such skimmed milk as "'that?'

"I feel inclined to be angry sometimes when I hear what "I know were some of Pitt's early schemes, which he, and "Canning after him, hoped to carry out whenever they had "an opportunity, spoken of by the Whigs as if they were "the rightful inheritance of the Whig party, and as if every "one else who took them up was poaching on Whig preserves."

In answer to a remark that assessed taxes were but a bad expedient for raising money, even in time of war, and that Pitt had very largely resorted to them, he said: "During "the war Pitt was often obliged to raise money by almost "any means he could, without much consideration, except "for the productiveness of the tax at the moment. The "assessed taxes were, I think, necessary evils during the "war, but nothing is worse as an ordinary source of revenue. "No man was more alive to this than Pitt, and had he lived "to see permanent peace, we should not have had any "assessed taxes now (1844). They act almost as mischievously and unfairly as a general poll tax. It was the "old principle of all English taxation that it should fall "mainly on property. The debt incurred during a war is "the price of our deliverance from foreign domination. It "justly falls on all property in the nation. When a ship is "saved you take the salvage from the value of the cargo, "not from the seamen's wages. Our common people gave "their blood to maintain the contest, and that is all we "ought to expect from them. Nothing is so vexatious as "an assessed tax: take what you please out of my income, "but let me do as I please with the rest. I believe even "now (1844) you must watch that the old paralytic butler, "whom you keep as a pensioner, never cleans the plate, lest "he should be charged as a house servant. The farm-boy, "who is sent off on a cart-horse to fetch Doctor Slop when "the good woman is ill, is liable to sur-charge as a domestic "servant, and you are obliged to be careful when he pulls "turnips and brings them to the kitchen lest the cook-maid "should set him to peel them. The assessed taxes keep "people living abroad, and encourage every kind of evasion. "It would be a good thing if Peel would add *6d.* in the "pound to the tax on real property and then do away with "assessed taxes altogether.

"I see very little in the real Reforms of late years which "Pitt would not have anticipated, had time and opportunity "permitted; and he is often most unjustly judged because "he could'nt tell people why he was obliged to postpone "his own convictions to the exigencies of the day, or to the "opposition of a master like George III., or of some colleague who, in other respects, was indispensable."

Speaking of the conduct of Count Mole, at the opening of the French Session in 1845, he said: "I suspect the "secret is a wish on the part of Louis Philippe to show M. "Guizot that he can do without him, and that a coalition "between Thiers and Mole is not impossible. Guizot seems "to me a man of genius, and there is nothing a king of the "character and in the position of Louis Philippe finds so "irksome as to have for minister a man of genius. Men "like Addington are the kind of ministers who are really "acceptable to a sovereign who thinks, and wishes to act, "for himself."

In answer to a question whether George III. had not a great personal regard for Pitt, he said—"Latterly he had, "but certainly not at first. It was a choice between him "and Fox, and the King inclined to Pitt as the less obnoxious of the two. Pitt's name was best known, in his "early days, as an advocate for Parliamentary reform. I "remember when I was a boy hearing two High Tories of "the old school, at my father's house, talking about Pitt when "he first became Prime Minister; they said: 'He is a thorn "'in our side; but one must sometimes stick to a bramble to "'save one from a fall into something worse.' The old "Tories at first had very little confidence in him. I recollect they were all in great delight, when the church at "Wimbledon, where Pitt lived, was to be repaired, because "he sent a hundred pounds, as his subscription, with a request 'that it might be laid out on the steeple, in order "'that the church might not look like a meeting house.' "The old Tories began then to think that there was really "some hope of him after that!"

In reply to a question whether Pitt's conduct with regard to the slavery question did not justify the assertion that he had, in his latter years, and in the plenitude of power, neglected to give practical effect to some of the high principles which he advocated so eloquently in earlier life, Mr. Frere said: "No, I have no doubt his sagacity saw obstacles of "which we, who knew less about them, knew nothing. I "remember Canning being most eager to get an order in "council issued to abolish slavery in the conquered colonies. "It could then have been done by a simple order, and none "of us could see why the order was not issued. Canning "was as vexed as he could be with Pitt. Dundas was "against it, and Pitt no doubt saw difficulties on the part of "the King. He could not tell us what the obstacles were, "and this often happens to a minister, when he has one "great work, like a war, on hand. He is often forced to "postpone some of his favourite projects, and not be able "to say why, even to friends like Wilberforce and Canning."

He said, on another occasion, that he felt sure at the time there was some other reason for Pitt's postponement of action with regard to the question of slavery, beyond that which forced him to postpone so many of his favourite measures of reform, and which Windham described as "the "impossibility of repairing one's house in the hurricane "season. In these days of peace (1845), people forget what "an all-absorbing occupation a great national struggle for "existence must be. No minister in his senses would have "risked divisions of his party, during the Revolutionary "war, by discussing any controverted questions which admitted of being postponed."

In 1797 Mr. Frere joined with Mr. Canning, and some others of the younger members of their party, in the publication of the "Anti-Jacobin." It was intended to counteract, as far as was possible in a weekly paper, the active and persistent efforts of the Republican party to disseminate their principles through the medium of the periodical press. Gifford was chosen editor, and a prospectus published which sets forth at some length, and with becoming gravity, the objects of supporting the existing order of things against the attacks of Jacobins and other secret or declared enemies of the nation and constitution. The first number of the "Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner," appeared on the 20th Nov. 1797, with a notice that the publication would be "continued every Monday during the sitting of Parliament." At the outset the intention of the projectors appears to have been to meet the propagandists of the new political and social philosophy with heavy batteries of fact and argument. Authentic news was to be supplied, the misrepresentations of the opposition press were to be refuted under a regularly classified gradation of "Mistakes," "Misstatements," and "Lies;" and a considerable space was to be devoted to formal essays on historical and constitutional questions. The first number contained a preliminary instalment of an article "On the Origin and Progress of the French Revolution and its Effects on France and other Countries," with a promise of continuation, which, if it had been fulfilled in the same style and in the same detail as the introductory chapter, would have required years for its completion.

But the conductors of the "Anti-Jacobin" seem to have become early aware that it was not by ponderous weapons such as these elaborate essays that the battle was to be fought.

Five years earlier there might have been some use in arguing against those who maintained that the progress of the French Revolution meant no harm to property, morals or religion, as by law established, in any neighbouring nation. There were, then, many who believed that the war was really caused by the pride, selfish ambition, or obstinacy of the King or Mr. Pitt, or by the class of landowners, the aristocracy, or by the fund holders; that it might end, as far as England was concerned, whenever the English chose to abstain from it; and that, if let alone, the French would arrange their domestic affairs their own way, without troubling their neighbours.

But in 1797 the conduct of the French nation, and the actions as well as the language of their rulers, had already supplied a sufficient answer to such assertions. With the facts of the past five campaigns in Germany and Italy before their eyes, the great bulk of the English nation had become thoroughly convinced that the war had really been forced on us by the aggressive character of the Revolution; that the only alternative was to follow the French example, and allow ourselves to be drawn into the Revolutionary vortex; and that "peace, at any price," was incompatible not only with the preservation of our existing laws regarding property, with toleration of existing beliefs in matters of religion, but with our separate existence as an independent people. On all these points the mind of the nation was by that time pretty well made up, and an overwhelming and increasing majority in and out of Parliament supported the ministry in the prosecution of the war. Elaborate argument therefore, on such questions, was superfluous and out of date. But, at the same time, there were dangerous and wide-spread discontents which were often more embarrassing than declared opposition.

New opinions on every subject connected with law, religion, and property, were making their way into popular literature, and were spreading among people who had thought little about such questions before; and the pressure of taxation, felt throughout the country with yearly increasing severity, did not dispose any class to be content with things as they were. Against this kind of feeling, which was rapidly spreading, while the actual ministerial majority in Parliament was increasing, the heavy artillery of grave essays on the origin and progress of the Revolution, could do little.

The plan of the "Anti-Jacobin," however, comprised an armoury of lighter weapons, and its projectors soon found that an epigram was, for such a purpose as theirs, often more effectual than an argument. The first number of the new periodical contained an "Introduction to the Poetry of the "Anti-Jacobin," written by Canning, which indicates the system on which they proposed to avail themselves of this mode of counteracting the effects of the French Revolution, at least as far as the lighter literature of the country was concerned. The humour of the description of the new school of poetry and poetical morality will atone for a long quotation.

"In our anxiety to provide for the amusement as well "as information of our readers, we have not omitted to "make all the enquiries in our power for ascertaining the "means of procuring poetical assistance. And it would "give us no small satisfaction to be able to report, that "we had succeeded in this point, precisely in the manner "which would best have suited our own taste and feel-"ings, as well as those which we wish to cultivate in our "readers.

"But whether it be that good morals, and what we should "call good politics, are inconsistent with the spirit of true "poetry—whether '*the Muses still with freedom found*' have "an aversion to *regular* governments, and require a frame "and system of protection less complicated than King, "Lords, and Commons:—

"'Whether primordial *nonsense* springs to life
"In the wild war of *Democratic* strife.'

"and there only—or for whatever other reason it may be, "whether physical, or moral, or philosophical (which last is "understood to mean something more than the other two, "though exactly *what*, it is difficult to say), we have not "been able to find one good and true poet, of sound prin-

"ciples and sober practice, upon whom we could rely for "furnishing us with a handsome quantity of sufficient and "approved verse—such verse as our readers might be ex- "pected to get by heart and to sing, as Monge describes "the little children of Sparta, and Athens singing the songs "of freedom, in expectation of the coming of *the great* "*nation*.

"In this difficulty, we have had no choice but either to "provide no poetry at all, a shabby expedient, or to go to "the only market where it is to be had good and ready "made, that of the *Jacobins*—an expedient full of danger, "and not to be used but with the utmost caution and "delicacy.

"To this latter expedient, however, after mature delibera- "tion, we have determined to have recourse; qualifying it "at the same time with such precautions, as may conduce "at once to the safety of our readers' principles, and to the "improvement of our own poetry.

"For this double purpose, we shall select, from time to "time, from among those effusions of the *Jacobin* muse "which happen to fall in our way, such pieces as may serve "to illustrate some one of the principles on which the "poetical, as well as the political doctrine of the New School "is established—prefacing each of them, for our reader's "sake, with a short disquisition on the particular tenet in- "tended to be enforced or insinuated in the production "before them— and accompanying it with an humble effort "of our own, in imitation of the poem itself, and in further "illustration of its principle.

"By these means, though we cannot hope to catch '*the* "'*wood-notes wild*' of the bards of freedom, we may yet "acquire, by dint of repeating after them, a more complete "knowledge of the secret in which their greatness lies, than "we could by mere prosaic admiration—and if we cannot "become poets ourselves, we at least shall have collected "the elements of a *Jacobin* art of poetry for the use of those "whose genius may be more capable of turning them to "advantage.

"It may not be unamusing to trace the springs and prin-"ciples of this species of poetry, which are to be found, "some in the exaggeration, and others in the direct inver-"sion of the sentiments and passions which have in all ages "animated the breast of the favourite of the muses, and "distinguished him from the 'vulgar throng.'

"The poet in all ages has despised riches and gran-"deur.

"The *Jacobin* poet improves this sentiment into a hatred "of the rich and the great.

"The poet of other times has been an enthusiast in the "love of his native soil.

"The *Jacobin* poet rejects all restriction on his feelings. "*His* love is enlarged and expanded so as to comprehend "all human kind. The love of all human kind is without "doubt a noble passion: it can hardly be necessary to "mention, that its operation extends to *Freemen*, and them "only, all over the world.

"The old poet was a warrior, at least in imagination; "and sung the actions of the heroes of his country in strains "which 'made ambition virtue,' and which overwhelmed the "horrors of war in its glory.

"The *Jacobin* poet would have no objection to sing battles "too—but *he* would take a distinction. The prowess of "Buonaparte indeed he might chaunt in his loftiest strain of "exultation. *There* we should find nothing but trophies, "and triumphs, and branches of laurel and olive; phalanxes "of Republicans shouting victory, satellites of despotism "biting the ground, and geniuses of Liberty planting stan-"dards on mountain-tops.

"But let his own country triumph, or her allies obtain an "advantage; straightway the 'beauteous face of war' is "changed; the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' of victory "are kept carefully out of sight—and we are presented with "nothing but contusions and amputations, plundered peasants, and deserted looms. Our poet points the thunder "of his blank verse at the head of the recruiting serjeant, "or roars in dithyrambics against the lieutenants of press-gangs.

"But it would be endless to chase the coy muse of *Jacobinism* through all her characters. *Mille habet ornatus.* "The *Mille decenter habet* is perhaps more questionable. "For in whatever disguise she appears, whether of mirth or "melancholy, of piety or of tenderness, under all disguises, "like *Sir John Brute* in woman's clothes, she is betrayed by "her drunken swagger and ruffian tone.

"In the poem which we have selected for the edification "of our readers, and our own imitation, this day, the principles which are meant to be inculcated speak so plainly "for themselves, that they need no previous introduction."

Southey's "Inscription for the apartment in Chepstow "Castle, where Henry Marten, the regicide, was imprisoned "thirty years," is then quoted at length, and followed by the "Imitation," as it is called, an inscription for Mrs. Brownrigg's cell in Newgate,[1] which was the joint production of Canning and Frere.

The parody immediately achieved immense popularity. "It found its way from clubs, drawing-rooms, and literary "coteries into the streets." The success of the poetical department of the new periodical was at once secured, and a considerable service was done to the Government of the day. Their opponents were already charging them with straining the law in their prosecutions for political offences. Honest citizens, who believed in and voted steadily for Pitt, were not likely to be carried away by the democratic enthusiasm of the youthful poet, who classed the execution of Charles the First with

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[1] *Vide infrà*, p. 52.

> "Goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
> And Peace and Liberty."

But state prosecutions are never popular; and in the burlesque commiseration for the fate of the prenticide Mrs. Brownrigg, the constitutional defender of law and order found a ready means of confounding the arguments of all over scrupulous sticklers for the rights of the subject.

The shafts of ridicule told with still greater effect on the more impressible classes, and helped to keep in the ministerial fold many a young literary adventurer or sober dissenter, whose poetical or religious feelings might have been touched by such appeals as Southey's visions of a millennial reign of liberty, or by his description of the beauties of nature, from enjoying which the regicide was debarred.

The promise of the first number of the Anti-Jacobin was not belied by its successors. It may reasonably be doubted whether the "leader" with which the second number opens could have been very comforting to the house-keeper of those days, or very successful in convincing the taxpayer that the budget, which trebled the assessed taxes, even "for a "limited time," was matter for congratulation; however much it might, as the writer argued, "demonstrate the "vigour and resources of the country in a manner the most "likely to shorten the war, and bring our proud enemies to "reason."

But there was no arguing against conclusions deduced from the Sapphic colloquy between the Friend of Humanity and the needy Knife Grinder,[1] and the best reasoned political essay could produce little effect compared with the imaginary reports of the "meetings of the Friends "of Freedom,"[1] in which the peculiarities of Fox, and the other great opposition orators, are parodied with such a humorous felicity as would materially impair the effects of their rhetoric in the House of Commons, as long as the clubs were amused by quotations from the burlesque imitations.

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[1] *Vide infra*, pp. 52 and 55.

Most of the poetical contributions and political squibs took the form either of translation from the French or of imitations of the democratic oratory or literature of the day. Some of them bid fair, as predicted by Sir Cornewall Lewis,[2] "to be much longer lived than the originals." Many were written in concert by Canning, Ellis and Frere, so that it was difficult for the authors themselves, in later years, to assign to each his exact original share in the composition.

This was especially apt to be the case when the article happened to have been written in the Editor's room at Wright the publisher's. The room was the common property of the three who aided Gifford in his labours as Editor, and from the anecdotes Mr. Frere used to tell of concurrent authorship, they seem to have suggested, here a line, there a phrase, to one another; very much as they might have done when schoolboys at Eton.

Among the contributors whose names possess independent claims to historical record were Mr. Jenkinson afterwards Earl of Liverpool, Lord Clare, Lord Mornington afterwards Lord Wellesley, Lord Carlisle, Chief Baron Macdonald, Lord Morpeth and others.

Gifford, besides filling the laborious post of working Editor, wrote the articles headed "Mistakes, Misstatements and Lies," which were intended to correct the misrepresentations of fact by the revolutionary writers.

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[1] Ibid. pp. 56—70.

[2] "The Classical Museum," vol. i. 1844, p. 239.

Pitt himself is said to have written one of the earlier papers on Finance, to have contributed a stanza or two to one of the poems, and to have attended one of the earlier meetings of the editors.[1]

It has however been asserted that the publication was at last discontinued at his direct instance, from an apprehension not, under the circumstances, at all unreasonable, that the satirical spirit to which so much of the success of the Anti-Jacobin was due, might in the long run prove a less manageable and discriminating ally than a party leader would desire.

However that may be, the last number of the Anti-Jacobin was issued on the 9th of July, 1798, at the close of the Parliamentary Session; after a triumphant career of eight months, in the course of which its success as a political engine far exceeded the most sanguine hopes of its projectors.

The intrinsic merit of the satirical poetry and lighter literary articles is best proved by their having survived the living memory of most of the circumstances and persons to which they allude, and been frequently reprinted in a collected form.[2]

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[1] These meetings were held weekly at Wright's, the publisher's, No. 169, Piccadilly. His assistant, Upcott, was employed as amanuensis to copy out the articles before they were sent to the printer; and the usual precautions appear to have been taken to secure the incognito of contributors. But from the character of the compositions, and the number and position of the contributors, it was hardly possible to preserve secrecy as to the authorship of the more popular pieces; and many of them seem to have been assigned by rumour to their real authors very soon after their publication.

[2] The "Anti-Jacobin" had reached a 4th edition in 1799. Several editions of the poetry were re-published separately; the last with notes by Chas. Edmonds in 1852.

Much has sometimes been said of the personalities and party spirit, of which they contain abundant evidence. But it must be recollected that they were originally written for purely party purposes, and they are certainly not more open to censure on this account than party writings generally, and the writings of that period in particular. Most readers, on a fair consideration of the circumstances under which the Anti-Jacobin was written will probably feel inclined to agree with Moore, that many of the most pungent articles are "models of that style of political satire "whose lightness and vivacity give it the appearance of "proceeding rather from the wantonness of wit than of "ill nature, and whose very malice, from the fancy with "which it is mixed up, like certain kinds of fireworks, ex-"plodes in sparkles."

Nor can there be any doubt that the "Loves of the "Triangles," "The Progress of Man" and "The Rovers" conferred on the literature of the day a substantial benefit—by holding up to ridicule offences against sound canons of literary taste and judgment which hardly admitted of any other mode of correction.

In 1799, on Mr. Canning's removal to the Board of Trade, Mr. Frere succeeded him as Under Secretary of State in the Foreign Office. Among the few of his letters which have been preserved are some which he wrote at this period from the Foreign Office to his brother Bartle,[1] who was attached as Private Secretary to Lord Minto's mission at Vienna. The following extracts are given, not because they throw any new light on the momentous affairs to which the Public Despatches of the Foreign Office at that time had reference, but as specimens of style, and humour which was irrepressible, whatever might be the subject:—

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[1] His fourth brother, Bartholomew, born 1776. He entered the diplomatic service as Private Secretary to Lord Minto on his mission to Vienna in 1799, the same year in which he took his degree as first Senior Opt., and First Chancellor's Medallist, having been elected Scholar of Trinity, 1797; and gained the Browne's medals, 1798. He continued in active employment at Vienna, Lisbon, Madrid, and Constantinople as Secretary of Legation, Chargé d'Affaires or Minister until 1821, when he retired on his pension. He died, reverenced by many beyond his immediate family, in 1851. He will still be remembered by a few who knew him as one of the earliest members of the

"DEAR BARTLE,

"I have sent you a new box at last, the reason which prevented me from making use of them before was the same which rendered it impossible for Punch to make his appearance in the first scene of the Puppet Show of the Creation, namely, that he was not yet come from the hands of his maker. I trust to Ned, William and my father, for telling you all family news. The public, I hope, is doing pretty well. But what is most material for me to observe is, that it being now 20 m. past 11 on Saturday morning, it will be as much as the messenger can do to get down to Yarmouth before the packet sails; you say nothing about Wickham; how do he and Lord M. draw together?

"Yours affte^{y}.

"J. H. FRERE."

In another letter he forwards one which he had received from his brother Edward[1] announcing his engagement to be married. After various humorous conjectures as to the reason why his brother had omitted the lady's name, he adds—

"Our *peace*, if we have any (mind I am speaking seriously and

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Traveller's Club, the Royal Geographical, and other societies, where his varied learning, his cultivated taste, playful wit, and most engaging manners, made him a welcome associate, and earned for him the tribute of regard to his memory passed by the President of the Geographical Society in 1852. *Journal R. G. S.*, vol. xxii. p. lxvi.

[1] Next to him in age, and educated with him at Eton, a man of rare natural gifts and acquirements, which he devoted to various enquiries connected with physical and mechanical science, especially to all branches connected with the manufacture of iron. He died in 1844 before his elder brother, by whom and by all his family he was greatly beloved.

diplomatically), must be jointly with Austria, preserving her influence with the powers of Italy and the South of Germany, by dint of subsidy from England, if necessary (as in the case of Hesse during the last peace), and ready to begin again if France should stir; with anything short of this we shall be undone. Broughton is standing by me and desires me to say that he has sent your flies.

"We have fine weather at last, and I hope shall have a good harvest, the prospect of which instead of another famine which threatened us, would console us, if anything could, for the miserable news we have from you.

"By the bye, it seems evident I think, from the detail of the articles of capitulation, and from the improbability of an Austrian General taking such a responsibility upon himself, that the whole must have been arranged before-hand, and contingent orders sent from Vienna."

"*May* 18 (1800?).

"I HAVE just a moment while the clerk is binding up the despatches, to say that we are all well, which I suppose you may have heard already from my father and William.[1] The William above mentioned is, I hope, going on very well. I do not recollect any immediate nonsense which you are not possessed of, except that Lady Laurie[2] has lent us one of our ancestors, in an old frame, which Quinton has been set to copy on a fine old black board, and the copy is now stuck up in the old frame and will be sent to her to find out if she can.

"I have just this morning taken my first lesson in German in the Gazette with all the different stories of Mela's victory.[3]

"You must send us another, for I shall have finished this in two more lessons. It is Mr. Mender who has the credit of my tuition.

"I send you a key for the boxes which Wickham has, and which we shall send you by the next messenger.

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[1] His brother William, afterwards Serjeant Frere, and Master of Downing College, Cambridge.

[2] Judith Hatley, a cousin of Mr. Frere's father, married as her second husband Col. Sir Robert Laurie, Bart., of Maxwellton, Dumfries-shire. Through the Reynolds family, the Calthorps, and De Greys, the Hatleys traced their descent from Gundreda, daughter of William the Conqueror.

[3] Probably his successes against Massena before Genoa, in April, 1800.

"*June* 3 (1800?).

"I OUGHT to take the ten minutes which I shall have before Lord Grenville sends back the despatches to tell you the news, if I could think of any. Oh, I'll tell you, for I have heard of nothing else, every day after dinner. We have got a new Divorce Bill, which people are eager about, and more absurd than can be imagined, as my old friend Lord Mulgrave's speeches in the papers may perhaps have informed you already."

After describing the affected indignation of the old "Will Honeycombs," who were anxious to be supposed interested in the subject, he adds—

"You will conclude from this that I intend voting against the *beau monde.* I believe I shall; but it will be more for the spite of the thing than for any good I think it will do. Besides, I do not like to vote against Pitt the moment that he tells one, 'Now here's a question on which you may vote which way you will without being turned out.' I believe you must keep all this nonsense to yourself, for your present society, I apprehend, would belong to what our Norwich friend called the 'obstinate party.' By the bye, nothing can be more kind than Lord Minto's way of speaking of you, and everything about you. I ought to write to him, but it is very late, and if I sit up much longer to-night I shall be knocked up, and look like a devil to-morrow, at the birthday; and then, what will be the use of my having ordered the light-blue silk coat, with breeches of the same, and steel buttons 'to comply'? with which I conclude."

"By the bye there are some copies of the Wurtemberg and Mentz Treaties, which will be sent if they come in in time from the printers, and which Lord Minto should present with suitable expressions.

"*July* 11 (1800).

"DEAR BARTLE,

"It frequently happens between individuals corresponding at a distance, that the very point which the one party considers as too obvious to be mentioned is precisely that which the other is the most anxious about. To illustrate this by a familiar instance. It is not impossible that Lord Minto may at this moment be desirous to know whether his conduct has been approved and whether we are satisfied with his project, and with the expectation of its immediate ratification, and you may still therefore be glad to hear that it was considered as the most welcome intelligence which we could possibly receive. Pray what became of the parole certificates of General Grouchy and Perignan, *vide* your despatch of February 4? The French Commissary tells us that his government have been told that they had been transmitted here—we have never seen them. They likewise complain of Collis's detention—as his release, in exchange for Mack, was a part of the arrangement upon which Don was released. Item, for family news, my father is gone out of town. My uncle is coming through town in his way to his new quarters at Farnham. Sir Robert (Laurie) is getting better, so is Hatley[1]—he is, or was a week ago, at Cardiff races, and I am going to get him into the new Military School, which will just suit him. Ted's intended spouse is Miss Greene[2]—we are all very well satisfied with what we hear of her—he has been in town too, and for some time wore his pantaloons over his half-boots [a Whig innovation] in spite of remonstrance and example. Canning was married last Tuesday. He dined with me and was launched into futurity at about half-after seven, by the Rev. W. Leigh, with great composure. The clock strikes twelve, and I am very tired, and as I cannot recollect anything more which I have to tell you, I take it for granted that there is nothing. Stop a moment. We are going, I hope, to have a very good harvest instead of the continuation of famine, which was generally expected, and moreover, we are not much disheartened by the events in Italy and Germany, though the rascally funds had the impudence to rise upon it, taking it for granted that we must be driven to make peace, which is all they care about."

Many years after, in 1844, describing Mr. Canning's marriage, Mr. Frere said—"I was to be best man, and "Pitt, Canning, and Mr. Leigh, who was to read the service, "dined with me before the marriage, which was to take

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[1] His sixth brother, James Hatley, well known in after years by his writings on the interpretation of prophecy, and as the inventor of one of the most successful systems for teaching the blind to read.

[2] Eldest daughter of James Greene, of Turton Tower and Clayton Hall, Lancashire, M.P. for Arundel, representative of Humphrey Cheetham, the founder of Cheetham's College and Library, Manchester, 1653.

"place in Brook Street. We had a coach to drive there "and as we went through that narrow part, near what was "then Swallow Street, a fellow drew up against the wall, to "avoid being run over, and peering into the coach, recog-"nized Pitt, and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, "sitting opposite to him. The fellow exclaimed, 'What, "'Billy Pitt! and with a parson too!' I said, 'He thinks "'you are going to Tyburn to be hanged privately,' which "was rather impudent of me; but Pitt was too much ab-"sorbed, I believe, in thinking of the marriage, to be angry. "After the ceremony, he was so nervous that he could not "sign as witness, and Canning whispered to me to sign "without waiting for him. He regarded the marriage as "the one thing needed to give Canning the position neces-"sary to lead a party, and this was the cause of his anxiety "about it, which I would not have believed had I not wit-"nessed it, though I knew how warm was the regard he had "for Canning. Had Canning been Pitt's own son I do not "think Pitt could have been more interested in all that re-"lated to this marriage."

In a letter of a few days later date, July 15, 1800, he says:—

"I do not send you any news, partly because there is none, partly because I am too tired to sit up to write it if there was any, and partly in resentment for your silence, partly likewise because the messenger is waiting, and as he is an independent gentleman with East India despatches,[1] I do not like to detain him the half hour which it would take me to send you a *coup politique and domestique.* I will try it in an abridged form : Ted is to be married on Monday sennight the 28th instant without fail. William is set out for Roydon *viâ* Cambridge, with law books and a determination to read them and to remain there till November next. Sir John and my lady[1] are setting off for Tenby somewhere near Swansea, purposing as I apprehend, to turn Ted's left wing, and to occupy those mountainous positions [the valley of Clydach in Breconshire] during the summer.

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[1] We are apt in these days to forget that during the French war, great as was our command of the seas, it was found necessary to organize a regular postal service for India, *viâ* Constantinople, Bagdad, and the Persian Gulf. A packet was sent every six weeks by whatever route through the Continent was least liable to be interrupted, to Constantinople, and thence by Tartar post to the Persian Gulf, where the Company's cruisers kept up the communication with India. Ten rupees (£1) was the charge for a single letter from India, and the signature of the Chief Secretary to the Indian government was necessary to authorise its transmission.

"I remain here docketing and dispatching as usual, and as usual,

"Your affectionate Brother,

"J. H. FRERE."

His appointment as Minister at Lisbon was in contemplation when he wrote on August 8th, 1800:—

"I have written a letter to Lord Minto, which he will probably show you. If you are at a loss to know what to make of it, I can only tell you that I really wish him to determine according to his own feeling and convenience, and that if he feels you any way *a charge* which in his present situation, with all his family about him, he may very possibly do, without any fault of yours, he need not be afraid of throwing you upon the wide world, seeing that I shall be very glad to have you with me. I ought to tell you that I shall be able to have you established with me a Secretary of Legation in about half a year or a little more. I did not mention this to Lord Minto, because I did not know how to do it without making it bear on one side or other of the question, which I was desirous of leaving in perfect equilibrio. If you should find that Lord Minto of his own mere motion, is disposed to keep you with him in consideration of your past and expected services, you will of course consider that my convenience is to give way to your improvement and advantage, which may certainly be much promoted by a further continuance at Vienna.

"I have sent you the memoirs of Castle Rackrent, and have to acknowledge the receipt of Mrs. Bunch. You forgot to tell me your incident for the German play. By the bye Coleridge has translated Schiller's Piccolomini wonderfully well. I have lent it out, or I would send it you."

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[1] His sister Jane, who was married to Admiral Sir John Orde, Bart., brother of the first Lord Bolton.

The next letter inclosed with a poetical version of his own, a retrenchment which he appears to have been ordered by Lord Grenville to send to Lord Minto, directing the refund of an unauthorised payment by Mr. Stratton for a snuffbox, which had probably been presented by the British Ambassador to some foreign prince or diplomatist, without due regard to the Treasury rules and regulations on the subject of such expenditure.

"*Sep. 2nd*, 1800.

"I SEND you the enclosed little *jeu d'esprit*, which has attracted considerable notice in the official and diplomatic world. You may tell Stratton that I have used him very well, for I was authorized to give him a jobation, as you will see by the enclosed docket, which was returned with Lord Minto's letter.

"Pray assure Lord Minto that I bear no ill-will to his messengers, and that if I give them up to Mr. B——, it is in consequence of a determination (which I made when I came into the office, and which I have always had reason to congratulate myself upon—namely) to give up the whole pandemonium of messengers and couriers to the unrestrained coercion of one single arch-fiend, without check or control on my part. If I had had any taste for such subjects, I might, I believe, have spent a week in hearing complaints and insinuations, and I might have filled a long letter with what the messengers have said, and how they remonstrated in a body, and reports of the insolent language of the couriers to Mr. B——, and how they refused to take the money, and desired to have despatches and three horses a-piece. There were really materials for an epic poem, if I had collected the whole; but whether I disliked the subject, or saw no chance of getting to the rights of it, the fact is, that except one ineffectual attempt to persuade one of the men that he had no right to complain for being sent home on the same footing with the office messengers, I was glad to keep entirely out of the way, and did so with great success. Seriously speaking, however—for the subject becomes a serious one to me—when Lord Minto appears to be really interested, or to suspect a want of interest on my part in what concerns him, you must, I think, see the utter impossibility of my attempting to interfere in the disputes between the messengers, particularly in opposition to the person who, ever since I have been in the office, has taken the whole trouble of this sort off my hand; the familiar instance of an upper and a lower servant, though not applicable in comparison, may serve as an illustration of the impolicy, and, in this case, the injustice of such a proceeding, and the argument here is certainly an argument *à fortiori.* I must conclude. My mother, I suppose, has sent all family news.

DRAFT TO LORD MINTO.

My Lord, when I open'd your letter,
I confess I was perfectly stunn'd;
But I find myself now something better,
Since I'm ordered to bid you *refund.*

'Tis a very bad scrape you've got into,
Which your friends must all wish you had shunn'd
Says Lord Grenville, 'Prepare to Lord Minto
Dispatches to bid him *refund.*'

Mr. Hammond, who smiles at your cunning,
On the subject amusingly punn'd;
Says he, "They're so proud of their funning,
'Twill be pleasant to see them *refunn'd.*"

As for Stratton, he ought for his sin, to
Be sent to some wild Sunderbund.
But we'll pardon him still, if Lord Minto
Will instantly make him *refund.*

Believe me, I don't mean to hurt you,
But if you'd avoid being dunn'd,
Of necessity making a virtue,
With the best grace you can, you'll *refund.*

Let the Snuff Box belong to Lord Minto;
But as for the five hundred *pund,*[1]
I'll be judged by Almeida or Pinto,
If his Chancery must not *refund.*

POSTSCRIPT.

There are letters from India which mention,
Occurrences at Roh-il-cund;
But I'll not distract your attention,
Lest I make you forget to *refund.*

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[1] Scoticè pro "pound."
J. H. F.

Lord Carlisle's new play is the Story
Of Tancred, and fair Sigismund,
Our last news is the taking of Gorée,
But our best is, that you must *refund*."

In October, 1800, Mr. Frere was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Portugal. The following letter was addressed to his brother, who had in the meantime returned to England from Vienna:—

"I am very glad to hear of you in England, and am particularly desirous of having you here as soon as possible. You must see Lord Hawkesbury. I trust he will appoint you Secretary of Legation. It is an appointment which is absolutely necessary here, where the despatches cannot be entrusted to a common clerk, and where one cannot always have gentlemen to assist one, for assistance' sake, as Ainslie[1] has done hitherto. He has, however, heard accounts of his father's health which make him wish to return. I must not detain him, and I cannot go on alone, and I have no right to ask you to come unless I can get you made Secretary of Legation; therefore, the premises duly considered, I trust Lord Hawkesbury will appoint you. I shall write to him this post."

"P.S. You must come though, at any rate, and directly.
"*July 29th*" (1801?).
[Lisbon?]

While he was at Lisbon a change of Ministry, which took all Europe by surprise, substituted Mr. Addington for Pitt as Prime Minister, and Lord Hawkesbury for Lord Grenville as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Frere's view of the reasons that induced Pitt so unexpectedly to resign a power still, to all appearance, supreme, was briefly this: In the face of the national distress from deficient harvests, England was left, by the defection of allies, absolutely alone to carry on the contest with all Europe. It was impossible to continue the war unless the country were satisfied that no other course was consistent with our existence as an independent nation. It was necessary, therefore, to test the willingness of France to make and maintain a lasting peace. But Pitt himself had no belief in the sincerity of Napoleon's desire to consent to any real peace without serious humiliation to the only nation which had proved herself capable of maintaining a contest with France and all the rest of Europe combined against her. He felt that to make a transitory and illusory peace would seriously damage his own power to renew the war with effect, and leave him open to the charge of having caused the failure which he believed must be the inevitable result. He therefore determined to leave to other hands the credit of making and, if possible, maintaining such a peace. Addington's ministry afforded the means of doing this without permanently deranging any of those combinations which were necessary to re-form a strong war ministry when the hostilities, which Pitt believed to be inevitable, should again be renewed by the restless ambition of Napoleon.

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[1] Sir Robert Ainslie.

Speaking of this period many years afterwards, Mr. Frere said:—"When Addington became Prime Minister, "Pitt wanted Canning to remain in office; but, such was "Canning's contempt for the whole set, and his dislike to "the peace of Amiens, that nothing would induce him to "do so, though his refusal led to a temporary coolness with "Pitt. I have no doubt Pitt foresaw what would happen. "He did not wish to have to make the peace which was inevitable, and knew he must come in again soon after it "was made; and he wished, on his return, to find Canning "in office, where he might have retained him (without difficulty from his aristocratic supporters), but Canning would "not let him.

"I was obliged to remind Canning of it afterwards, when "he was crusty with Lord Dudley for much the same thing. "I told him, 'Dudley is now doing to you what you did to

"'Pitt—refusing to follow a lead the necessity of which you "'see, and he does not.' It is the hardest of a minister's "trials not always to be able to acknowledge his own weak-"ness, and give his reasons in such a case."

On the 6th of September, 1802, Mr. Frere was transferred from Portugal to Spain, where he remained as Minister for nearly two years.

To understand his position at this period, and the circumstances under which he subsequently revisited Spain, it is necessary briefly to revert to the course which the Spanish Government had taken in the great contest with revolutionary France.

In 1793, when the French republic declared war against Spain, the Court and Government of Charles IV. presented almost every evil feature of effete despotism. Corruption pervaded all branches of the Administration, colonial as well as domestic; commerce and industry were decaying; unworthy favourites ruled at a shameless Court; and the disorganised armies and navies of Spain, under the command of Court intriguers, were wholly incapable of such enterprises as, in earlier days, had raised her to the first rank among the military powers of the civilised world. But all the old forms remained; the spirit of the people had not yet been broken by foreign invasion, and the nation at large still imagined itself as capable of influencing the destinies of Europe as in the days of its early glory.

Spain, however, contributed little to the pressure which the governments of Europe brought to bear at this time on France; and the revolutionary leaders had their hands too fully occupied in other directions to make any serious efforts against Spain. In July, 1795, Spain brought her share of the languid contest to an inglorious close, and made peace with France. A year later she entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Republic, and, as a consequence, war was declared with England.

Spain contributed large sums of money, which were very acceptable to the exhausted French treasury, and fitted out a formidable fleet, which, on the 14th February, 1797, was signally defeated by Sir John Jarvis off Cape St. Vincent. From that date, to the peace of Amiens in 1802, Spain took but a subordinate part in the contest.

When, after the cessation of hostilities, Mr. Frere arrived as British Minister at Madrid, he found little prejudice against England on the part of those who best represented the worthier elements of Spanish character at the Court of Charles IV.; but such men were in a woeful minority—all real power was already in the hands of Don Manuel Godoy, the notorious favourite of the King and his worthless Queen.

There was much in Mr. Frere's character and tastes which rendered him peculiarly acceptable to Spaniards who valued their national independence, and were like all true Spaniards, proud of their national glories. The favourite and his creatures however had little reason to love the English, and there were among the courtiers many traitors to the national cause ready for any intrigue in the interests of France.

Few of Mr. Frere's private letters relating to this period have been preserved, but they bear testimony to the diligence with which he had applied himself to the study of Spanish literature, and the friendships which he formed with men of letters, to more than one of whom he appears to have been a generous and discriminating patron.

From this time, also, dates his friendship with Romana, which was afterwards productive of valuable results to both England and Spain.

Don Pedro Caro y Sureda Romana was born at Majorca in 1761, and had been a soldier from his youth.

Speaking of him in 1844, Mr. Frere said :—" Romana "and I were friends from the very first day we met; he "was then a Lieutenant-General with the Court, and it was "he who enabled me, within a very short time after my "arrival at Madrid, to find out exactly how all parties "stood, and to send home a correct account of them. I "remember talking with him over the men who, in the "event of a rupture with France, might have the command "of the Spanish army. Romana, after disposing of them "all, and showing how utterly unfit they were for command, "said:—'Depend upon it, the man who can command an "'army of Spaniards is now coursing the hares in La "'Mancha, or fighting bulls in Andalusia.' And so it "proved; for Albuquerque, who was the only man who "could have commanded the army, was just a country gentleman of the kind Romana described."

"He once told me, as an instance of the dislike of old "fashioned Spaniards to parsimony, that when a young "man travelling with his uncle, he locked the saddle-bag "which contained all the money they had for their journey, "and got a severe lecture for his pains from the old man;— "'to think that any Hidalgo of Spain should lock up his "'money!'"

But to return to 1804. Only the first mutterings of the coming storm were then audible in Spain. The hollow truce, which had followed the peace of Amiens, came to an end when England declared war against France on the 18th May, 1803, and the strife was resumed on terms which made it clear that no real peace could be hoped for till one or other of the combatants should be thoroughly humbled.

During the short breathing time which intervened, both nations had rapidly recovered from the exhaustion caused by the previous contest.

France had in many ways added to her real strength, and her people were more than ever convinced of the vast increase in aggressive power which had followed the consolidation of the revolutionary forces under the iron will of the

First Consul, and which almost justified his pretensions to be the arbiter of Europe.

The English, also, had tasted the blessings of peace. But the proceedings of Napoleon during the cessation of hostilities produced a more general and profound conviction than at any period of the war, that there was no other course open for England, than either to continue the contest till the ambition of Napoleon should be effectually crushed, or to submit to the same sacrifice of independence which had placed all his continental neighbours at his feet.

Thus the war was resumed with the resolve on both sides that, whatever its cost, it must be fought out "to the bitter "end;" and when once the British nation had made up its mind on this point, it speedily became impatient of the want of vigour which marked the war policy of the Addington Ministry. The conviction gradually gained ground that no man was so able to direct the national efforts as he who, with such unflinching courage, had maintained the contest in its earlier stages, and who had never wavered in his opinions as to the only course consistent with national honour and permanent independence. Mr. Pitt returned to office in May, 1804, but Lord Granville could not be induced to resume his former post at the Foreign Office, which was filled by Lord Harrowby.

For some time after the renewal of war between England and France, Spain professed her intention to remain neutral. But if any such hope ever really actuated the men who then ruled at Madrid, it must have been speedily dispelled. Indeed the observance of real neutrality seems, under the circumstances, to have been impossible. By the treaty of St. Ildefonso, in 1796, Spain had formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, with France; and by a secret convention of 19th October, 1803, the subsidy to be paid by Spain to France was fixed at £2,880,000. Thus the action of Spain was virtually identified with that of France. But the English Government was assured that Spain, in agreeing to the subsidy, the amount of which was at first unknown, was acting under compulsion, and not from any ill-will to England. It was therefore agreed that a small and temporary advance of money by Spain to France should not be considered as entitling England to declare war against Spain. Later in the year, however, when the real amount of the subsidy was rumoured, the British Minister intimated to the Spanish Government that any agreement to furnish a subsidy of such magnitude would in itself be considered a declaration of hostility against Great Britain. Mr. Frere stated in his note:—"His Majesty is perfectly sensible of "the difficulties of the situation in which Spain is placed, "as well by reason of her ancient ties with France as on "account of the character and habitual conduct of that "power and of its chief. These considerations have induced "him to act with forbearance to a certain degree, and have "inclined him to overlook such pecuniary sacrifices as "should not be of sufficient magnitude to force attention "from their political effects."

He then declares, "That pecuniary advances, such as are "stipulated in the recent convention with France, cannot "be considered by the British Government but as a war "subsidy—a succour the most efficacious; the best adapted "to the wants and situation of the enemy; the most preju-"dicial to the interests of the British subjects; and the "most dangerous to the British dominions. In fine, more "than equivalent for every other species of aggression." After adding that imperious necessity compelled His Britannic Majesty to make this declaration, Mr. Frere intimated "that the passage of French troops through the "territories of Spain would be considered a violation of "neutrality," and that the British Government would feel "compelled to take the most decisive measures in conse-"quence of such an event."

The Spanish Minister replied :—"Although the Spanish "Cabinet is penetrated with the truth that the idea of "aiding France is compatible with that of neutrality "towards Great Britain, yet it has thought that it could "better combine these two objects by a method which, "without being disagreeable to France, strips her neutrality "towards Great Britain of that hostile exterior which military succours necessarily present."

In February Mr. Frere presented a further remonstrance on the ground of partiality shown to the French in permitting the sale of prizes, and complained of the naval armaments in the Spanish harbours. His note stated :—"I am "ordered to declare to you that the system of forbearance "on the part of England depends entirely on the cessation "of every naval armament within the ports of this kingdom, "and that I am expressly forbidden to prolong my residence here if, unfortunately, this condition should be "rejected. It is also indispensable that the sale of prizes "brought into the ports of this kingdom should cease, "otherwise I am to consider all negotiations as at an end, "and I am to think only of returning to my superiors."

It cannot be supposed that a correspondence of this kind rendered the presence of the British Minister at Madrid at all agreeable to Godoy, the "Prince of Peace," who at that time absolutely ruled the councils of the Spanish Court, and who seemed indifferent to every consideration of national honour, provided his own personal ascendancy were secured. It was rumoured in London that the British Minister would be unable to remain any longer at Madrid; and, alluding to these reports, Mr. Frere's brother George[1] wrote to his mother in July :—

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[1] His third brother, of Lincoln's Inn and Twyford House, Herts, born 1774, and died 1854. He was through life the trusted friend and counsellor in all matters of business to his elder brother, who used to say, "George had as much ability, and more perseverance,

"I have great pleasure in assuring you that I hear but one opinion respecting my brother's correspondence with the 'Prince of Peace'—namely, that it establishes his character for spirit and ability, and exposes very completely and very dexterously the stupid pusillanimity of his antagonist. It cannot occasion his recall, though it may very probably, I think, make him desirous of coming home sooner than he otherwise would have done, because a breach of this kind with a great man, with whom he had before maintained the best possible understanding, must render his continuance at the same Court less agreeable. I do not, however, understand that he is expected here at present."

On the 1st August Mr. George Frere again wrote that he had heard, at the Foreign Office:—

"My two brothers were well, at Madrid, on the 6th of last month. My eldest brother is coming home immediately, and Bartle remains Chargé d'Affaires. Mr. Wellesley is going to take my eldest brother's place. There is no disapprobation of his conduct that I can learn; but he has for some time past been desiring permission to return home, and it is obvious that there cannot be that cordiality between him and the 'Prince of Peace' which is desirable. I hope he will immediately be employed when he does return, and in some ostensible situation, which may serve to mark an approbation of his conduct."

In August Mr. Frere left Madrid to return to England.

On his journey to Corunna to embark he observed unmistakable evidence of preparations for war, which were at variance with the pacific assurances of the Spanish Ministry. From Salamanca he wrote to his brother Bartle, on the 31st of August, as "just setting out from this seat of learning, "where I have passed some days not unpleasantly;" but, arrived at Corunna, on September 10th he writes to his

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and better habits of business, than any of us; if he would have taken, as I and my father wished, to public life, or to the Bar, he might have been a Secretary of State or Lord Chancellor. He always had twice the stuff in him of his old friends and cotemporaries —— and ——," (naming two law lords).

brother:—"I deferred writing to you till I should get to "my journey's end; and now I find Admiral Cochrane "wants to have me on board immediately * * * My "journey has been altogether pleasant, and has furnished "me with some curious remarks, which I shall endeavour "to write down on board the 'Illustrious.'"

The following is his letter, written next day, from on board the Admiral's flag-ship:—

"'*Illustrious*,'
[Off Corunna]
"*Sep.* 11*th*, 1804.

"DEAR BARTLE,

"The appearance of things here is very suspicious and alarming, to say the least of it. An armament is going on, and troops embarking, which is directly contrary to the principle of the *status quo* which was admitted by Cevallos, and which was understood to be settled as the condition to be complied with by Spain as long as England forbore to attack her. We are apprehensive of ships coming round from Cadiz. Duff should be written to to send advices of what is going on [there] both [to the officer] here, and to you at Madrid. You must remonstrate against these preparations, and if you will look back to Cevallo's note, you will find one in which he expressly agrees to remain in unarmed *statu quo*.

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"It will be a civil thing in you to send the English newspapers to Admiral Cochran; he gets the 'Courier de Londres.'"

He subsequently went home in the "Naiad," from on board which he wrote to his brother:—

"Before I go on further, I must tell you what ship I am going on board of; it is the 'Naiad,' Captain Wallis, who is used to be unlucky with his ambassadors, having nearly drowned Tom Grenville. The 'Illustrious' is to remain here. We expect to be home in two or three days if the wind holds. At this moment it is very fair, and likely to last, as they think. I have opened your dispatch; the tone of Cevallo's note is, indeed, striking. If you could find any of the little *concioneros*, and an opportunity to send it, it would give me an opportunity of paying an attention to Sir Charles Hamilton, who reads Spanish, and wishes to get one of them. I do not know whether you know that he is captain of the 'Illustrious,' and that I should have gone with him if he had not been detained, and the 'Naiad' ordered home instead. It should be sent to him here."

Later in September, after Mr. Frere had sailed for England, the British Government learnt that detachments of French troops, amounting in all to 1,500 men, had passed from Bayonne to Ferrol, where a French squadron was lying, and that the Spanish Government had ordered the immediate armament at that port of three ships of the line, and several smaller vessels; that similar orders had been sent to Cadiz and Carthagena; that three ships of the line had been sent round from Cadiz to Ferrol, and instructions given to arm the packets as in time of war; that within a month eleven ships of the line would be ready for sea at Ferrol, where soldiers were daily arriving from France; and there seemed every reason to believe that the Spanish Government only awaited the arrival of the treasure frigates from America to commence hostilities against Great Britain.

Mr. Bartle Frere presented a strong remonstrance to the Government at Madrid, and stated:—

> "That the total cessation of all naval preparations in the ports of Spain having been the principal condition required by England, and agreed to by Spain, as the price of the forbearance of Great Britain, the present violation of this condition can be considered in no other light but as a hostile aggression on the part of Spain, and a defiance given to England. These preparations become still more menacing from a squadron of the enemy being in the port where they are carrying on. In no case can England be indifferent to the armament which is preparing, and I entreat you to consider the disastrous consequences which will ensue if the misery which presses so heavily on this country be completed by plunging it unnecessarily into a ruinous war.

To this note the Prince of Peace replied that "the King "of Spain had never thought of being wanting to the agree- "ment entered into with the British Government. The "cessation of all naval armaments against Great Britain "shall be observed as heretofore; and whatever information to the contrary may have been received, is wholly "unfounded, and derogatory to the honour of the Spanish "nation."

In the mean time Mr. Frere had arrived in England. Of his reception there he gives the following account in a letter written to his brother Bartle, at Madrid:—

"My Dear Brother,

"I do not know whether I shall have time to say all I have to say, and I will begin with the most essential. I have been perfectly well received by the King, with an appearance of real kindness and interest about me. I have seen Pitt for a moment only, and not alone, and was very kindly received by him also. He is now out of town. Harrowby would have received me kindly likewise, but I would not let him. I gave him a lecture, but shall admit him to a reconciliation shortly. He is disposed, I believe, to make amends by doing something for you. For myself, I have, after due reflection upon the folly and meanness of people (not three of whom would understand my retirement as anything but an unavoidable retreat from disgrace), and, moreover, being mollified by the King, and thirdly, and more especially, to distinguish myself from ——, and fourthly and lastly, for fear that fellow —— should be a Privy Councillor before me, I have, I say, determined to become a member of that learned body if it is offered me, which I can have no doubt that it will."

After a number of reasons, in a similar tone of banter, for not seeking the honours of the Bath, which he had reason to believe might have been added, had he expressed a wish for them, as a further mark that his conduct in his very difficult position at Madrid was approved by the King and the Ministry, he proceeds:—

"The only objection to this is that, in Spain——; but what signifies? I was going to say—that, in Spain, 'Consejero di Estado with a pension,' sounds something like a forced retreat; however, I flatter myself that the thing will be known to be otherwise, especially if Woronzof writes to Moravief. He was at Saltram[1] when I called there to see that noble and new-married peer, Lord Boringdon; and when I went to Weymouth I found him paying his duty to the real King (you do not know that Boringdon's name, or rather one of them, is King). He happened to be with Harrowby when I called upon him. Wellesley is to go out if anybody goes." * * * *

After some directions regarding his servants, furniture, &c., at Madrid, he proceeds :—

"With respect to your instructions, which I approve of, there is only one point in the last page but one which I think would place us in the necessity of giving a declaration of our intention with respect to Spain, in return for the communication of their engagements towards France; but Hammond and I are both of opinion that this point of your instructions would be effectually fulfilled by confining the demand of explanation to the point of whether any or what assistance, other than money, has been stipulated to be afforded to France during the present war, as by this we may avoid the demand of an explanation in return. I am only returned from Weymouth and Southill (Canning's place) since last night, and have not yet seen either George or my sisters. My last stay here was only one day, and entirely occupied with Cabinet, &c. Mulgrave was, as I conjectured, the author of all this *brouillamini*.

"My mother writes me word that my father is very well, and writes herself in good spirits.

"Excuse me to Moravief for not writing to him; but Hammond is pressing, and the messenger waiting.

"Yours affectionately,

"*Sunday*, 30 *Sepr.*, 11 A.M." "J. H. FRERE."

In a postscript he gives some directions regarding Spanish books and messages to his friends Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, at Madrid, and adds :—

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[1] Lord Boringdon's seat in Devonshire.

John Parker, second Lord Boringdon, married, June 1804, a daughter of Lord Westmorland. He was, in 1815, created Viscount Boringdon and Earl of Morley.

"I saw Lady Erroll[1] last night; she does not give a very good account of herself. I am going to see her again this morning. You are in very high favour."

The misunderstanding with Lord Harrowby appears to have arisen from an unfounded report, earlier in the year, that Mr. Frere had left Madrid after a violent difference with the "Prince of Peace," and without waiting for recall by his own Government. Under date May 12th, 1804, there is an entry in Lord Malmesbury's diary to this effect :—

"Frere has actually left Madrid, and appointed his brother *chargé des affaires* of his own head, and without any orders from home. His despatches state a conversation in which he differed violently with the 'Prince of Peace;' but nothing can justify such an unauthorized step."[2]

That Lord Malmesbury had been misinformed is clear from the fact that Mr. Frere did not leave till more than four months afterwards, and his position is explained by a further entry in Lord Malmesbury's diary in October :—

"About the end of September Frere returned from Spain, and I had a great deal of very long and interesting conversation with him during the first week in October. He states Spain on the eve of a revolution—not a *French*, but Spanish revolution, so very unpopular are the Court and Government, that is to say, the Queen and the 'Prince of Peace.'

"I asked him, supposing we had 20,000 disposable men, whether such a force would be equal to produce this *Spanish* revolution, and to prevent Buonaparte from availing himself of it. Frere did not doubt it. He said the people were more anti-French than ever, and, if they had Ministers in whom they confided, and the King left to himself, he was persuaded, with the sort of force I mentioned, Spain might be saved, and become a close, steady, and most useful friend and ally to England. Frere was much hurt at his being recalled; said he could have effected anything in Spain, and that the ordering him away was as unwise towards the public as unfair towards him. (Allowances must always be made when a man, even an honest and good one, like Frere, argues his own cause.[1]")

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[1] This lady, whom he subsequently married in 1816, was Elizabeth Jemima Blake, daughter of Joseph Blake, Esq., of Ardfry, co. Galway, and sister of the first Lord Wallscourt. She was at this time widow of George, fourteenth Earl of Erroll.

[2] "Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, first Earl of Malmesbury," edited by his grandson the third Earl. Bentley, 1844, vol. iv. p. 305.

In the debate which took place some months afterwards, on the 11th February, 1805, relative to the war with Spain, Mr. Pitt explained the circumstances under which it had, in the year previous, been proposed to recall Mr. Frere; expressing at the same time the sense which ministers entertained of the ability with which he had acted in a very difficult position.

After describing the hostile character of the engagements into which Spain had entered with France, and enlarging on the unusual forbearance shown by Great Britain to Spain, and on our sincere anxiety not to press hardly on a power which we believed to be acting under a sense of imperious necessity, and not from illwill, Mr. Pitt said:—

"Desirous, however, of affording every facility and re- " moving every obstacle to an amicable arrangement, it was " resolved to recall Mr. Frere, in consequence of circum- " stances having occurred that made it impossible for him " any longer to communicate personally with the Prince of " Peace. Upon the nature of that difference, which has no " relation to the present subject, it is not necessary for me " to enlarge. In justice to Mr. Frere, however, I must say " that it arose, without any fault on his part, from a most " unprovoked, unwarrantable conduct in that person who,

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[1] P. 330 "Malmesbury Diaries," vol. iv.

"though without ostensible office, is known to have the "most leading influence in the councils of Spain. Never-"theless, much as ministers respected the talents and were "sensible of the services of that gentleman who had so ably "filled the place of Ambassador to the Court of Madrid "during a difficult and critical period, they were determined "that no collateral obstacles should stand in the way of a "friendly termination of discussions in which the public "interest was so much concerned. They had reasons of "policy for not driving matters precipitately to extremity, "and, reserving the right of war should circumstances "demand its exercise, they continued to leave an opening "for conciliation and arrangement.

"It was intended to send another gentleman to succeed "Mr. Frere, the latter returning home on leave of absence. "The same vessel, however, which brought Mr. Frere home "on the 17th September, brought letters from Admiral "Cochrane, which proved in the clearest manner the viola-"tion of that condition on which the forbearance of His "Majesty's Government had particularly been founded.[1]"

Speaking, in after life, of his intercourse with Lord Malmesbury about this time, Mr. Frere said:—

"He was very kind to me as a young man, and when I returned first from Spain. He had seen a great deal of diplomatic life, and gave me some excellent advice, which I afterwards found of great use. Among other things, the use of rascals in doing any dirty piece of work, which it may be necessary to have done. He said 'it was of the utmost importance never to mix up yourself in any such business. You could always meet with foreign adventurers ready for anything of the kind.' It was old advice, and he quoted a Greek proverb, to the effect that you may often have to act—

"Not with rascals altogether,
Nor without a rascal either."

You must sometimes be connected with such fellows. The great art is to know how far and where you must use them.

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[1] "Pitt's Speeches," vol. iii. pp. 395-6, ed. 1817.

"Lord Malmesbury used also to point out a truth which we are very apt to forget, in judging of the feelings of continental nations towards us, that they are jealous of England's commercial ascendancy, not apprehensive of military aggression, with any view to mere extension of our territory. You will find plenty of evidence of this in Lord Malmesbury's diaries and dispatches, whether he is writing of Russia, of Germany, or of France, and ofttimes anterior to the French Revolution. Catherine of Russia had the feeling nearly as strongly as Napoleon. Napoleon's plans for excluding English commerce from the continent would have been generally popular had his measures for enforcing his decrees not been carried out so despotically that they were almost as insulting to the continental nations as to England."

The Ministry had signified their full approval of Mr. Frere's conduct, in the very difficult and delicate position in which he was placed at Madrid, by making him a Privy Councillor, and granting him a pension. He did not immediately seek re-employment abroad, nor take any steps to re-enter Parliament, or public life at home; and before his successor could arrive at Madrid, hostilities were precipitated by an unlucky accident, which for a time deprived England of her vantage ground as the injured and forbearing party in the precarious neutrality which had with so much difficulty been maintained, since the renewal of the war between England and France. The naval armaments were not stopped by the Spanish government, as promised in their replies to Mr. Frere, and the orders given by the British Cabinet to their admirals in the Mediterranean and on the Spanish coast, led to the detention off Cadiz of four Spanish treasure frigates; the safe arrival of which in a Spanish port had been long expected, as likely to be followed by an explicit declaration of hostilities on the part of the Spanish government.

The intercepting force of British frigates was barely equal to that of the Spaniards, who consequently refused to submit to detention, and an engagement ensued, in the course of which one Spanish frigate blew up, with considerable loss of life, and the rest were captured. This occurred on the 5th October, two days only after the date of the Spanish note already quoted, which reiterated former promises for a cessation of all naval armaments, and while the British Chargé d'Affaires was still at Madrid.

War was formally declared by Spain on the 12th December; and the circumstances under which the final breach occurred, gave to it at first more of the character of a contest in defence of Spanish national honour, than if it had been forced on, as must sooner or later have been the case, by French pressure.[1]

The rupture with Spain placed at the disposal of Napoleon a most important addition to his means for carrying on the war against England. At this time, his thoughts and resources were mainly devoted to equip the vast army which he had concentrated round Boulogne, and to provide it with a flotilla, and all other means necessary for the invasion of England. The one thing needed, was such a fleet as should enable him to sweep the channel, and, "for "but fifteen days," to remain master of the sea. This, he felt assured, would enable him to land an army of 150,000 men, complete with all artillery and munitions of war on the English coast; and once there, he never doubted his own power to strike a decisive and mortal blow at the independence of his great enemy.

But hitherto the creation of such a fleet as could give him even a momentary command of the channel, had baffled all Napoleon's energy and resources. Each separate French squadron was hopelessly shut up in its own port by the indefatigable English sea-captains; and, while the arduous blockading service created and improved the best class of British sailors, the French seamen lost heart, as every month of enforced idleness debarred them from the practice necessary to give them confidence in the hour of trial.

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[1] Vide "Alison," vol. v. chap. 38.

The Spanish fleet still ranked third in numerical strength among the navies of Europe; and the curse of long misgovernment had told less on its efficiency than on other branches of the administration. Spain could recruit her sailors from among hardy mariners, practised in battling alike with tropical hurricanes, and with the fierce pirates of many a distant colonial sea. Her captains were used to long voyages to Manilla and Peru, and round the Horn. She had, in short, all those national resources without which even the genius of Napoleon was powerless to create a navy.

With the marine of such an ally at his disposal, nothing remained but to concentrate the French and Spanish squadrons into one fleet, in order to enable him to attempt the invasion of England. It was not till after this concentration had been frustrated, and the combined French and Spanish fleets had been almost annihilated at Trafalgar, on the 21st of October following (1805), that England realized the greatness of the danger she had escaped, or knew what she owed to the energy and seamanship, as well as to the heroic bravery and self-devotion of Nelson and Collingwood.

Though not actively employed, Mr. Frere was by no means an unconcerned spectator of the great events which took place, and the important questions which were discussed between his return from Spain in 1804, and his second mission thither in 1808.

When Lord Melville's (Dundas) administration of the navy was made the subject of Parliamentary inquiry in 1805, and of impeachment in the year following, he warmly espoused the cause of the Ex-Treasurer. Like many of Pitt's younger and more ardent followers, he had sometimes chafed at the obstacles which Dundas offered, when

Pitt would willingly have given effect to his own enlightened views on such questions as Slavery and Catholic Emancipation; but Mr. Frere had not only a firm conviction of Dundas's perfect personal integrity, but a strong sense of the debt of gratitude which the nation owed him, as the most sagacious, and most consistent, if not the ablest of all Pitt's personal friends; and as the man, to whom more than any one in or out of Parliament, the navy was indebted for its high state of fighting efficiency.

He always believed that hostility to Pitt was the mainspring of the impeachment, and he risked a breach with some of his oldest and most valued friends, who objected to strike a balance between the value of Dundas' public services, and the irregularities of practice which had been permitted to pass uncorrected during his administration of the navy.

Again, with regard to the measures for Catholic Emancipation, which were brought forward in the Session of 1805-6, he entirely concurred in the view taken by Pitt. Speaking in later life (1828-30), of Pitt's dealing with the question at this time, he said,—

"It is not the case that Pitt ever regarded Catholic "Emancipation as a sop to be offered to the Irish to make "them accept the Union. On the contrary, I know that "Pitt regarded the emancipation of the Catholics as the "more important measure of the two, and he would gladly "have carried it at any time. But, when he first came into "power, he saw the danger in bringing it forward, unless "Ireland were previously united to England and Scotland. "As he could not carry both measures together, which was "his own original plan, he was glad to carry the union; and "always regarded it as paving the way for emancipation.

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"But Pitt was quite right to resist the Catholic question "being brought forward in 1805, when there was no possible "chance of its being settled. No one could have supported "it at such a time, but those who wished to embarrass Pitt, "or who were pedantically determined to discuss it in or "out of season. Pitt knew that if he took it up, it must "alienate some of his best supporters,—that the mere discussion would, in all likelihood, quite overset the king, "who was not by any means recovered from his attack of "the year before, and the country was to be thrown into all "this confusion at the moment when we were engaged in a "struggle for bare existence, and when any relaxation of "our efforts might lead to immediate invasion. The blame "of the delay in redressing the Roman Catholic grievances, "rests not with Pitt, but with those who were in power "when the war came to an end."

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"The state of the king's health was one of Pitt's great "difficulties at this time, and contributed almost as much "as the defection of old adherents, and the loss of Dundas, "to break him down. I had seen a great change in the "king when I had an audience on my return from Madrid; "he was very clear and sensible on all that related to public "affairs, but morbidly inquisitive about other matters." * * * "He was a most extraordinary man, "both in his strong and weak points. After Pitt's death "he was obliged to take in the Whigs, and he did it with a "good grace. But he never got over his great personal "dislike to them; and the very first time they gave him an "opportunity, he turned them out. This he did, in spite of "all his mental and physical infirmities, entirely by himself, "and without taking any one into his confidence.

"All the time the Whigs were in, there were Tory "courtiers about him who would have given the world to "have spoken to him on politics, and who never even in his "rides could get him to open his mouth. But the instant "the Whigs made a false move, he saw it, and kicked them "out."

Mr. Frere looked on Pitt's labours at this period, organizing the national defence against invasion, and reconstructing the European combination against Napoleon, from the renewal of the war till his death in 1806, as, under all the circumstances, the most wonderful proofs of his foresight and ability, and as ranking among the most important services he rendered to his country and to Europe. "It was true," he said, "that, for the time, all Pitt's plans seemed frustrated by disasters like Austerlitz and Jena, by the selfish "blindness and indecision of the Allies, and by the extraordinary ability of Napoleon. Still, the principles of the "combination which was at length successful ten years "later, were clearly laid down by Pitt in 1805; and all "that was good and beneficial to Europe in the settlement "of 1815, was marked out by him before he died. This he "did, too, under the deepest discouragement. In failing "health, and almost alone; for, though the nation was with "him, his difficulties in Parliament were greater than they "had been since he first entered office; and, with the "exception of Canning, hardly one of his immediate followers fully entered into all his views."

In June, 1807, when there appeared some brief hope that Prussia might be able to maintain an alliance with Russia and England in making head against France, Mr. Frere was appointed by the Portland Ministry Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary to Berlin. But the Treaty of Tilsit in the following month closed the north of Europe against England, and prevented his setting out on that mission.*

He used frequently in later life to refer to this period as the gloomiest and most critical in our history since England became a first class European power. Pitt was dead, and so was his great rival. No one had arisen with genius or authority comparable to Pitt's, or capable of directing the energies of the nation in its great struggle for existence. Canning, whom, as Mr. Frere believed, Pitt had always regarded as his political heir, was still in a comparatively subordinate position, and suffered from the dread with which dull sensible men are apt to regard genius and wit. The short experience of Whig administration had not shown that the ranks of Pitt's old opponents contained the man fitted to take his place in the confidence of the nation.

Had it been possible to believe that Napoleon would rest content with the vast empire he had acquired, the people of England would, in 1807 even more than at any other time, have rejoiced to see an end to the war which had so heavily taxed their resources. But his imperial ambition was continually affording fresh proof of the hopelessness of any such termination of the struggle, and with the light which his own correspondence affords, it is now clear that no permanent peace, on terms honourable to England, would ever have been tolerated by him. The whole continent, it is true, was at his feet. From the Atlantic to the Russian frontier not a cannon could be fired without his leave, and so completely had he fascinated the Emperor of Russia, that the partition of the Turkish empire between France and Russia seemed no improbable or remote result of their alliance. But Napoleon knew that the vast fabric of power which he had raised was not safe while England, his nearest neighbour, was really free and independent. His plans for invading and subjugating his insular rival, which had been delayed by the campaign of Austerlitz, and for the time frustrated by Trafalgar, had never been absent from his mind, and he resumed their active development directly Jena and Tilsit seemed to have finally placed Germany under his yoke. He believed that he possessed all the means required to reduce England to the level, at least, of Prussia and Austria, except such a navy as would enable him, if but for a few days, effectually to sweep the Channel. Spain alone, of all European nations, offered the means of rendering the fleets at his command superior to those of England, and to Spain he turned with the determination to weld the forces of the Peninsula, and especially its marine, into one with those of the French empire. He had already under the treaty of St. Ildefonso, absolute control over all Spanish fleets and armies; but he knew that under such a rule as that of Charles IV. the vast natural resources of Spain and her colonies would be ineffectually wasted, and that even the subserviency of the Prince of Peace was a poor substitute for the vigour with which he could himself act on the administration through a king of his own making, or through his own military commanders. Thus his impatience to apply the power of Spain to further his great purpose of forming an irresistible navy, drove him into what he himself subsequently acknowledged as one of the capital errors of his career. Assured of the connivance of Russia, he was led step by step into the secret treaty and convention of Fontainbleau (May, 1806, and Oct. 1807) with Charles IV. by which Portugal was to be partitioned for the benefit of France and Spain—into the seizure of the Spanish frontier fortresses, and into all the treacheries which followed the meeting of the Spanish royal family with Napoleon at Bayonne, the forced abdications of the king and his son Ferdinand—the Bayonne constitution, the bestowal of the Spanish Crown on Joseph Buonaparte, and the French invasion of the peninsula in support of the usurpation.

In May and June, 1808, all Europe was startled by the explosion which Mr. Frere had foreseen as imminent two years before, and which he had then foretold to Lord Malmesbury.[1] It naturally, under the circumstances, took the form of an insurrection against the foreign invader, and in favour of Ferdinand, who was regarded by the clergy, the common people, and the great bulk of the nobility, as their legitimate Sovereign. In every part of the peninsula, in the remotest villages, and in the almost inaccessible sierras of the distant provinces, as well as in the great cities, the insurrection broke out with a violence, an unanimity, and a suddenness to which neither before nor since has modern Europe seen any parallel. The French garrisons speedily found that they commanded no more than their guns covered. The people everywhere assembled, seized such arms as they could lay hands on, appointed leaders, organized juntas as a form of local government, and issued proclamations detailing the wrongs and insults the nation had suffered, and calling on all true Spaniards to join in expelling the invader from their soil. In some cases terrible massacres of the French or their supposed partizans disgraced the popular cause; but, in general, the people behaved with wonderful self-command, and with a dignity which added greatly to the moral effect produced by the insurrection on the rest of Europe. The leading juntas took prompt and effectual steps to appeal for sympathy and aid to all foreign nations, and especially to England, the only power which had never either succumbed to the force or yielded to the seductions of the Arbiter of Continental Europe.

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[1] "Malmesbury Diaries," vol. iv. p. 330, as quoted, ante, p. lxvii.

Spain was peculiarly fitted for the part she thus took in an insurrection against the imperial despotism of France. The people were, as Napoleon's sagacity had before pointed out, "unexhausted by revolutionary passion." Peculiarities of race combined with the physical features of the country, and with the history and traditions of the many nations which make up its population to render the Spaniards a people dwelling apart not only from the rest of Europe, but divided very distinctly into separate communities independent of each other; so that the subjugation or destruction of one province would have little effect in ensuring the submission of its neighbours. The consequent division of interests, feelings, and action, which so often led to subsequent disaster, at first greatly promoted the spread of the insurrection. On a few vital points—their national pride, their devotion to their national religion, their obedience to its ministers, and their indignation at the treatment the nation and the royal family had received at the hands of Napoleon—the mass of the population felt as one man, and all determined to resist the invader. But each city and province took its own measures for organizing resistance; and, till bitter experience taught them some of the evils of disunion, each acted as if it had been a separate and perfectly independent power.

By the end of May, or early in June, the juntas had been organized in most of the provinces; that of Seville had secured the co-operation of the Spanish divisions under Castaños in the south of the peninsula, and through him had opened friendly relations with Sir Hew Dalrymple, the English commander at Gibraltar; had formally declared war against France, and issued a manifesto which was accepted by England and other powers of Europe as the national declaration of Spain against Napoleon. By the middle of June the French squadron in Cadiz was captured, and the garrisons of Ferrol and Corunna had already declared for the national cause. Before the end of July, Dupont, with 20,000 excellent French troops had been confronted in his march on Cadiz, and forced to lay down his arms to Castaños at Baylen—the first great and decided reverse which had befallen the French armies in a fair field since the revolutionary wars began. Jerome Buonaparte hastily quitted Madrid, and the capital was once more left in the sole possession of Spanish troops.

Napoleon had clearly foreseen the danger. Writing from Bayonne to Murat at Madrid, in March, 1808, before he had entirely thrown off the mask, he said:—"Never suppose that you are engaged with a disarmed nation, and "that you have only to show yourself to insure the submis"sion of Spain * * * They have still energy. You "have to deal with a virgin people. They already have all "the courage, and they will soon have all the enthusiasm "which you meet with among men who are not worn out "by political passions.

"The aristocracy and the clergy are the masters of Spain. "If they become seriously alarmed for their privileges and "existence, they will rouse the people, and induce an eternal "war. At present I have many partizans among them. If "I show myself as a conqueror, I shall soon cease to have "any." * * *

After pointing out how effectually England might act on the coast, and discussing all possible plans for governing the country under French dictation, he winds up with the emphatic declaration,—"If war break out, all is lost."

In exile at St. Helena, he very truly said:—"It was that "unhappy war in Spain which ruined me. It was a real "wound, the first cause of the misfortunes of France." When the insurrection did break out, he never underrated its importance, but determined to crush it at once. In his earliest instructions he had charged his generals, "above all, "take care to avoid any misfortune in Spain; its conse"quences would be incalculable." Dupont's surrender, and Jerome's consequent retreat from the capital, were two misfortunes regarding the gravity of which there could be no mistake. The Emperor well knew that the Assembly of Notables at Bayonne were no true representatives of the Spanish nation, and that their assent to his usurpation was of little practical value. But he had confidence in his own power to carry out a thoroughly effective military occupation of the peninsula. He ordered his best troops and most trusted marshals to march for Spain. The better to organize operations, he returned to Paris in August. In September he met the Emperor of Russia at Erfurth; made a favour to Prussia of withdrawing from the military occupation which had lasted since Jena, the veteran troops he needed in Spain; did his best to overawe Austria, already showing signs of impatience under his yoke; and, having confirmed his influence over Alexander, attempted, with the help of Russia, to negotiate with England, and to neutralize her hostility while he might deal with Spain single-handed. But England had already determined to make common cause with the Spaniards. The deputies from the Asturian junta had arrived in London early in June, and each successive post brought news of the spread of the insurrection. The general enthusiasm of the Spaniards left no room for doubting that it was a really national and popular movement, essentially different in its origin, character, and extent, from anything which had previously occurred on the Continent to check the uninterrupted success of Napoleon's career. Sheridan vied with Canning in eulogizing the conduct of the Spanish patriots, and the Opposition cordially supported the Ministry when they declared their intention of sending British troops to aid the Spaniards in asserting their independence.

There are few portions of modern history with which Englishmen are better acquainted than with the details of the contest on which England thus entered. The story has been told in the stately periods of Southey, and by the burning eloquence of Napier. In the two wonderful series of volumes more lately published, containing the correspondence of the great soldiers who directed the armies of England and France, Wellington and Napoleon have themselves recorded for posterity the minutest details of their own plans, and much criticism of their opponents. In this short biographical sketch it is only necessary that I should very briefly allude to those events of this well-known history with which Mr. Frere was officially connected.

His previous services in Spain, his warm sympathy with all the nobler traits of Spanish character, his intimate acquaintance with the Spanish language and manners, and, above all, the esteem and respect in which he was held by all the best among the leaders in the Spanish national cause, to many of whom he was personally known, pointed him out as eminently fitted to represent England in Spain at a juncture of such importance, and on the 4th of October, 1808, he was accredited as British Minister Plenipotentiary to Ferdinand VII., then represented by the Central Junta, at whose place of assembly Mr. Frere had instructions to take up his residence.

He had already been partly instrumental in restoring to the armies of Spain a very important reinforcement. The story of the mode in which a Spanish division under the Marquis de Romana was released from Denmark and transferred to Spain has been repeatedly told; but Mr. Frere's connection with the enterprise will justify a recapitulation of some of its romantic details. It had been a part of Napoleon's policy in Spain, as in most other countries which he occupied, to weaken the national power of resistance to his encroachments, by transferring the flower of the regular army to distant foreign service; and one of the first uses he made of the control he acquired over the Spanish armies in 1807 was to march Romana's division of about 14,000 men to Hamburgh and thence into Denmark, where it was destined to join the Franco-Danish army which Marshal Bernadotte was collecting for the invasion of Sweden. Here they were closely watched and cut off from all intercourse with Spain. In March, 1808, the Spanish division had commenced crossing the Belts, when their movement was interrupted by the appearance of British cruisers, which captured a Danish ship of the line, and for more than three months prevented the transit of the invading force to the shores of Sweden. The oath of allegiance to Jerome Buonaparte and to the Napoleonic constitution in Spain had previously been tendered to the Spanish troops; but their suspicions were aroused by the circumstance that no private or other letters accompanied the public dispatch forwarding the oath of allegiance, and that no intelligence was allowed to reach Spaniards in Denmark except through the French press, or through channels controlled by the French Government. However, some of them took the oath without much demur. Others, including the troops nearest Romana's head quarters, took it conditionally with a proviso that their oath should be null unless the Revolution were confirmed by the general consent of the Spanish nation, and two regiments absolutely refused the oath, rose on their French commandant, and planting their colours knelt round them and swore to be faithful to their country.

When the insurrection against the intrusive government in Spain spread to the army under Castaños, it was one of his first requests to Sir Hew Dalrymple, at Gibraltar, that the Spanish troops in the Baltic might be apprised of the turn affairs had taken in their native country, and that the English would open communication with Romana. But watched as the Spaniards were by the French, and in Denmark, with which we were then at war, this was a matter of the utmost difficulty and danger. The task was undertaken by a priest named Robertson, an accomplished linguist, and as it was impossible to risk the danger attaching to written credentials, he was instructed to use, as his passport to Romana's confidence, a verse from the Gests of the Cid. Mr. Frere, when at Madrid some years before, had suggested to Romana a conjectural emendation in a verse,[1] the mention of which, as it could only be known to the two friends, would satisfy Romana that Robertson had communicated with Mr. Frere and that his intelligence might be relied on.

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[1] "Aun vea el hora que vos *merezca dos* tanto," v. 2348, where Mr. Frere proposed to read *merezcades*, an emendation of which Romana at once perceived the propriety.

Robertson started for Heligoland with Mr. Mackenzie who was charged to aid him in landing on the continent. Throughout the war the little island was used as a rendezvous for our cruizers and an entrepot for the British commerce, which was excluded by the Decrees of Napoleon from direct admission to any continental port. On their arrival the governor placed an embargo on all the shipping there, and Robertson started in a boat to the nearest shore, but it was found impossible for any one unprovided with a passport to elude the vigilance of the French and Danish officials, and after three days Robertson returned without effecting a landing. Mackenzie, however, found the master of a captured Bremen vessel, who promised, if his vessel were released, to land Robertson in safety and provide him with a passport. The Bremener had a near relation among the city officials, with whose help he fulfilled his engagement. Robertson, in the character of a German schoolmaster, made his way to Romana's presence; and having accredited himself by his verse from the Cid, detailed to him in Latin the course which events had taken in the Peninsula. Romana at once resolved to effect his escape from Denmark, with his whole force, provided he could obtain the assistance of the British naval and military commanders, who were then in the Baltic supporting the Swedes in their resistance to the threatened French invasion. Robertson returned to Heligoland with this assurance, and with a request that Mackenzie would communicate with Sir John Moore, who then commanded the British Auxiliaries in Sweden, and procure his aid in covering the retreat and embarkation of the Spaniards. The requisite orders were issued by the British Government, and within a week Mackenzie received letters for Sir John Moore, which he determined to carry himself to Gottenburgh. But when he arrived on the Swedish coast the British troops had already sailed for England. Returning to Heligoland, the packet in which he sailed was driven by a gale on to the Danish coast. There he fell in with a Danish privateer of greatly superior force, and after a running fight of four hours escaped with difficulty back to Gottenburgh. He then determined to communicate with Sir James Saumerez, the British Admiral in the Baltic. This he at length accomplished. Sir James at once determined to effect the release of the Spaniards. Under his orders Sir Richard Keats had commenced the necessary arrangements, when Sir James received dispatches from his own government suggesting the course he had already adopted; and a Spanish courier brought from London letters from the Junta of Galicia and others in Spain, for Romana and his second in command.

To convey these to the Spanish camp; and, when all was arranged with the leaders, to keep the contemplated movements secret; to concentrate and embark the scattered Spanish troops from an enemy's country and in the presence of the hostile forces of France and Denmark, was still an operation of the greatest difficulty. The Spanish regiments were quartered, widely apart, in various towns on the mainland of Jutland and in several islands in the Baltic. A young Spanish officer crossing from one island to the other was taken prisoner by the British squadron, enlisted in the cause, and sent on with letters for Romana. But the fact that he had communicated with the British squadron was discovered by the French Commandant, whose suspicions had been already aroused, and Romana resolved to prevent interruption from the Danes by seizing Nyborg. This was effected with Admiral Keats' help, after a determined resistance on the part of some of the Danish officers, who, faithful to their French allies, refused to aid the Spaniards. The captured gunboats and coasting craft afforded the means of collecting and embarking such of the Spanish regiments as could reach the coast near Admiral Keats' squadron. One regiment marched eighty miles in twenty-one hours, and all made incredible exertions to rejoin their countrymen. Many hair-breadth escapes and romantic incidents occurred while the Spaniards and their English naval allies were engaged in this perilous service. At length nine thousand men, besides followers, were landed on the Swedish shore, and there first learnt the details of the wonderful success which had attended the early efforts of their countrymen to eject the French invaders. By the end of August transports arrived from England to embark them, and they sailed for Spain. Romana, on his way to Corunna, visited England to confer with the Ministry, and learn their views regarding the future conduct of the war, and did not reach Spain till later in the year.

But the British Government had not been idle. They had from the first resolved vigorously to support the insurrection. Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh at this time held the seals of the Foreign and the War Departments in the Duke of Portland's Ministry. When the news of the Spanish insurrection first arrived in England, an expedition of about 10,000 men, organized by the preceding administration, was about to sail from Cork for South America. It was determined to divert to Portugal this force under command of Sir Arthur Wellesley; and Sir John Moore, who had been sent to Sweden to assist in repelling the French and Russian invasion, and whose aid had been declined by the King of Sweden, was recalled and directed to sail for the Peninsula. Sir Arthur Wellesley's expedition left Cork on the 12th July, 1808. The General himself reached Corunna on the 20th, and learning there that the Junta of Gallicia did not wish for the aid of his troops; he supplied them with arms and money and proceeded to Portugal, the liberation of which was the first object of his instructions. Off Mondego Bay he learnt that he was to be superseded as soon as Sir Harry Burrard should arrive, and that Burrard again was to give place to Sir Hew Dalrymple as soon as he could come round from Gibraltar. But hearing at the same time of the surrender of Dupon's army to Castaños, and seeing the opportunity, if no time were lost, for striking an effective blow against the French under Junot at Lisbon, Wellesley landed on the 1st of August with less than 10,000 men to face the 25,000 French soldiers, who then garrisoned Portugal. Being opportunely reinforced by General Spencer, who had anticipated his orders to join him from the south of Spain, Wellesley, undeterred by the delays of the Portuguese, pushed on to attack Junot. On the 15th of August the first British blood was shed in a skirmish with the French advanced guard. At Roliça, on the 17th, Sir Arthur gained his first victory in the Peninsula, and captured three guns. Junot advanced from Lisbon with all his disposable force to meet him, and Wellesley, who had been reinforced by further arrivals from England, ordered a movement to cut off Junot from the capital. But the reinforcements brought also a senior officer, Sir H. Burrard, who, before he landed, forbade the move as attended with too much risk. Meantime Junot had attacked Wellesley at Vimiero on the 21st August, and was beaten with the loss of thirteen guns and 400 prisoners. The victory would have been still more complete had Wellesley been allowed to follow it up. He was, however, superseded on the field by Sir Harry Burrard, who ordered a halt; and Junot, by a forced march, regained the capital unmolested. On the 22nd August, Burrard was himself superseded by Dalrymple. The next day further operations were suspended by a French flag of truce. The Convention of Cintra ensued, the French army evacuated Portugal, including the strong frontier fortresses of Elvas and Almeida. By the middle of October not a French soldier remained, and the Russian fleet in the Tagus had been surrendered to English custody. These were great results. They might, however, no doubt have been greater, had Wellesley been left in undisturbed command, to carry out his own plans either before or after the battle of Vimiero. The English nation was profoundly dissatisfied and directed its anger not against the minister who sent three generals to supersede one another on the same field, but against the generals who signed the Convention. They were all summoned to England to defend their conduct before a Court of Enquiry, and Wellesley was thus prevented from having any chance of testing his opinion that, within a month after the Convention, he could have been at Madrid with 20,000 men.[1] In judging of these operations, as well as of all others that followed them in the Peninsula, it should be borne in mind that Wellesley's difficulties from deficiency of information, of carriage, of roads, of regular supplies, and of cavalry—from uncertain, over-confident, or half-hearted friends, and from concealed enemies, and above all from numerical inferiority of trained soldiers, were the same in kind, and hardly less in degree, than those which he and Moore and every other English general in Spain experienced up to the end of the war. We may thus appreciate the qualities which enabled him from the first to understand the real conditions on which alone he could hope to war successfully in such a country, and the cautious boldness with which he pressed on, till he finally expelled the French from Spain.

Dalrymple, Burrard and Wellesley, having left or been superseded, Sir John Moore, who had arrived in Portugal some time before, was appointed[2] to command a force of

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[1] Gurwood's "Wellington Dispatches," vol. iv. p. 121.

[2] Vide Letter from Lord Castlereagh to Sir J. Moore, dated 25th Sept. 1808.

30,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry, to be employed in the north of Spain, to co-operate with the Spaniards in the expulsion of the French—about 15,000 of these men, expected from England under Sir David Baird, were to land at Corunna. Moore's instructions directed that his army was not to be partially committed against the enemy. He was to consider the points in Gallicia, or on the borders of Leon, where it could be most advantageously equipped and concentrated, and the routes by which it was to be assembled were left to his discretion. He was to open communications with the Spanish authorities and to frame a plan of the campaign.

On receipt of these instructions, Moore divided his forces to facilitate their movements, going himself direct to Salamanca, which he reached on the 13th November, and sending the reserves, and most of the artillery, by a more circuitous route. Baird had landed at Corunna on the 13th October, but was still four marches from Salamanca on the 20th November.

A Central Junta for Spain had been installed at Aranjuez about the end of September. The practical incapacity of most of its members, their irreconcileable jealousies and divisions, and other inherent faults of its constitution rendered it, from the first, incapable of anything like efficient administration. Spain, in fact, up to the end of the Peninsular War, had barely the semblance of an effective central government.

This was, however, the body to which Mr. Frere was accredited as British Envoy and Plenipotentiary. He arrived at Corunna on the 20th October, accompanied by Romana, whose troops, released from Denmark, had already been disembarked.

Crabb Robinson, who had gone out to Corunna as Correspondent to the "Times," after an account of the landing of Baird's troops on the 13th October, 1808, and their march to the interior on the expedition which he "understood was "ill-planned," says:[1]—

"On the 20th there was an arrival which, more than that "of the English, ought to have gratified the Spaniards. "I witnessed a procession from the coast to the Town Hall, "of which the two leading figures were the Spanish General "Romana and the English Minister Mr. Frere. Few incidents in the great war against Napoleon can be referred "to as rivalling in romantic interest the escape of the "Spanish soldiers under General Romana from the North "of Germany."

He was disappointed in Romana's appearance, but adds:—

"I received a favourable impression from the person and "address of Mr. Frere, and when, in a few months, the "public voice in England was raised against him as the in-"judicious counsellor who imperilled the British army by "advising their advance on Madrid, my own feeling was "that he was unjustly treated."

Napoleon's meeting with the Emperor Alexander at Erfurth, already referred to, had arranged what was, in effect, a virtual division of the supremacy of Europe. Russia was to get undisturbed possession of Finland, Moldavia and Wallachia, with great prospects in Poland and Asia, so as to threaten the British Indian Empire. Napoleon obtained Russia's recognition of his conquests in Italy, the Peninsula and Germany. The severity of his grasp on Prussia was to be relaxed in the interests of Russia.

Alexander, on the other hand, was to aid France, should Austria prove troublesome. Regarding Turkey only they failed to agree. Neither Emperor could consent to see the other master of Constantinople.

Thus secured for a time against diversions on his other frontier, Napoleon returned to Bayonne, November 3rd, determined to devote his whole power to crush Spain and Portugal, and to drive the English out of the Peninsula.

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[1] "Crabb Robinson's Diary," vol. i. p. 275.

He had already drawn to the frontier, from France, Germany, and Italy, 300,000 men, the flower of his veteran army. About 180,000, concentrated under his own eye, were ready for operations west of the Ebro.

To these the Spaniards could oppose less than 75,000, most of them untrained recruits, widely divided, ill organized, imperfectly armed, under inexperienced and almost independent commanders.

Their British allies, coming up to their aid, were marching on Salamanca by several lines wide apart, and all far in the rear of the Spanish armies.

Early in November Napoleon let loose "the hurricane of war," which he had so carefully designed. In the course of that month his Marshals had met and utterly defeated the Spaniards in three decisive battles, driven their divided armies still further asunder, carried the formidable Somosierra pass, and by the 4th of December the Emperor was in possession of Madrid.

Thus before the end of November it had become clear that the English were too late and too few to support the Spaniards in holding the line of the Ebro against Napoleon's overwhelming advance. Moore saw the possibility and great political advantages of an advance on Madrid to support the Spaniards in their defence of their capital. But this movement was one of great risk. His own judgment inclined to a retreat and re-embarcation in Portugal, and a renewal of operations in support of the Spanish armies in Southern Spain.

Under these circumstances he, on the 27th November, asked the British Envoy's opinion as to which of these two courses he thought best, with reference to the Spanish nation's power of resistance, and to the probable wishes of the English Cabinet and people, could they know all the circumstances.

Mr. Frere replied on the 30th November, recommending a retreat on Galicia or on the strong country about Astorga, as preferable to a retreat on Portugal, if retreat were inevitable. With regard to the temper of the Spanish people, he urged that the spirit of resistance was much stronger in almost every other province than in the open plains of Leon and in Castile.

Recognizing the greater hazard of the forward move, he spoke decidedly of the good spirit of the Spanish people, and hopefully of the Government, adding, "I cannot but "think, therefore, that considerations both of policy and "generosity, call upon us for an immediate effort.

"If, however, this view of the subject should not appear "to you sufficiently clear or conclusive to induce you to take "a step which would, I am well convinced (since you do me "the honour to refer to me on the subject) meet with the "approbation of His Majesty's Government, I would venture to recommend retaining the position of Astorga. A "retreat from that place to Corunna would (as far as an unmilitary man may be allowed to judge of a country which "he has travelled over) be less difficult than through Portugal to Lisbon; and we ought in that position to wait for "the reinforcements of cavalry from England; which would "enable the army to act in the flat country, which opens "immediately from that point, and extends through the "whole of Leon and Old Castile. My political reasons on "this head I have already troubled you with.

"I mention this, however, merely as in my humble opinion "the least objectionable of the two modes of retreat. Our "first object, as it appears to me, ought to be to collect a "force capable of repulsing the French before they receive "their reinforcements.

"The covering and protecting Madrid is surely a point of "great moment, for effect in Spain, and still more in France, "and in the West of Europe. It would be a point of the

" utmost importance for Buonaparte to be able to publish a " decree, or to date a letter from Madrid.

" The people of that town are full of resolution, and determined to defend it, in spite of its situation, which is judged " to be an unfavourable one. This determination ought " surely to be encouraged by some shew of support.

" The siege of Madrid by a Pretender to the throne would " be a circumstance decisive against the claim, even if in " other respects it were a legitimate one."

On the 3rd of December Mr. Frere wrote again from Talavera, detailing the reports he had received of the spirit of resistance evinced by the populace at Madrid, and strongly urging the necessity of supporting the determination of the Spanish people by all the means in his power.

This letter reached Sir John Moore on the 5th. Baird, on the 29th of November had, in obedience to Moore's orders commenced a retrograde movement to Villa Franca. Moore now ordered him to stand fast, and to prepare to return to Astorga.

The next day he repeated his orders to return to Astorga, adding, " What is passing at Madrid may be decisive of the " fate of Spain, and we must be at hand to aid, and to take " advantage of whatever happens. The wishes of our " country, and our duty demand this of us, with whatever " risk it may be attended. I mean to proceed bridle in " hand, for if the bubble burst and Madrid fall we shall have " a run for it," and in view to such a contingency he desired Baird to continue his preparations for retreat on Corunna.

On the 9th of December he received certain information that the French had possession of the suburbs of Madrid, but hopes were still held out that the city would resist.

On the 13th, Moore advanced towards Valladolid to join Baird. But learning on the 14th that Madrid had already fallen, he determined to strike a blow against Soult, who in the valley of the Carrion covered the right flank of Napoleon's communications, and then to retreat on Galicia. On the 20th he effected a junction with Baird's force at Mayorga, and the next day the British cavalry under Lord Paget surprised the French cavalry, who believed the British to be far off and in full retreat to their ships. Two colonels and 160 men were made prisoners, and the French though greatly superior in force were utterly routed.

This advance completely paralysed the southward movements of the French armies. Every other important operation was immediately suspended, and 50,000 men, the flower of the French troops, were ordered, under the Emperor in person, to check the progress of the British. Urging his men by his own example, in the teeth of a violent wintry hurricane, over the Guadarrama Pass, Napoleon on the 26th of December established his head quarters at Tordesillas.

Ney meantime was moving from Zamora northwards to cut off Moore's retreat first on Portugal and then on Galicia; but Moore had suspended his advance on the 23rd of December, and retiring reached Benevente before the enemy. There he halted for rest, behind the Esla, swollen and impassable from wintry rains. On the 1st of January the Emperor had united at Astorga 70,000 men and 100 pieces of cannon under Soult and Ney. In ten days he had brought 50,000 men 200 miles from Madrid, over mountain ranges and rivers almost impassable, in the depth of winter. But before arriving at Astorga he was arrested by the news of Austria having joined the confederacy against him, and believing that he had now virtually performed his threat of driving the English into the sea, he left Soult and Ney with 60,000 men to continue the pursuit, and returned with his guards, to meet what he deemed the more pressing dangers threatening him in Germany.

The English continued their retreat, hard pressed by their active and numerous enemies, and suffering almost as much from relaxed discipline as from the terrible severity of the march through inhospitable mountains in the depth of a severe winter. But whenever battle was offered the old spirit revived. Corunna was reached on the 11th of January. On the 16th Soult with 20,000 French, and strong in artillery, attacked the British force, reduced to 14,000, weak in artillery, and not advantageously posted. The attack was repulsed with great loss to the enemy, and the British remained masters of the field. But Sir John Moore was mortally wounded in the moment of victory, Baird was also severely hurt, and the command devolved on General Hope, under whom the troops were embarked without further molestation, and sailed for England. Corunna and Ferrol, with seven sail of the line and great naval stores, surrendered to the French a few days afterwards.

Such, in brief, were the events of the first Peninsular campaign. The army under Sir John Moore was the strongest and most complete which England had ever been able to land on the Continent since the Revolutionary wars began. The public in England, with a very inadequate notion of the task before it, had formed the most extravagant expectations of what that army was to do ; and their disappointment and anger knew no bounds when the remnant returned home, so toil worn and disorganized by exposure and privation, that almost every corps required complete renewal before it was fit for further active service.

A victim was required to appease popular discontent. The general who commanded had died a hero's death on the field of victory, and of those who took part in the events connected with the campaign, the next most prominent actor was the British Minister whose opinions throughout these operations had been frequently opposed to those of the General. It was not to be expected that the Government or their supporters would admit that the blame of failure was fairly attributable to any fault in their plans or administration. Contemporary hostile criticism of the

General, or his proceedings, was virtually precluded by his death. So upon the Envoy was cast, by the public and the press, a share of blame which, under the circumstances, could hardly fail to be far in excess of what was deserved.

When Parliament met, a motion was brought forward by Mr. Ponsonby in the House of Commons (February 24, 1809,) "that it is indispensably necessary that this House "should inquire into the causes, conduct, and events of the "late campaign in Spain." The debate was long remembered as having been interrupted by the news that Drury Lane Theatre was on fire, and by a discussion whether the House should proceed with business when so much property, in which members and their constituents were interested, was in jeopardy! The motion for inquiry was resisted by the Ministers, and after much debate finally rejected on a division by a majority of 93 in a House of 347. The Government, however, so far yielded to the popular feeling of the day, that they determined to recall Mr. Frere. The appearance of censure was technically avoided by selecting as his successor the Marquis of Wellesley, fresh from the glories of his Indian administration, and by appointing him (on the 29th April, 1809,) Ambassador to the Court of the King of Spain, a grade higher than that of Envoy, which was the rank Mr. Frere held. But the supersession was regarded as an unmistakeable censure, which Mr. Frere felt he had not deserved. He thenceforward renounced public life, and when it was proposed to send him as Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and, twice in after years, to raise him to the Peerage, he declined both offers. It was natural he should feel that what he had deserved from the Government, if they approved his conduct, was support and approbation when he was unjustly attacked; and that no subsequent honours or promotion could compensate for his having been left a mark for public obloquy, when he had under most trying circumstances performed an important service to his country.

It would perhaps have been hardly reasonable to expect from their cotemporaries a perfectly impartial apportionment of praise or blame to the chief actors in these events. It is possible, however, for this generation with a much fuller knowledge of facts than was then accessible to the English public, and after the lapse of sixty years has mitigated personal and party animosities, to form a more dispassionate judgment. It is now clear from Napoleon's correspondence that, in his opinion, the results of the campaign were far more important to the final issue of the great continental struggle, than most of Moore's countrymen at the time believed; and, what is more, that this opinion of the Emperor's was so well founded, that those results would have justified almost any sacrifice which the British forces employed could have made. With the more complete evidence now available, we are better able to judge whether the Envoy or the General was right where they differed, and to decide how far the Envoy was answerable for the results of the campaign not having been yet more considerable, or for the cost of attaining those results having been so great?

What was the object aimed at in sending a British army to Spain?

It was not merely to secure the independence of Spain or Portugal. The expulsion of the French from the Peninsular would have been but one step towards attaining that security for the independence of every separate state in Europe which had for years been the avowed purpose of all our efforts against Napoleon. This was well understood in Austria and Prussia. Germany watched the Peninsular contest with the conviction that her immediate prospects of freedom from the foreign thraldom under which she had so long groaned, depended on the results of the Spanish insurrection. The gigantic preparations made by Napoleon to crush all opposition in the Peninsula, sensibly diminished his powers of repression in Germany; and whatever prolonged the necessity for engaging the attention of the Emperor himself and of the flower of his armies in Spain, became nearly as important to the general cause of freedom in Europe, as any repetition of such a demoralizing defeat as Baylen could have been.

In no part of the wide area of the European contest could the power of England be used to so great advantage as in Spain. It was a true instinct which directed thither the scattered expeditions previously detached in various directions towards America, Sweden, and to different points in Europe. But the English Government and people were still tyros in such a struggle as that in the Peninsula. They had made a greater effort than in any of our previous continental enterprises to equip the army entrusted to Sir John Moore; but it was wholly inadequate to cope single-handed with the vast hosts of France, concentrated under the Emperor in person.

What, then, might reasonably have been expected of Moore and his army?

His instructions indicated concentration in the north of Spain, at some point in Galicia or on the borders of Leon: after which he was to act on such a plan of campaign as he might concert with the Spanish authorities, and he had the most ample discretion left him to make the best use he could of the forces placed at his disposal.

Subsequent events proved that it would have been difficult to give any better instructions to the British General than to leave him thus free to devise his own plan of operations for aiding the Spaniards to expel the French.

Moore's campaign, as far as it was in accordance with these instructions, was a decided success. It saved Portugal and the south of Spain from being overrun. It inflicted great loss on the French armies, by forcing them to act on a vast scale in the most unfavourable season, and in a country where their movements cost the heaviest sacrifices of men and resources. Above all, it occupied Napoleon's personal attention till the critical moment arrived when the action of Austria obliged him to turn to Germany, and to leave to other hands the task of crushing the Spanish nation; an undertaking in which nothing short of his own genius had a chance of success. The campaign has been criticised on various grounds, some military, some political, and some of a mixed character; partly military and partly political. Into the purely military questions it would be out of place here to enter. Whether Moore should have moved from Portugal by one line, or, as he did, by several;—whether he might not have concentrated, and moved from Salamanca more rapidly, or done more, by previous preparation, to facilitate his own retreat on Corunna, and to impede the advance of his pursuers;—these, as far as they are military points, may be left to military critics.[1]

But the questions on which he differed from the Envoy were, in the main, political, and though few, most of them were of vital importance.

The Envoy thought that the General should, by an earlier move forwards, have attempted to save Madrid, or at least to delay its falling into the hands of Napoleon.

Whether this would at any time during the campaign have been possible, is, and must ever remain, matter of opinion. It is vain now to speculate whether the populace of Madrid, if they had been led by a Palafox and not by a Morla, would or would not have emulated their brethren at Saragossa. Or how far Napoleon would have been successful in overcoming a form of national resistance which elsewhere baffled the ablest of his lieutenants.

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[1] Vide "Napier," Book IV. chap. vi.; "Alison," chap. l. p. 805, note, and p. 857 of vol. vi. edit. 1837; "Castlereagh Correspondence," vol. vi.; "Life of Sir David Baird," vol. ii.; Lord Londonderry's "Narrative of the War in Spain and Portugal," 1829, vol. i. pp. 149 to 289; Col. Sorell, "Notes on the Campaign of 1808-9," 1828.

This at least is certain, that with all his genius, and all the force at his command, the Emperor found it a matter of extreme difficulty to obtain possession of Madrid without a siege; and that he might have failed had he not been aided by the treachery and cowardice of those to whom the populace looked as leaders.

But there can be no doubt of the importance, at such a juncture, of delaying by even a few days Napoleon's occupation of Madrid, and of making it clear to all the civilized world that the submission of the Spanish capital was the result of force, and not of national preference.

Nor was there ever any reason to believe the difficulty or risk of an attempt to support any effort of the Spaniards to defend Madrid would have been so great as to put it out of question as a possible move, which a military commander in Moore's position might prudently attempt, and which, therefore, it would have been the duty of the British Minister to urge on him, as most desirable on political grounds. Not to insist on the opinion of the Duke of Wellington that it was possible for the force to which Junot surrendered at Lisbon, to have been at Madrid in a month from the convention of Cintra, it is clear that Moore himself, up to the 27th of November,[1] five days before Napoleon summoned Madrid to surrender, did not consider it a hopeless enterprise, "to march upon Madrid, to throw himself into the "heart of Spain, and thus to run all risks, and share the "fortunes of the Spanish nation." He then considered such a move, though of "greater hazard" than a retreat on Lisbon, "perhaps worthy of risk, if the Government and people of "Spain are thought to have still sufficient energy and means "to recover from their defeats," and he formally asked the Envoy's opinion as to which of the two courses before the

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[1] *Vide* his letter to Mr. Frere of that date.

General, he, the Envoy, considered, on political grounds, the more eligible?

Even, then, if it be admitted that it never was in Moore's power to save Madrid, it cannot be said that the Envoy was wrong in pressing on him the importance of the attempt up to the time when the question was settled by Napoleon's masterly occupation of the capital—an operation which, even in his biography, stands conspicuous as an instance of the wonderful success of "a judicious mixture of force and policy."

The next important point on which the General and Envoy differed was, whether, in the event of its being impossible to save Madrid, the retreat of the British army should be by Galicia on Corunna, or through Portugal on Lisbon? The General, up to the 27th Nov. preferred the latter, the Envoy strenuously urged the former, not merely on the military grounds of its being the shorter, the safer, and the more defensible, the less liable to interruption from the enemy, and the more threatening to his communications; but on the political grounds that it enabled us to keep our hold on a most important province of Spain; to avoid even the appearance of deserting the Spanish cause; and afforded means of obtaining supplies and reinforcements to any extent by sea from England, and of issuing forth in renewed strength to resume the contest whenever opportunity offered. It is unnecessary to examine at length the reasons each gave for his opinion, since ultimately the line which the Envoy preferred was adopted by the General, and was an essential part of a movement which, as the event proved, saved the south of Spain, had the most important bearing on the final issue of the great continental struggle, and won from Napoleon himself the tribute of unqualified approval, as the only move which could have arrested the southward progress of the French armies, and for the time, to use his own phrase, "given the lock-jaw," to their other movements in Spain.

It was in the discussion on this point that most fault was found with the Envoy, both as regarded the advice he gave, and the terms in which that advice was given.

If however, as is now clear, the advice itself was, in the main, so sound that the course recommended was ultimately adopted by the General, in opposition to his own previously expressed decision, and if the course so adopted proved most successful at an important crisis in a great contest, some passionate eagerness of expression might be forgiven in urging that course, on the part of one who clearly foresaw both the magnitude of the interests at stake, and the only mode to secure them.

But in truth, in now reading the correspondence, it is not easy to select expressions to which fair exception might be taken, though at the time, no doubt, some natural irritation must have been felt, not the less keenly when it became apparent that the arguments used had such strength of reason as to carry conviction.

Up to the 5th December, Moore had adhered to the opinion he had expressed to Mr. Frere, that a retreat on Portugal, with a view to ulterior operations in the south of Spain, was the only alternative open to him, if an advance on Madrid should prove too dangerous to be attempted. Mr. Frere had, in reply to the General's request for his opinion, very strongly urged, in a letter already quoted, the superior political advantages of adhering to the original scheme laid down by the British Government of operating in the north of Spain. As the French armies advanced, every day brought some fresh confirmation of the soundness of the latter view, and at length, on the 5th December, Moore's own opinion underwent a change, and he determined to give up his previous plan of a retreat on Portugal, to advance against Soult on the Carrion, and as soon as he had effected the diversion of the enemy's forces, which he knew must ensue in order to avert the danger threatened to their communications, he prepared to retreat on Galicia.

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This was precisely the course the necessity and advantages of which Mr. Frere had been pressing on the General's notice.[1] The determination to adopt it was taken at Salamanca on the 5th December, but intimation of the change of plan had not reached Mr. Frere at Truxillo, when on the 8th December he despatched a letter by Mr. Stuart (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothsay), whom he commissioned to press on Sir John Moore the arguments used in his letter, pointing out, in the strongest terms, the ruin to the Spanish cause, and the disgrace to the British arms, which must follow a retreat on Portugal without any attempt to arrest or divert the French advance, or to defend Galicia.

This letter reached Sir John Moore at Toro on the 16th, when he had already adopted the course which had always been advocated by the minister. Read by the English public after Moore's death, the strong terms in which the letter was expressed doubtless appeared unnecessarily harsh and severe. But it is only just to the British minister to bear in mind that the letter is but one of a series, all urging the adoption of the same course, and that, had the retreat on Portugal not been abandoned, (a timely change of purpose of which Mr. Frere was not aware when he wrote), the terms used in the letter would not have been at all too severe to characterise a movement which, as the event proved, would have been as fatal a mistake in a military as in a political point of view.

The channel through which this letter was conveyed was not open to objection, as Mr. Stuart was a personal friend of Sir John Moore's, and like all his friends warmly attached to him; but Sir John Moore had felt much hurt at a former communication on the same subject having been sent him by a French emigrant officer in the English service, whose employment by the minister on so confidential a mission, was described at the time, and after Sir John Moore's death, as not only an act of extreme imprudence, but as an intentional insult to the British General.

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[1] This appears to have been in accordance not only with the views of the Envoy, but of Baird and of other officers about him, who had every claim to the general's confidence. *Vide* "Baird's Life," vol. ii.

So much blame has been attributed to Mr. Frere in this matter that the transaction may be described in greater detail than would be otherwise necessary. Colonel de Charmilly, a French Royalist, naturalised in England, married to the daughter of an English nobleman, and holding a British commission as colonel in a colonial corps, had gone to Spain with the avowed intention of raising a Spanish regiment, for service against Napoleon; having, like many other French Royalists of that day, devoted his whole life to oppose the Revolution, and Napoleon as the embodiment of revolutionary ideas. On his way to Madrid he was introduced to Sir David Baird and Sir John Moore, stayed some days at their head-quarters, and seems to have had more than casual communications regarding his plans with them both. Though not previously acquainted with either general, his introductions left no ground for mistrust. A nephew of his wife's was an officer in Sir John Moore's own regiment, favourably known to the General, and present at the time with his regiment at head-quarters.

Reaching Madrid the 28th November, and finding the city carelessly lulled in the belief that the French were still at Burgos, de Charmilly went to Aranguez, to present his letters of introduction to the British Envoy, to whom he was personally unknown; and there heard for the first time that the French, having forced the Somosierra Pass, threatened Madrid; and that the Supreme Junta had determined to retire to Toledo. Returning to Madrid, for his arms and baggage which he had left there, de Charmilly found the capital, not, as might have been expected, cowed or panic-stricken by the unexpected apparition of the Great Emperor with such overwhelming force, but in a ferment of popular and patriotic enthusiasm, reminding him strongly of the scenes he had witnessed at Paris in the first fervour of the Revolution of 1789. The mob, hearing he was a British officer, led him through barricaded streets and a populace working by torchlight at works of defence, to the palace where the Junta of defence organized that day, and the Spanish commander-in-chief, were in conference. The Duke of Infantado, as president of the Junta, received him, described their means of resistance, expressed in the strongest terms their determination to use them to the last extremity, and urged him to communicate to Moore his conviction of the paramount importance of the English army manœuvring to divert the attention of the French and allow time to organize the defence of Madrid. Finally the Duke gave the Colonel a passport for the express purpose of his going to Salamanca to communicate to Moore the state of affairs of which he was an eye-witness. On his way by the circuitous route indicated to him as the only one safe from the patrols of the French cavalry, he met the peasantry flocking to the capital with such arms as they had, and found the people and the Junta at Toledo equally enthusiastic in the national cause. At Talavera he, on the 3rd December, accidentally learnt that the British Envoy, in following the movements of the Supreme Junta, had just arrived there, and waiting on him to pay his respects, de Charmilly found that the Envoy had not heard of the popular rising at Madrid, nor of the establishment of the new Junta of defence with the Duke del Infantado, a nobleman believed to be a real patriot and sincere friend of the British, as president. Colonel de Charmilly's intelligence was so unexpected and important that Mr. Frere hoped it would satisfy Sir John Moore that there was yet a chance of directing the British army to some better purpose than a retreat on Portugal; and he made de Charmilly the bearer of letters strongly expressing this view, and representing the necessity of supporting the determination of the Spanish people by all the means which had been entrusted to the British General for the purpose, adding that he considered the fate of Spain as depending absolutely, for the present, upon the decision which Moore might adopt.

The intelligence thus conveyed reached Moore on the 5th December, and decided him to recall Baird, who was already moving on Corunna, to change his own line of retreat, falling back through Galicia instead of on Portugal; and meantime to advance towards Soult on the Carrion, and thus threaten the French line of communications.

Had Mr. Frere's dispatches been confined to the letter given to Moore on the 5th, no offence apparently would have been taken at the employment of Colonel de Charmilly as the bearer of the communication. He was better known to the General and his officers than to the Envoy, and any suspicions Moore may have previously entertained had been removed. The intelligence he brought indicated a turning point in the conduct of the Spanish people and Government: of the accuracy of his information there could be no doubt; and it impressed the General, as it had the Envoy, with a conviction that it justified and required an entire change in the plan of operations.

But Mr. Frere had entrusted to de Charmilly a second letter, to be delivered only in the event of the General persevering in his determination to retreat on Portugal, after he had received the first dispatch, and heard de Charmilly's account of the popular rising at Madrid. This second letter, de Charmilly, ignorant of the effect which the first had produced on the General's mind, and the consequent alterations in his plans, presented the next day. In it Mr. Frere requested that if the General adhered to his determination to retire, Colonel de Charmilly might be examined before a council of war.

Under the circumstances there can be no doubt that this must have appeared to Moore a very unnecessary interference with his functions as a military commander, personally and solely responsible for the movements of his army; and it is not surprising that he should have felt and expressed much indignation at what must have appeared to him a most unwarrantable proceeding, and that it was thus represented by his friends after his death.

But unfortunately for all parties, the General's natural indignation at what he imagined to be an intentional act of disrespect did not permit him to hear the explanation which Colonel de Charmilly could have given.[1] Had he been allowed to state the circumstances and instructions under which the second letter was entrusted to him, Sir John Moore would have learnt that, whatever might be thought of the course adopted, Mr. Frere's object had been misunderstood. The Envoy knew that a retreat on Portugal had been ordered, and he could not know that the order had been recalled. But he believed that if the General were unwilling to incur the responsibility of recalling that order, a council of war might facilitate the adoption of the only course which the Envoy believed, and which the result proved, could ensure the honour and safety of the army.

The step was one which, according to the ordinary rules of official intercourse, nothing short of a most clear and urgent necessity could excuse. Any justification of it must rest on the momentous character of the interests at stake; and judged by this light there can be no doubt that the occasion was one of importance sufficient to justify almost any infraction of the limits which custom and reason prescribe to such advice as the representative of the sovereign may offer to a general commanding that sovereign's forces in the field.

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[1] *Vide* "de Charmilly's Narrative," 3rd edit. 1810, pp. 42 to 52.

Under ordinary circumstances it would, of course, have been out of the question to employ, in an office of such importance and delicacy, a comparative stranger, and a foreigner. They however who have insisted on Colonel de Charmilly's disqualifications in these respects appear to forget that the Envoy, unexpectedly met during a hurried retreat, had, in the absence of all other trustworthy means of conveyance, absolutely no choice but either to leave the General in ignorance of the rising of Madrid, the most important intelligence he could receive, and which was certain to influence all his operations, or to send him the information through Colonel de Charmilly. Moreover, the whole importance of the despatch was derived from the news which the Colonel himself had brought; of its truth and momentous import there could be no doubt; it was imperative to send it across plains scoured by hostile cavalry; hence the necessity for providing against risk of the despatches having to be destroyed, to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands, will explain the reason for Mr. Frere reading them over to Colonel de Charmilly, and making him acquainted with the view he had himself taken of the important news which the Colonel had been the first to convey.

That he should unnecessarily have wounded the feelings of a brave and devoted soldier was a subject of the deepest regret: but nothing could have excused the Envoy had he at so grave a crisis omitted any possible precaution for ensuring the fullest consideration for facts on which he believed that the honour and existence of the army depended.

Upon the whole, probably posterity will be inclined, in the matter of these letters sent by Colonel de Charmilly, to join in the opinion which appears to have been formed at the time by Sir David Baird, and which is very clearly expressed by the late Lord Londonderry, that while the advice given was sound and salutary, and while the Envoy was not only justified, but in duty-bound to have tendered it, the proposal to examine de Charmilly before a council of war was one to which the General could under no circumstances have acceded, and which he naturally resented.[1]

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[1] *Vide* "Life of Sir David Baird," by T. Hook, 1833, vol. ii. pp. 214 to 288; Lord Londonderry's "Narrative of the War in Spain and Portugal," 1829, vol. i. pp. 149 to 289.

Hook says of Mr. Frere's first letter by de Charmilly, that the tone and style assumed appeared to many officers on the spot, fully competent to form an opinion, "not exactly suited to his official situation;" and that the second letter by de Charmilly, "naturally irritated" the General; but of the change of purpose to which the letters contributed, Baird seems fully to have approved.

Lord Londonderry says: "Mr. Frere was doubtless fully justified in "writing in this strain; as minister from the court of England he was "perfectly authorized to give advice respecting the course to be pur-"sued by the English general, even if that officer had abstained from "requesting it. But Sir John Moore having repeatedly solicited his "opinion as to the prudence or imprudence of schemes in agitation, "his right to speak or write strongly became increased fourfold.

"Mr. Frere, however, in my humble judgment, erred in desiring "Col. Charmilly should be examined before a Council of War prior to "any movement being made. . . . It would have been not only insulting "to the Commander of the Forces to have the judgment of a non-"official emigrant set up in opposition to his own, but the conse-"quences might have been every way ruinous.

"Sir John Moore dismissed that person with marks of dissatisfac-"tion; and I think I should have done the same.

"In spite of all this, however, and in spite of the excessive timidity "of the Supreme Junta . . . only one opinion can, I conceive, be "formed as to the soundness of the views taken by Mr. Frere on this "occasion."

Southey, who alone of the contemporary historians does full justice to Mr. Frere's services in the Peninsula, seems to except from the general commendation of his views and conduct, his desire that de Charmilly should be examined before a council of war.—"Peninsula War," vol. ii. chap. xxi. p. 279.

Some writers at the time wrote of de Charmilly as a creature of Morlà's, employed to decoy the British army to destruction, with a

It is not, however, by isolated acts or expressions that such a controversy can be decided. The question was, what a powerful army of a great nation might do or ought to attempt; and the parties to the controversy must be judged by what may ultimately prove to be the intrinsic soundness of the views each advocated. It was not thus, however, that contemporaries could judge. They could not but feel that the General, whose views and acts were criticised, had subsequently fallen in his country's cause; and opinions which, if the fate of the correspondents had been reversed, would have been regarded as inspirations of prophetic statesmanship and of the truest patriotism, were often misread at the time as intentional insults to a dying hero.

Have, then, subsequent events shown that the Envoy expected too much from the British army under Moore, or urged him to undertake impossibilities? If we look only to the experience of Moore's campaign it is clear that, as far as the General was swayed by the Envoy's advice to advance so as to threaten the French communications, and then to retreat on Galicia rather than on Portugal, the campaign was a great success, and the cost, heavy as it was, not out of proportion to the results.[1] It was no fault of the Envoy's that the loss was not further reduced by earlier and more complete preparations on the line of retreat to Corunna,[2] or the results enhanced by the transports, which subse-

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view to obtain favour for Morla from Napoleon. De Charmilly appears completely to have cleared himself of all suspicion of any communication whatever with Morlà; and there is abundant evidence to prove that the information he conveyed as to the state of affairs in Madrid was strictly accurate.

[1] "Notwithstanding the clamour with which this campaign has been "assailed, as if no army had ever yet suffered such misfortunes, the "nominal loss was small, and the real loss smaller, sinking to nothing "when compared with the advantage gained."—Napier, bk. iv. ch. vi. p. 356, 8vo. ed. of 1851.

[2] Ibid. p. 358.

quently embarked the army, being sent to reinforce it instead of to bring it away from Spain.[1]

Still clearer is the testimony which the later campaigns in the Peninsula bear to the general soundness of Mr. Frere's views on the principal points regarding which he had the misfortune to differ from Sir John Moore.

I do not, of course, refer to any comparison either in conduct or results between the one campaign which it was Moore's fortune to conduct, and the series of campaigns under Wellington. Napoleon's absence from among Wellington's immediate adversaries in Spain, would alone render any such comparison impossible. I refer simply to those characteristic and peculiar local difficulties in carrying on the war in the Peninsula, which appeared to Moore so great as to render any efficient action by his army almost hopeless; and which, it has been said, by many historians of high character as well as by party writers of the day, that Mr. Frere failed either to see or to estimate at their proper value. The list extends to nearly all the shortcomings and failings of the Spaniards as a nation, and even the deficiencies of their country in roads or resources. One of the complaints most frequently implied as well as directly urged, is the omission to supply the accurate intelligence on which so much of the success of military operations depended.

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[1] Thirteen thousand men, intended as reinforcements for the army in Spain, were actually re-landed in England, after being shipped, and the transports sent out empty. There can be no doubt that the ministry were prepared to reinforce Moore; and there were means at hand, as the Duke of York showed, of raising the force in Spain to a strength of 60,000 rank and file. But Moore did not see any paramount necessity for augmenting the force in Spain. As late as the 13th November, writing to Lord William Bentinck, who had been acting as British envoy up to the time of Mr. Frere's arrival, he said: "I have no "objection to you or Mr. Frere representing the necessity of as many "more British troops as you think proper." But he differed from the view they had taken, and which subsequent experience proved to be correct, that on the English, and not on the Spanish armies, must fall the main burden of the task to be executed. "I differ," he said, "only with "you in one point. When you say the chief and great obstacle, and "resistance to the French, will be afforded by the English Army. If "that be so, Spain is lost." And after expressing his conviction that the salvation of Spain depended mainly on the Spaniards, he added: "I am, therefore, much more anxious to see exertion and energy in the "government, than to have my force augmented."—*Vide* "Moore's Narrative," p. 24.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the obvious fact that no envoy could get from the Junta more than they knew, and that they were generally as ill-informed as their allies regarding what was really going on in other parts of Spain. Perhaps, now that the Spaniards and their peculiarities are better understood by their neighbours than they were a generation ago, our surprise at this national characteristic of their public life may be less than was felt by our forefathers. At any rate it is clear that then, as now, he who would possess accurate information regarding political affairs in Spain, must gather his facts for himself, and not trust to the government for them—and for such a task the General had as great facilities as the Envoy. The latter had only landed at Corunna towards the end of October, and did not reach Aranguez, where the Junta was assembled, for several weeks afterwards. The General, on the other hand, had been in the Peninsula since the latter end of the previous August, and in supreme command of the British forces during the greater part of the time. He had halted at Salamanca from the 13th November to the 12th December, and had there better opportunities than the Envoy could possess at Aranguez, of learning for himself everything essential to the conduct of the war.

But as regards this and all other difficulties arising from local peculiarities, whether of national character or of a political or physical nature, it is obvious that they were not less obstacles to the later than to the earlier campaigns; why then were they not found as formidable by Wellington as they appeared to Moore?

The difference clearly was not merely or mainly in the genius or temperament of the two commanders. It was greatly due to their previous training and experience.

For an English general with British troops to conduct active operations in Spain, at the beginning of this century, meant to carry on war in a country with the language and manners of which few of the soldiers or even of the best educated and accomplished of the officers had the slightest acquaintance—to disarm the hostility of a proud, jealous, sensitive, and high-spirited race—to avoid affronting the prejudices of an uneducated populace, or the bigotry of a fanatical and all-powerful priesthood—to draw supplies of money and food from a country where internal commerce was nearly extinct, and which was almost destitute of roads passable by wheeled carriages—to depend on a maritime base of operations many hundreds of miles distant, and to use as auxiliaries the armies of a people possessed indeed of many soldierlike qualities, but unaccustomed to united and systematic subordination; and who required, in order to turn them to the best account, sometimes to be provided with an independent field of action for themselves, under their own commanders; and sometimes to be assimilated to our own troops, under British discipline and officers.

Most of the superior officers in Napoleon's army had acquired, more or less, by long experience in foreign war, the art of performing some portions of such a task as this; but it is no exaggeration to say that, at the commencement of the Peninsular War, it was impossible for any English general, with merely European experience, to have learnt such a lesson except by instinct or theoretical reading. Moore had not, in this respect, been more fortunate than his contemporaries. He undertook the charge of the expedition as a matter of duty, with a sad foreboding of the certainty of failure,[1] and nothing in his previous experience gave him much help in overcoming the peculiar difficulties of his position.

But no part of the task presented any untried or insuperable difficulty to one who, like Wellesley, had practised war, on a large scale, and, in independent command, in India: and the reader who will carefully study "Sir Arthur Wellesley's Indian Despatches," will find every one of the characteristic difficulties of Peninsular warfare, faced and overcome in the Deccan, by exactly the same qualities and management which were subsequently so successful in Spain.[2]

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[1] Stapleton thus describes Moore's last interview with the secretary at war: "Lord Castlereagh disclosed to the Cabinet the parting words "addressed to him by Sir John. After the latter had had his final "interview, had taken his leave, and actually closed the door, he re-"opened it, and said to Lord Castlereagh, 'Remember, my Lord, "'I protest against the expedition, and foretell its failure.' Having "thus disburdened his mind, he instantly withdrew, left the office, and "proceeded to Portsmouth to take the command of the expedition. "When Lord Castlereagh mentioned this circumstance to the cabinet, "Mr. Canning could not help exclaiming, 'Good God! and do you "'really mean to say that you allowed a man entertaining such feelings "'with regard to the expedition, to go and assume the command of it?' "It was in consequence of what passed in the Cabinet respecting this in-"terview, that an official letter, which is described as equivalent to one "demanding his resignation was sent after him. But Sir John did not "take the hint, sent a dignified reply, and sailed with the expedition." —Stapleton's *George Canning and his Times*, 1859, p. 160.

[2] A striking example will be found in one of his earliest letters to Lord Castlereagh, dated Corunna, 21st July, 1808. His correspondence at that time not only shows a sound appreciation of the state of affairs in Spain, but is full of practical suggestions for the conduct of the war, which could not then have been the result of Peninsular experience; *e.g.* the recommendation that 30,000 Portuguese troops should be raised by Great Britain, as auxiliaries to 20,000 British troops.—*Vide* "Despatches," vol. iv. pp. 24-43.

In a subsequent letter, written Oct. 19, 1808, after his return to England, and when he had no command in the Peninsula, he offers to Lord Castlereagh advice which is not less remarkable for its substance, It is a matter of more than personal or passing interest to note this essential difference in the experience and opportunities of the two generals. For if our officers can have no brighter example than Moore in all the moral and personal qualities which go to form the perfect soldier, it is certain that they will never, as Wellington did, lead to habitual victory the armies of an empire so extended and composed of such varied materials as that of England, if they lack the practice and experience in warfare in ruder countries, which gave to the genius of Wellington its early development.

Much of the blame which was at the time so freely thrown on Mr. Frere by those who asserted that he did not see, or failed to appreciate, the obstacles to be overcome by the British general, was due to the fact that he saw more clearly than a large proportion of the British public then did, the essential points wherein the contest in Spain differed from the other continental wars in which we had previously taken part against Napoleon, and the vastly superior importance of the issues at stake. It was not a

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than from its being volunteered by one so constitutionally averse to offering advice unasked. After pointing out the importance of magazines, he observes: "All these difficulties of communication, and "supply of magazines to which, as I told you in a former [letter], "scarcely one of us has turned his mind, render it most desirable that "our army should be employed on the enemy's flank and on the "coast. . . . . . ."

In a PS. he adds: "I recommend to you to make all your arrange- "ments for forming a magazine in the heart of Spain, whether the "General will call for it or not. After what has passed lately [relative "to the convention of Cintra] the general officers will be disinclined "to take upon themselves anything excepting the performance of their "military duty under their instructions, and Sir John Moore will be "unwilling to throw himself into the heart of Spain unless he is "ordered to do so, or to make arrangements preparatory to that opera- "tion till it will be ordered by government, when such arrangements "will be too late."—*Castlereagh Correspondence*, vol. vi. pp. 476-481.

dynastic, but a national struggle for independence, and its peculiar significance was the greater, because the Spaniards had not the advantage, which the Germans and Russians afterwards possessed, in a settled government, able to share and direct their patriotic enthusiasm. The great Whig party had, in many respects, altered the position which it had held, during the earlier years of the French Revolution, in all discussions with regard to the duty and interest of England. Many of those who had ceased to look on a contest with Napoleon as war against the liberties of mankind, were, nevertheless, so dazzled by his achievements, that they regarded hostilities against him almost as if waged against an irresistible fate; and they failed to see that the cause of the Spaniards was not only the cause of national liberty against foreign tyranny, but that it contained within itself elements of success which could not be looked for in any purely dynastic contest.[1]

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[1] The position of the Whigs at this time, and their mistaken course regarding the Peninsula War, have been well described by Lord Russell, who speaks with unusual authority, both on account of having been in early life an eye-witness of the state of affairs in the Peninsula, and from his intimate lifelong acquaintance with all that concerns that party.

After describing the character of the Spanish insurrection, and the obvious duty and interest of England with regard to it, Lord Russell comments on the inability of Lord Grenville and the leaders of the Whigs to comprehend the true nature and bearing of the contest, and quotes Mr. Horner's opinion, in 1813, as to the serious character of the mistake they had made in 1808-9, which Horner said he had never "ceased to lament" as "so inconsistent with true Whig principles of "continental policy, so revolting to the popular feelings of the country, "and to every true feeling for the liberties and independence of "mankind."—*Selections from Earl Russell's Speeches and Despatches*, Longmans, London, 1870, vol. i. p. 4.

Speaking of Lord Holland as he saw him at Corunna, Crabb Robinson says: "Lord Holland was known to be among the warmest "friends of the Spanish cause; in that respect differing from the "policy of his Whig friends, who, by nothing so much estranged me

Thus to the amount of obloquy which would naturally have fallen on all who had any share in what was then regarded as a most unfortunate expedition, was added much of party bitterness; and the circumstances of Sir John Moore's death precluded such defence of those who differed from him, as might have been possible had all lived to receive their fair award of praise or blame from their countrymen. When urged in after years to leave on record an answer to the calumnies and unjust criticism to which he had been subjected, Mr. Frere replied that the time for his doing so for himself had gone by, and that as one who was long since passed from political life, he was willing to leave it to history to judge whether he or those from whom he differed had best estimated what an English army in Spain could be fairly expected to achieve. He added, that the manner of Sir John Moore's death had prevented him from answering at the time, in any hostile or controversial tone, what Moore's family and friends had written. and published—"but," he added, "I have often "been tempted to answer what others said of my having "been deceived by Morlà. This was utterly false; I never "saw Morlà; I was only in Madrid at that period for a few "hours, on my way through to Aranguez; and so far from "being deceived by Morlà, some of the leading men at "Madrid with whom I was acquainted, came to me at "Aranguez, and communicated to me their suspicions of "his fidelity; and I went so far as to say that I would, in "my communications with the Junta, act on their belief of "his infidelity, if they were prepared to take the steps "necessary to justify my so doing."

In speaking of these events, Mr. Frere never under-estimated the difficulties of defending Madrid against Napo-

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"from their party, as by their endeavour to force the English Govern-"ment to abandon the Spanish patriots."—Crabb Robinson, vol. i. p. 278.

leon; but he referred to the effect of Moore's diversion, late as it was, to prove that the difficulties were not all in Napoleon's favour, and to the experience of subsequent years, as proving that it was impossible to calculate the effect on the French of the slightest reverse at that particular moment, or the degree to which the Spaniards would have been encouraged to resistance, by knowing that the English were not going to desert them. He said, "I "certainly did expect much from them at that time, but "not so much as their subsequent conduct justified. It is "almost impossible to give an adequate idea of their intense hatred of the French, or of the kind of fellow-"feeling which banded Spaniards, of the most discordant "opinions, to act for one object whenever they had any-"thing to do against the French; and it is equally impos-"sible for any one who does not intimately know the "Spanish character to appreciate the extent to which their "hatred of the French interfered with all the French "operations. There was no beggar so poor that bribery "could induce him to carry the French despatches. They "were brought to our officers to an extent incredible to "those who have not experience of a war carried on "against the national feeling of the country which is the "scene of operations. I had an intercepted despatch of "Soult's when he was on the Douro, complaining that for "two months he had had no despatch from Madrid. This "was brought to me by a simple countryman, who gave "this account of the way in which he came by it. He told "me he was coming along a narrow road when he heard "the clatter of hoofs behind him, and some one calling to "him to get out of the way. He turned, and saw a French "trooper riding after him, and stepping aside, as the French-"man passed, he picked up a stone and threw it with such "force at his back, that, as he said, 'I brought him to the "ground, and killed him with my knife.' He described the "action just as he would have related the killing of a "weasel, or any other vermin in a hedge, and seemed to "take it quite as a matter of course that he should have "killed the Frenchman as soon as he saw that he had the "power to do so. 'And there,' he said to me, 'is what I "found upon him,' showing the despatches. Some of the "reports of the French medical staff, which I saw at the "time, were occupied with the description of cases brought "into hospital at Madrid, where the men were supposed to "have been poisoned in the wine-shops in the city. This "the medical author of the report discredited, but know-"ing how intense and bitter was the hatred of the common "people against the French, and how meritorious they "believed the destruction of a Frenchman to be, I doubted "at the time whether the horrible suspicion was as un-"founded as the French medical officer supposed. What-"ever else might have resulted from Moore's having been "able to hold a position in the north of Spain, instead of "embarking, there can be no doubt that the national spirit "which would have been roused against the French would "have most seriously impeded their operations in other "parts of the Peninsula, and rendered it almost impossible, "even for the military genius of Napoleon to have main-"tained and fed in the mountains, or the north coast of "Spain, such an army as would have been necessary to "have forcibly ejected the English from a stronghold on "the coast."

Fortunately for England, for Spain, and for Europe, the British Government, though hard pressed, in and out of Parliament, during the spring of 1809 to abandon the contest in the Peninsula, had resolved to continue it, and to entrust its conduct to one who had already shown how thoroughly he understood the conditions on which it must be fought out.

But the interval between the re-embarcation of the last of Moore's army at Corunna, in January, and Sir Arthur Wellesley's arrival at Lisbon in April, was a period of unexampled trial and sore discouragement to the Spaniards; and if anything did, from time to time, occur during those winter months to cheer their hopes of ultimate victory, it was less often in the shape of success, however small, than some fresh proof of the unconquerable spirit of the people, when contending against the heaviest odds, and under every circumstance of discouragement.

Thus, the second siege of Zaragoza, though it ended in the reduction of the illustrious city (February 22nd, 1809), read many a memorable lesson, alike to the Spaniards, their enemies, and their allies.

On the Catalan coast, British naval captains like Lord Cochrane, showed how much might be done by enterprising officers to aid the Spaniards in impeding the operations of the French generals in the maritime districts.

At the other extremity of the French line of operations, Romana, with not less courage and enterprise, and with better fortune than Palafox, maintained an unequal contest against Soult and Ney, amid the mountains of Galicia. Nothing could well have been more desperate than his position after the embarcation of Moore's army and throughout the winter. He appeared destined to certain destruction or capture, with no prospect but that of an ignominious death if he were taken. Yet routed, and, as the French believed, practically annihilated at Monterrey in February, he re-appeared in March to surprise the garrison of Villafranca, to make prisoners 800 of Soult's best soldiers, and to contribute more than any other single cause to arrest Soult's progress southwards from Oporto.

Sir John Cradock, on whom had devolved the command of the British troops left in garrison in Portugal after Moore's death, was a brave and capable officer; but he was necessarily unacquainted with the effect which the results of

Moore's campaign might have on the views of the British government; and he had neither the means nor the authority required for any but temporary dispositions of the force at his command. Many measures were, however, taken by him, or with his consent, which had an important bearing on the success of after-operations. English officers were employed to discipline and command Portuguese troops, and though the full effects of this system were not realised till Beresford was placed in supreme command of the Portuguese forces later in the year, the services rendered by men like Colonels Trant and Patrick, and, especially by Sir Robert Wilson, in organizing and leading Portuguese levies during the winter and early spring, formed a bond of union between the English soldiers and their allies which was turned to most valuable account by Wellington in his subsequent campaigns.

Sir Robert Wilson's position, in particular, speedily became one of great importance. Endowed with great natural abilities as a soldier, and unusual powers of influencing and commanding men, he speedily extended the sphere of his operations across the Spanish frontier to the country round Cuidad Rodrigo, where his presence was of the utmost importance, as threatening Soult's flank, should he move southwards towards Lisbon, and interrupting his communications with Ney and with Madrid. Mr. Frere had prevailed on the Supreme Junta to confer on Sir Robert the rank of a Brigadier-General in the Spanish army, and thus gave equal scope to his enterprise on both sides the border.

It was well that the formidable obstacles they encountered at either extremity of the line of their invading armies, disinclined the French to advance southwards; for the Spanish armies which nominally covered the provinces south of the Tagus, were not in a condition to offer any effective resistance.

There is a dreary uniformity about the description of all the Spanish forces at this time, between the Portuguese frontier and Catalonia. "In such miserable circumstances "that increase of numbers brought no increase of strength." "Arms, clothing, and provisions were wanting." "The army "was alike without resources, discipline, or system; in want "of efficient officers of every rank, and those which there "were, divided into cabals and factions." And worst feature of all, neither the superior officers nor the central Government were aware of their military deficiencies. When prudence would have dictated an entirely defensive policy, and the devotion of their whole time and resources to organisation and discipline, each general as he succeeded to supreme command, planned extensive and combined operations on the largest scale, such as required for their successful execution the best of troops, of officers and means; as a natural consequence, one commander after another incurred speedy and ignominious defeat, whenever a general action was risked. It has been truly said by Southey, that this national incapacity for seeing their own defects, which always exposed their armies to defeat, nevertheless, as a nation, rendered the Spaniards invincible; and that the French could have invaded no people whom it was so easy to rout, none whom it was so impossible to subdue.

Throughout the winter, Mr. Frere continued at his post, with the Supreme Junta, which had established itself at Seville; and, in every way by his influence and advice, powerfully aided the common cause. It was greatly owing to the confidence with which his personal character inspired the Junta, that they seem never for a moment to have wavered in the trust they reposed in the good faith of the British Government, and the certainty of its continued hearty support; and that they turned a deaf ear to the reports industriously propagated by the French that the British Government was withdrawing its troops from the

Peninsula, and that they would never return. To Romana and Sir Robert Wilson, Mr. Frere's correspondence and his energetic support of their views with the Supreme Junta, were of the utmost value. In his communications with that body, he exposed with just and unsparing criticism the defects of the Spanish armies, and the short-comings of their generals; and exerted himself incessantly, though unfortunately with but partial success, to have the commands of the scattered corps combined, and entrusted, with full powers as commander-in-chief, to a single competent officer.

A good illustration of the difficulties of his position, and the extent of the personal influence he had acquired, was afforded in February. Sir George Smith had been sent to Cadiz, without previous reference to the British Minister, to provide for the possible case of British troops being needed there. Through excess of zeal Sir George considerably exceeded his instructions. He informed the Spanish Governor that he was empowered to require that British troops should be permitted to garrison Cadiz; and without even waiting for the consent of the Spanish authorities, or communicating with the British Minister, he wrote to Sir John Cradock to send troops from Portugal. The Spaniards naturally took alarm, which was increased by the secresy and suddenness of the move, and by its taking the British Minister as well as themselves by surprise. The Supreme Junta, sharing the popular feeling, had further cause for uneasiness on its own account, for the local authorities of Cadiz, jealous of the central government, spread reports that its members were in league with traitors to deliver up the last remaining arsenal of Spain into the hands of foreigners. In the course of the discussion Mr. Frere appealed to the Junta in the following terms: "The Members of the Junta will do me the justice to admit "that I have never endeavoured to promote the interests of "my nation but as being essentially connected with those "of their own. If, however, I have always been guided by "the same sentiments and the same views which a Spanish "politician might have, I do not think it is to depart from "them, if I deliver the same opinion which I should give "had I the honour of occupying a place in the council of "your nation, viz., That the whole policy of the Spanish "Government rests essentially on a persuasion of perfect "good faith on the part of England, and that it is important to confirm it more and more, by testimonies "of mutual confidence, and by avoiding the slightest appearance of distrust between government and government." This appeal had the desired effect. Leave was given that any British troops which had arrived, or might arrive at Cadiz should disembark, and the mode of best employing them was discussed. Ultimately the British Minister was asked to select the Spanish Governor of Cadiz; and though he of course declined the responsibility involved in such an unusual mark of confidence, the correspondence ended in a manner which marked unequivocally the extent to which the Spaniards trusted to the honour of their English allies.

While these discussions were going on at Seville, an incident had occurred during a popular tumult at Cadiz, which showed that the feeling of confidence in the English was not confined to the ruling authorities. The people had risen in insurrection on an alarm that the fortifications were to be entrusted to traitors and foreigners, and, at the instance of the Governor and the Guardian of the Capucins, some English officers who could speak Spanish were permitted to assure the populace that the British troops would not interfere in the internal affairs of the city, but would assist in defending it. So powerful was the impression produced on the popular mind by what the British officers said, that the mob proceeded to demand that the fortifications should be examined and reported on by them; and the English general having appeared on a balcony with some of the authorities, and declared his satisfaction with the arrangements made, the mob dispersed with loud *vivas* "for King George, and King Ferdinand!"

On the 22nd April, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed at Lisbon and assumed the command of the British and Portuguese troops in the Peninsula. In less than a month he had concentrated his disposable force at Coimbra, forced the passage of the Douro, and driven Soult, with the loss of all his artillery, baggage, and one fourth of his men, into the mountains of Galicia. Suspending the pursuit on the 18th of May, he turned to join the Spanish General Cuesta, in operating against Victor in the valley of the Tagus. Having received the full permission of the British Government to extend his operations into Spain, by the 20th of July he had marched the greater part of his force more than three hundred miles, effected a junction with Cuesta at Oropesa within five marches of Madrid, and had it been possible to induce the obstinate old Spanish general to move at the critical moment, he would have attacked Victor on the 23rd in such a position and with such superior force, that the defeat of the French seemed inevitable.

Cuesta's obstinacy enabled Victor to extricate himself and to effect a junction with King Joseph and Sebastiani, but did not save the French from defeat when, disregarding the sounder advice of Jourdan, Victor assumed the offensive, attacked the combined English and Spanish armies at Talavera on the 27th and 28th of July, and, after two days of desperate fighting, was forced to retreat, leaving seventeen pieces of cannon in the hands of the allies.

The utter want of effective co-operation from the Spaniards disabled Sir Arthur from following up his victory, and the experience of the whole campaign taught him that with such a small force of British troops as had been entrusted to him, and with such inefficient allies, no skill nor energy on his part could enable him to act on the offensive, against the vastly superior French force, with any chance of ultimate and permanent success. Thenceforward he laid down for himself and rigidly carried out an entirely different system. Acting strictly on the defensive, he patiently built up that army of English and allied troops with which, as he afterwards said, he "could go anywhere, and do any-"thing." But the task required for its successful execution not only every quality of a great commander, but time; and it was not for a year and a half after his victory at Talavera, nor till he had forced the wave of invasion to break itself against the rocks of Torres Vedras, that he was able to resume the offensive, in that series of masterly campaigns which, in the course of four years of incessant fighting drove the French armies out of Spain, and enabled him to carry the war into France.

On the 1st of August Mr. Frere's functions as British Minister in Spain were terminated by the arrival of the Marquis Wellesley. He had been appointed Ambassador early in April, but had been disabled by illness from leaving England till the 24th of July. He landed at Cadiz on the fourth morning after the battle of Talavera, in the midst of the excitement consequent on the news of his brother's great victory, and was received with every mark of public honour and popular enthusiasm.

Mr. Frere carried with him into his retirement the personal esteem, respect and entire confidence of all the best men belonging to the Spanish government and armies with whom he came in contact. When he had laid down his office, the Supreme Central Junta, who, with all their faults, had never shown themselves indifferent to services rendered to the Spanish cause, applied to his successor to obtain the sanction of the King of England for their bestowing on him, in the name of the Spanish sovereign, a

Castilian title of honour, that of Marquez de la Union, as "a mark of their acknowledgment of the zeal with which "he had laboured to promote the friendly union and com-"mon interest of the two countries." Such honours have never been lightly granted to foreigners of even the highest rank in Spain, and never without the ostensible reason of great services rendered to the Spanish crown or nation. In conveying to Mr. Frere the King's permission to accept the title, Lord Wellesley wrote :—

"I am further commanded to communicate to you that "His Majesty's condescending goodness, in permitting you "to accept this mark of the esteem and gratitude of Spain, "is intended as a proof of His Majesty's most gracious "acceptance and approbation of your general conduct in "the discharge of the duties of your mission in Spain.

"I beg leave to offer you my congratulations on this "distinguished mark of His Majesty's royal favour and "approbation, and to express the peculiar satisfaction with "which I obey His Majesty's most gracious commands on "this occasion."

From the few words of cold and rather formal courtesy in which this letter was acknowledged, it does not appear as if Mr. Frere thought that the permission of his Sovereign to accept a Spanish title, or the stately periods of the Ambassador's congratulations, were in themselves a suitable recognition of the services he had rendered his own country. But, as far as the Spaniards were concerned, he felt then, and ever retained, a deep sense of the only mark it was in their power to bestow of their gratitude for exertions in the common cause of national freedom.

Some weeks later, in a private letter, Lord Wellesley, referring to the formalities connected with the grant of the title, added "amidst all the delays and omissions of this "(the Spanish) government, it has at length performed its "duty towards you." Two months severe experience had shown him how trying were the responsibilities of the office in which Mr. Frere had laboured, under peculiar disadvantages. In a letter to his brother dated about the same time, Lord Wellesley said, with unaffected bitterness, "I "am worked like a galley-slave, and can effect nothing." He had already realised the truth of the warning previously received from that brother, when Sir Arthur, referring to Lord Wellesley's acceptance of office as Ambassador to Spain, wrote to him, "You have undertaken an Herculean task; and, God knows, that the chances of success are infinitely against you."

In truth, arduous as had been the duties of British envoy in Spain before Sir Arthur Wellesley's arrival, they were in no respect rendered more easy to discharge when the contest was renewed in the valley of the Tagus. During the winter, with little external support, and mainly by personal influence and character, Mr. Frere had had to meet all the obstacles created by the suspicions of the Spaniards, to encourage them under reverses the most disheartening, and, what was far more difficult, to moderate their inordinate self-confidence, on the slightest return of good fortune. All this was not impossible to one who thoroughly understood and ardently sympathised with the Spaniards; but the case was far different when, as envoy whose successor had long since been appointed, and whilst holding office, as he himself expressed it, "only from day "to day—looking for the arrival of his successor by the "first fair wind," Mr. Frere had to face all the obstacles so graphically described in the Wellington Despatches written during the Talavera campaign.

The tone of those letters which are addressed to Mr. Frere, shows how fully Sir Arthur appreciated the departing Envoy's efforts to aid him, and even when smarting under the disappointment of losing the fruits of his victory at Talavera, through the obstinacy of Cuesta and the supineness of the Spanish authorities, he wound up a letter to Lord Wellesley, full of bitter complaints of the Spaniards, by adding, "I must do the late British Minister "the justice to declare that I do not conceive that this "deficiency of supplies for the army is at all to be attri- "buted to any neglect or omission on his part." Their relations had indeed from the first been of the most cordial and confidential character.[1] The General had at his disposal every advantage that Mr. Frere's experience, or his authority and position as Envoy could afford. The British officers attached as agents to the Spanish generals, who had in the first instance been directed to report to the Envoy, were instructed by him to consider themselves under Sir Arthur's orders.[1] These instructions, after Mr. Frere's departure, were for some time suspended; with effects the reverse of beneficial to the public service.[2] Finally, all the influence Mr. Frere possessed with the Supreme Junta, had been used to obtain for Sir Arthur Wellesley the rank of Captain-General of the Spanish forces,[3] and to substitute for Cuesta a younger and less impracticable commander of the main Spanish army in the South of the Peninsula.

Neither of these two latter measures was formally completed till Mr. Frere's successor had arrived, but both were carried mainly by his influence with the Supreme Junta, and had they been adopted, at the time when he first recommended them, there can be little doubt but that they would materially have altered the results of the campaign.

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[1] Mr. Frere "not being deterred from the performance of his duty "by the clamour raised against him in England, but delivering his "opinion to the British General, upon the same footing, he said, as he "should have done, had he been holding a private conversation with "Sir Arthur, and as he should equally have ventured to do had he "been residing casually in Spain in a private character."—*Southey*, vol. II. chap. xxiv. p. 399.

[2] Vide "Whittingham's Memoirs," p. 100, ed. 1868.

[3] This office had been offered to, and declined by Moore.

At such a moment the supersession of the Envoy by any one possessing the higher office and authority of Ambassador, made a considerable change in the position of the General. In many cases it would have been a decided advantage to him to have such a post filled by a brother; but, in this instance, such relationship was not needed in order to secure entire cordiality of feeling and unity of action; and Lord Wellesley's appointment tended to place his younger brother in a position of relative subordination, so similar to that which he had previously held under the great Pro-Consul in India, that it could hardly be entirely agreeable to one of Sir Arthur's energy and force of character. It is not therefore improbable that the young general was "uneasy at his brother's advent into Spain," and that he would have been well pleased to retain Mr. Frere as his coadjutor.[1]

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[1] Vide "Whittingham's Memoirs" as above. The position which General Whittingham occupied while Lord Wellesley remained in Spain, and the confidence with which he was regarded by all the parties referred to, gave him peculiar facilities for judging correctly as to the views and feelings of the two illustrious brothers on such a subject. There are many indications in their published correspondence which tend to support the view expressed by the author of the Memoirs; and though with such men the feeling could never wittingly have interfered with duty, there can be no doubt that Lord Wellesley, as ambassador in Spain, was placed in a false position, and might have greatly increased his brother's difficulties, had not his mission been terminated by other considerations after a little more than three months' tenure of the post.

It may not be out of place here to remark that, except by Southey, and in some of Wellington's despatches, scant justice has been done to the great services of General Whittingham throughout the war, and notably at a very critical juncture of the Battle of Talavera. His Memoirs, as far as they relate to his own proceedings in Spain, contain many valuable contributions to the history of the great struggle, illustrating the career of one of the most active and distinguished of

Regarding his own services at this period Mr. Frere never could be induced to publish a line, in addition to the official despatches which were laid before Parliament. But long after these events had become matters of bygone history he would sometimes dwell on his recollections of the men who had taken part with him in them.

Of Wellington's military genius it is hardly necessary to say that he had anticipated the estimate, which history has recorded. Speaking afterwards of him he said, "I never met "Wellington in Spain but once in Seville, when he came to "meet the Junta—but I saw directly, what I had gathered "from his letters, that he thoroughly understood the Spaniards—that he took a right view of the nature of the "contest, and I never had a doubt but that, if he were "allowed by the people at home, he would carry it to a "successful issue."

"He never had the same means which Moore had, nor "the same power of calling for reinforcements which Moore "might have had. The first intention of the English "Government was to confine his operations almost entirely to Portugal, and leave to act in Spain was given "him later, and with some hesitation."

In reference to some criticism on the Talavera campaign, Mr. Frere said, "It did not seem to me at all rashly undertaken. In fact, had almost any one of the generals except "old Cuesta been in command, it must have been a great "success. Wellington's combinations were so good, and his "movements so rapid, that had Cuesta supported him Victor "must have been crushed, before Sebastiani, Joseph or "Soult could have come to his aid; after defeating Victor "Wellington would have been able to deal with the others "in detail, and the French must have evacuated Madrid.

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the British military agents employed with the Spanish armies, and the effect which their labours had on the condition of the Spanish troops, and through them, on the later operations of the war.

"It was impossible to calculate what would have been the "moral effect of such a blow. Wellington's critics forget how "demoralized and hampered the French army had at that "time become, by their habits of plunder, by the divisions "among their commanders, and above all by their experience of the hatred of the country people, and the consequent difficulty of communicating, and getting intelligence.

"The aid Wellington expected from Cuesta and his "army was nothing more than the Spaniards could have "rendered under almost any other of their generals. It "was a conviction of this that made me so anxious to have "old Cuesta superseded, and to get Alberquerque appointed "in his stead. I felt then, and am sure now, that had "Romana or Alberquerque been in command in place of "Cuesta, the whole character of the subsequent contest "would have been altered." * * "Cuesta was not lukewarm nor disaffected. But utterly worn out, and retaining little of his former character but his extraordinary "obstinacy and self-will, and his contempt for all opinions "and orders of the Supreme Junta. Yet in England it was "one of the many faults charged against me, that I had "pressed on the Junta the old man's removal."[1]

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[1] This estimate of Cuesta is very fully borne out by the ample details given in the "Wellington Despatches." On the 13th June, 1809, Sir Arthur wrote to Mr. Frere: "The obstinacy of this old gentleman "(Cuesta) is throwing out of our hands the finest game that any armies "ever had." (Gurwood, vol. iv. p. 394.) A month later he wrote to Mr. Frere (13th July) a curious account of his interview with the old Spanish general, who would not speak French, the language of the hated invader, while the young Englishman could not express himself fluently in Spanish. He notes the prevailing contempt which Cuesta evinced for the Junta, and the evidence that the Junta were afraid of Cuesta. (Ibid. p. 478).

For the time Wellington thought he had sufficiently secured the hearty co-operation of Cuesta's army, through the influence of the Spanish adjutant-general. But this hope proved fallacious; for he complains (p. 488) that the treatment of his army by the Spaniards

Of Alberquerque's natural capacity as a general Mr. Frere always expressed a very high opinion. "Had he lived and "been continued in command in the field, he would have "effected a great deal. He had not Romana's education or "experience, nor would he, on the whole, have been as good "a general in chief—but he had great courage and energy, "and his high rank and popularity would have enabled "him to do many things no one else could have attempted. He had the reputation too of being extremely "lucky, which goes a great way with the common people "in Spain and every where else. He thoroughly understood "his soldiers, and could make them do anything for him, "and especially he could make use of their extraordinary "powers of endurance and marching, for which the Spaniards "have been famous since the time of the Carthaginians. "Nothing could have better shown what he could do with

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was worse than if they had been in an enemy's country. And soon after (24th July), just before the battle of Talavera, he wrote to Mr. Frere: "Cuesta more and more impracticable every day. It is impossible to do business with him, and very uncertain that any "operation will succeed in which he has any concern." (Ibid. p. 498). It was by this time apparent that his own army had become quite tired of Cuesta.

To Lord Castlereagh Wellington wrote (1st August), a few days after the battle: "I certainly could get the better of everything if I could "manage General Cuesta; but his temper and disposition are so bad "that that is impossible." (Ibid. p. 523).

Southey says, "The necessity of removing Cuesta from the command, appeared so urgent to Mr. Frere, that he deemed it his duty "to present a Memorial on the subject, though Marquis Wellesley was "expected two days afterward (August 9th) at Seville." Having detailed the evils consequent on Cuesta's neglects and omissions, he urged the appointment of another commander, "either the choice "being left to Sir Arthur, or the Junta itself appointing the Duke of "Alberquerque, who possessed his confidence, and that of the army; "and whose abilities had been tried and approved." * * "This "was the last act of Mr. Frere in his public capacity; and it was consistent with the whole conduct of that Minister, who, during his mission, never shrunk from any responsibility, nor ever, for the fear of

" such troops as he had than his march to cover Cadiz when " threatened by Mortier. Alberquerque marched from near " Cordova to Cadiz, with 8000 infantry and artillery, as well " as cavalry, more than 260 miles in eight days, and saved " Cadiz. It was after I had been relieved, but I was at " Cadiz at the time. I was so surprised, when a man " brought the news of Alberquerque's approach, that I " could not believe it till the man told me he had spoken " to the Duke and given him a light for his cigar, and described him so minutely that I felt sure he had seen " Alberquerque." " He had in perfection some of the " faculties in which Cuesta and all the old generals were " most deficient, and had he commanded earlier, and been " better supported, he would have given Wellington exactly the kind of aid he needed, and the war might " have been materially shortened; but after I left, Lord " Wellesley did not know his value till too late, and did " not support him as he should have done. The Junta " were always jealous of him, and anxious to get rid of " him, so they sent him to England as ambassador, by way " of an honourable exile, and he afterwards died of vexation and a broken heart."

" it, omitted any effort which he thought requisite for the common " welfare of his own country and of Spain." Southey remarks, that the presentation of this memorial, at such a moment, might seem irregular in a public point of view, and in a private one, might alter the feelings with which Mr. Frere would wish to take leave of many friends in Spain. But in addition to the urgency of the case, he considered it would be peculiarly unpleasant for Lord Wellesley to begin his mission with a discussion in which his brother was concerned. In fact, the Marquis did not, on his arrival, think it necessary to follow up the memorial by insisting on Cuesta's removal, and limited his interference to a strong expression of his own sense of Cuesta's misconduct. A few days later, after further communication with the Junta and his brother, he came round to Mr. Frere's view, and presented a note, which enforced his predecessor's suggestion. But, in the meantime, a paralytic stroke had rendered Cuesta physically incapable of command, and he had resigned.—*Southey*, vol. II. chap. xxx. pp. 456-8.

Of Romana, Mr. Frere had, on the whole, a higher opinion than of any of the Spanish generals; and, making every allowance for their early and intimate friendship, Romana's career justified his estimate, which was in the end fully confirmed by the judgment of Wellington.

The following letters are given, as illustrating the character of the intercourse Mr. Frere kept up, and the manner in which he endeavoured to support the Spanish General.[1]

After Soult had been driven by Sir Arthur Wellesley from Oporto into the mountains of Gallicia, in May 1809, Romana, having disposed the forces under his immediate command to harass and watch the French, paid a flying visit to Asturias, for the purpose of rousing that province to a better use than had been previously made of their resources. Finding the Junta both inefficient and corrupt, he used his authority as Captain-General to suppress them, and nominated a fresh Junta, composed of men of greater energy, and undoubted devotion to the national cause.[2] The measure seems to have been wise and necessary; but, under the pressure of more urgent calls on his attention, Romana neglected to justify or even report it to the Supreme Central Junta.

This omission gave great offence to that body, and led to Mr. Frere addressing the following letter to Romana:—

"SEVILLE, *June 4th*, 1809.

"MY DEAR ROMANA,

"I HAVE for a long time deferred writing to you upon a ubject which is very disagreeable to me to mention; but which, cannot, I think, any longer delay, without being wanting in that friendship with which you have honoured me; but I cannot conceal from you, that the effect which has been produced by the interruption of your correspondence, has been extremely unfavourable."

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[1] The limits of a slight biographical sketch do not admit of the inertion of Mr. Frere's longer and more important dispatches, which ave been already published.

[2] See Southey, vol. ii. chap. xxii. p. 322, ed. 1827, for a full account f the romantic incidents of this visit of Romana to Asturias, and of s causes and results.

"If you wish to remain upon fair terms with the Junta, and not to be understood as treating them with voluntary disrespect, it will be necessary to send a complete and most careful explanation of your motives for suppressing the Junta of Asturias, in which I have not the least doubt that you were right, and I have lost no opportunity of saying so. But when it is merely objected, that whatever might have been the *necessity* for suppressing an ancient constituted body, that *necessity* ought to have been made evident to the Government at least after the measure was taken, I feel myself at a loss for an answer. The expression of their being *a Junta nominated by intrigue*, has given great offence to their countrymen here, and will require particularly to be accounted for, or qualified.

"It will be necessary likewise to enter into a general review of your military operations since your return to Asturias, and their motives. That you must have had great difficulties to encounter cannot be doubted; but while this is only known or felt in general, and without any knowledge of the particulars, it must lead to a very false estimate of your merits, while the Asturians are exaggerating the means which they say they are ready to put at your disposal.

"I have not the least idea that they could have given you two regiments in a state fit to leave the Province; but, till this is explained and made evident, people here will think that you had nothing to do but to march into Gallicia with the force which was offered you, and destroy General Ney."

Mr. Frere then refers to his own recall, and proceeds:—

"You will undoubtedly have heard from England, that General Moore's business has ended in my recall. I cannot deny that I feel it very sensibly, though I knew at the time that I ran the risk, and exposed myself to it voluntarily."

He speaks of his own determination, "at any rate, and by "any means," to urge Moore to what appeared to him to be the duty of a General in command of such an army, and adds:—

"This is among the other reasons, which induce me to write to you. My successor is immediately expected. He is a man of talents, but cannot be expected to feel for you the same interest as your very faithful and sincere—J. H. FRERE."

On the eve of quitting office, and after his successor had arrived at Cadiz, Mr. Frere, feeling how necessary to Romana would be the support he had always received from the British representative, addressed the following letter to Lord Wellesley, inclosing a copy of a note which he had addressed to the Supreme Junta regarding Romana's services, and the mode in which they might be made of most avail to the common cause.

"*Private.*" "*August 8th,* [1809].

"MY DEAR LORD,

"YOU will have seen from my last dispatch the situation of the M. Romana, against whom the Asturians have been driving a most furious intrigue, which has been assisted by the total want of attention to correspondence on his part; the consequence was, that a general idea prevailed here that his faculties were impaired; and so universal was the consent upon this point, that I hardly felt myself authorized to stand out against it, when the determination was taken by the Junta to recall him.

"These ideas have since vanished, and I accordingly directed a note to Mr. Garay.

"I would not, however, communicate it to him (the Marquis Romana), having nothing but conjecture as to the sentiments of the Government at home, and being in expectation of your almost immediate arrival by every dispatch that I received; and being apprehensive that those sentiments might not be in unison with the conduct which he may probably hold, and which is insinuated at the end of my dispatch (I think No. 93). But if Government are disposed to continue to him their support, I think that no time should be lost in informing him of the interest which is taken by them in his situation, and I would in that case forward my note to him."

Romana had shortly before this been summoned to take a seat in the Supreme Central Junta at Seville. The promotion was ostensibly an honourable recognition of his great services; but he regarded it, with feelings which the event seemed to justify, as a mistake to remove him, at such a moment, from the province where he had so well organized the most effective form of national resistance to the invader. In a touching and spirit-stirring general order, he took leave of the companions-in-arms many of whom had followed him in his escape from Denmark. At Seville he soon found fresh proof of the utter incompetence of a body constituted as the Junta was, to rule Spain at such a juncture; but it was not easy under the circumstances to devise a better form of government. Many plans were discussed, and Romana submitted to his colleagues a note, strongly advocating, on constitutional grounds, as well as on considerations of present expediency and general policy, an entire change in the form and machinery of administration; so that the Government should represent more distinctly a regency acting for the lawful sovereign and for the Cortes, as, by ancient right, the representatives of all estates in the realm.[1]

It is apparently, in reply to a letter from Mr. Frere forwarding a copy of this note, which he had received from Romana, that Lord Wellesley several weeks afterwards wrote to the former:

"*Private.* SEVILLE, *Oct.* 17*th*, 1809.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I RETURN the Marquis de La Romana's note, with many thanks to you for this very interesting communication.

"I request you to express to him my particular gratitude for the perusal of a paper containing so much real wisdom and public spirit, conveyed in the most powerful and eloquent language.

"The general sentiments and ideas expressed by M. De La Romana are entirely conformable to my opinions, and I sincerely hope that he will urge, with his characteristic energy, the instantaneous accomplishment of the two great objects of his proposal—the appointment of a Council of Regency, and the proclamation of a fixed and early day for the assembly of the Cortes.

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[1] The substance of the note is given by Southey, vol. ii. chap. xxv. p. 492.

"In some of the details of his plan, I should perhaps differ with him, and I should certainly be disinclined to insist on any point of the detail, or of mere theoretical perfection, which might delay the concentration of the Executive power, or the meeting of a regular representation of the estates of the realm.

"In one point, however, I agree completely with M. De La Romana, in the absolute necessity of rendering the Executive power, now to be formed, as exact an image as can be constituted, of the legitimate sovereignty of the absent king.

"Its form, constitution, character, and even its name, should be so framed as to recall to the nation the actual existence of the lawful monarch—a circumstance which the present Government is ill calculated to preserve in the memory of the people.

"The Marquis De La Romana's note is so admirable, in many respects, that I should be much obliged to him for a copy of it, with permission to translate, and to lay it before His Britannic Majesty, who would not fail to approve a composition which unites such animating sentiments of loyalty and freedom.

"Believe me to be, with great esteem, dear sir, your faithful servant, "WELLESLEY."[1]

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[1] When this letter was written Lord Wellesley was on the eve of returning to England, and nothing effectual was done to improve the constitution of the body which represented the central authority of the Spanish Government. Shortly afterwards, in January, 1810, when the incompetence of the Junta had brought the enemy to the gates of Cadiz, Romana was nominated to command the army in Estramadura. After rendering important service by securing Badajos against being surprised by the French, he, with very inadequate means, made effectual head against them for several months in his own province, whilst Wellington was maturing his plans and organizing his troops for the defence of the lines of Torres Vedras. After Wellington retired within the lines, at the end of 1810, Romana joined him with 6000 men of the Estramaduran army. When Massena was forced to retreat, and Wellington issued from his lines to follow up his baffled opponent, it was arranged that Romana should employ his troops on the enemy's flank. He was to have set out the next day to rejoin his army, which had recrossed the Tagus, with a view to keep open communication with the rich corn country of Alemtejo and Badajos, when he was seized with a heart complaint, and died suddenly at Cartano on the 23rd of January, 1811. Wellington had learnt under every form of trial thoroughly to

Mr. Frere used to refer to the bitter and most unjust opposition to Wellington, and especially to the clamour in Parliament, in the common council of the City of London, and by a portion of the Press, against the grant of a peerage and pension to him, after the battle of Talavera, as striking proofs of the errors to which popular contemporary views and opinions are liable, and as illustrating the dangers of entrusting executive power to an assembly too exclusively composed of what are called "practical men." "They are "apt," he said, "to undervalue or ignore the teachings of "history, and always distrust any suggestion of that fore-"sight which requires somewhat of the poetical faculty "and imagination. If the 'practical men' who were "always inveighing against the war had had their way, "Wellington would have been recalled, and Spain delivered "over to France in 1810. The instinct of the English "nation was right, as it often is, without knowing why; "but comparatively few men, in or out of Parliament, really "understood why it was certain that in the long run the "Spaniards must succeed if they persevered, and why it "was wise and safe for England to support them to the "utmost. The greater part of the Whigs shut their "eyes to the fact that the cause of the Spaniards was "really the cause of national freedom and liberty. They "were so charmed with the Revolution for destroying "absolute monarchy, that they continued to worship it

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appreciate the great qualities of the Spanish soldier, and unused as he was to lavish praise, he recorded his sense of Romana's services in the following tribute to his memory:

"In Romana the Spanish army have lost their brightest ornament, "his country their most upright patriot, and the world the most strenuous "and zealous defender of the cause in which we are engaged; and I "shall always acknowledge with gratitude the assistance which I "received from him, as well by his operation as by his counsel, since "he had been joined with this army."—*Wellington Despatches*, 26th January, 1811, vol. vii. p. 190.

"after it had, as violent revolutions generally do, erected "another and a worse tyranny."

In the revulsion of feeling consequent on Wellington's splendid successes in the last four years of the war, the very essential services of men like Sir Robert Wilson, Col. Trant, Sir Samuel Ford Whittingham, and of many individual Englishmen, as well as Spaniards, were in danger of being altogether forgotten. Few officers suffered more from this forgetfulness than Sir Hew Dalrymple. Of him Mr. Frere said—"He had the rare merit of seeing from the first the "real character and importance of the Spanish insurrection "against Napoleon, and of always doing or advising the "right thing to aid it. Yet he is chiefly remembered as if "he had been responsible for stopping Wellington's career "of victory by the convention of Cintra. Whereas the "truth is, all the mischief was done before he arrived, and "the convention was, as many excellent military judges "believed, the best thing he could have done under the "circumstances. However that may be, but for him the "Spanish insurrection might have been nipped at the "outset."

The following memorandum expresses these views more fully:—

"I consider Sir Hew Dalrymple to have been the most active agent in promoting the insurrection in the South of Spain.

"Had not Castaños relied upon the promises of support given him by Sir Hew, it is much to be feared that he would not have moved from Algeziras, for he could by no means rely at that period either upon Pena or Morla.

"Castaños had under his command 10,000 regular troops; with them were incorporated at Utrera 15,000 peasants; *the whole of the Spanish force at the Battle of Baylen.*

"After the capitulation, 17,000 Frenchmen filed through the ranks of the Spanish army, and laid down their arms.

"The number of killed and wounded on the part of the French at the Battle of Baylen amounted to 4,000. Dupont was therefore defeated, and obliged to capitulate by a force very little superior in number to his own, and three-fifths of which had only learned to load and fire a few days previous to the battle.

"It should however never be forgotten that Sir Hew Dalrymple's enlightened view of the grand movement of the Spanish nation induced him, upon his own responsibility, to engage Castaños to take the field, in spite of the lukewarm support of his friends at Cadiz; and that without the co-operation of Castaños, the Battle of Baylen could not have been fought, and the war would, in all probability, have been crushed in its infancy.

"So important, however, and well-timed was the capitulation granted by Castaños to Dupont, that one batallion of Reding's force was actually surrounded and taken prisoners by Vedel, before Vedel was informed of the capitulation, and he was at last driven to agree to it by Dupont's threats."

On his return to England, Mr. Frere found the position of parties materially changed, by the differences between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, which had ended in a duel, in the retirement of both from office, and in the complete breaking up of the Portland ministry. Many years after, in reply to a question as to the original cause of the divergence of opinions which had ended so disastrously, Mr. Frere said: "Canning told me he had written me a "very full account of the quarrel, and of all that led to it. "It happened while I was in Spain; and the letter was lost "with the vessel which carried the mails. I have no doubt "the cause was something of the same kind as occurred "very often to me. For instance: it was a great object for "us to occupy Cadiz;[1] the difficulty was to overcome the "jealousy of the Junta. I was working, by the aid of "Garay, the secretary to the Junta, to get the proposition "that an English garrison should be sent to occupy Cadiz, "to come from the Junta themselves. We had so far suc"ceeded, that I had every reason to believe that such a

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[1] Vide ante, p. cxii.

"proposition would in a few days be made to me; when, "without any warning, I got a despatch from Lord Castlereagh (who was then Secretary at War), telling me that "he had sent an agent of his own to arrange for the landing "of an English force, and desiring me to assist him. This, "as far as I could learn, was without any previous communication with the Foreign Office, or any notice to me. "The jealousy of the Junta was instantly aroused, and it "was with the greatest difficulty I pacified them, pointing "out what had happened with Madeira, which had been "occupied while I was at Lisbon by an English force, to "prevent its falling into the hands of the French, without "previous notice sent to Portugal; but it was, at the time "I spoke, again safe in the hands of the Portuguese. I "have no doubt things of this kind were of constant occurrence. This want of forethought, and of consideration "for his colleagues in a cabinet, was of course very galling "to a man of Canning's temperament." . . . . Of Lord Castlereagh, he added: "When he got among the princes "and sovereigns at the Congress, to settle Europe after "the war, he thought he could not be too fine and complaisant; the consequence was, the sacrifice of many "points on which we ought and might easily have insisted. "The first thing I heard of his doing at the Congress made "me feel that he was not up to the work. It was some "arrangement which he had much at heart for some accession of territory to Hanover. This satisfied me that he "did not understand his position, for it was in direct opposition to what our Government had always declared to be "our own intentions with regard to Hanover. The surrender of Java was another instance of great interests of "our own sacrificed to a wish to please other potentates at "the Congress. It did not seem to me that he ever clearly "saw what of real good had resulted in various ways from "the convulsions consequent on the Revolution, and the "long war; and how much there was in the former state "of things which it was by no means desirable to restore. "Where, for instance, was the necessity for picking up the "poor old Pope and all the little Italian princes out of "the mire, and brushing them, and setting them up again? "It only turned good men into Carbonari."

With his mission to Spain Mr. Frere's active political career ended, and his subsequent life of comparative retirement is marked by few events. His father had died in 1807, leaving him landed estates in the eastern counties, the management of which afforded him for a time ample occupation and amusement. A letter from his mother, written just after he set out on his second voyage to Spain, gives a glimpse of the home to which she was prepared to welcome him on his return from his eventful mission.

"*October* 31*st*, 1808.

"MY DEAR SON,

"THE letter I received from Bartle containing the account of your safe arrival at Corunna, gave the greatest satisfaction to all your relations here, especially to me, who have listened to all the wind and stormy rain since you sailed with much fear, mixed with a little hope that you might have escaped from them. We had continual accounts of wrecks, but I had no idea of having more than two sons exposed to that danger till I received a scrap, in pencil writing, from Temple" [her youngest son], "dated 'Commerce,' Yarmouth Roads. You must have had a full gale in your favour to be only one day without seeing land between the English and Spanish coast, and it was no slight rolling of the vessel that would have had an uncomfortable effect on you, which Bartle says he felt in an inferior degree. I am truly thankful your perils from the sea for the present are ended. Temple hurried to London to catch a glimpse of you both, and was too late; and with his voyage, disappointment, and journey, was more fatigued than ever I saw him before."

Then, after a chronicle of family news, she returns to business at Roydon, his country house in Norfolk, details the arrival of the boxes of books, pictures, and painted glass, which he had brought home after his first missions to Lisbon and Madrid, and her deliberations as to the particular windows in which he might think the painted glass could be put up to the best effect—then reverts to the account his brother had given of their landing at Corunna:

"Your reception in Spain was both splendid and affectionate; honourable to your country and to your former representation of it. I hope the close of your mission, whenever it happens, will be fully answerable to the commencement. Susan" [his sister] "is looking for me. As I cannot look at you, I will fold this up, for when your Aunt Fenn comes, whom I am expecting every minute, I must go instantly."

At a less hurried moment she adds a—

"P. S.—Write often. Tell Bartle we thank him for his letters. Answer the painted glass queries."

And ends with a quiet suggestion, such as becomes a good church woman, even in the days when church restoration was little thought of:

"N. B.—Is any of the glass designed for Roydon church?"[1]

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[1] His mother died in 1813. She lived a life of unobtrusive charity and good deeds in a quiet country home; but her own poetical powers were far above the average of authoresses of that day, and her extensive reading, correct taste, and capacity for entering into all the literary and political pursuits of her children made her always their trusted friend and companion. When she felt her strength failing, she summoned to her bedside her eight children who were in England, and after talking calmly and cheerfully of that their last meeting on earth, "bade them "go to dinner, which she trusted they would enjoy, and never to let "their sorrow for her make them neglect their own health; and she "promised she would send them down a toast," after the fashion of the day. This she did in the words "Our union;" which, in memory of the occurrence, and in accordance with her wishes, her youngest son Temple afterwards had engraved as the motto on signet rings, bearing the device of the seals which Walton tells us were given by Dr. Donne "to many of his friends"—a cross as the stock of the Anchor of Hope.

A letter written by a lady who was staying at Roydon in 1813 describes him as "a very odd creature, but very good "and very entertaining;" getting up early in the morning to teach two little nephews grammar, taking one still smaller a walk, during which he completed teaching him his letters, and "spending an hour after dinner in reading "to them the ballad of William of Cloudesley, which de-"lighted them very much."

One of their school books bears marks of a visit the same boys had just before paid him at Eastbourne. Under a picture of a child gathering crabs, he had written:

> "By cruel uncles harassed and perplexed,
> First taught to read and to count figures next,
> His only pastime, when his task is o'er,
> Is picking Crabs and Sand-eels on the shore."

There are many passages in his writings which show how well Mr. Frere could appreciate the characteristic features of such East Anglian scenery as Crabbe and Bloomfield have described, and Crome and Constable have painted. The lines headed "Modern Improvements,"[1] which Byron admired as a fragment of "real English landscape painting," were inspired by some rough unimproved fields, near the Hall at Roydon. The "Journey to Hardingham," is a versification of an actual reverie on a wintry ride to visit his friend Whiter, and his imitation of "Quid tibi visa Chios," describes the scenes and thoughts of his every day life at Roydon. But while not insensible to the charms of the country, his favourite pursuits and early friendships all conspired to draw him to the capital. In London society his polished wit, and playful fancy—his varied learning, and great powers of conversation, joined to the easy courtesy of a travelled English gentleman of the old school, made him everywhere a welcome guest. He had many qualifications for the highest success in almost any branch of literature, but he wanted the stimulus of ambition or of necessity to write, whilst his extreme fastidiousness disinclined him to regard anything he composed as finished, and his wonderfully accurate and retentive memory tempted him to avoid the mechanical labour of noting down either his thoughts or the results of his reading.

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[1] *Vide infra*, pp. 277 to 280. The same feeling which runs through "Modern Improvements" is more tersely expressed in the following lines, scratched by Mr. Frere with a diamond on a dressing-room window in the east turret of Holland House, in 1811. They are now hung up as a souvenir in one of the boudoirs:

> "May neither Fire destroy, nor Waste impair,
> Nor Time consume thee, till the twentieth heir:
> May Taste respect thee, and may Fashion spare."

For this he paid a penalty, which is more or less rigorously exacted from all who prefer the pleasures of living society to the task of writing for the future. The most characteristic and valuable results of his reading and thinking were lost in every day use; what little remains owes its preservation to contemporary friends, and the care of their biographers, who have noted a few of the sayings and anecdotes which survived in the memory of his companions long after Mr. Frere had ceased to be among them.

Such are the anecdotes preserved by Moore in his faithful record of the meetings at which he was the petted guest of those who, a generation ago, gathered round them all that was distinguished for literary or political ability in London.

At one time he is pleased with Frere's comparison of O'Connell's eloquence to the "aerial potato," described by Darwin in his Phytologia, and with his severe criticism on Erskine's verses, "The muses and graces will just make a jury." Another time he refers to "Frere's beautiful saying "that 'next to an old friend, the best thing is an old enemy,'" and again he relates how "Madame de —— having said in "her intense style, 'I should like to be married in English, "'in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept,' "some one asked Frere 'What language, I wonder, was

" 'she married in?' '*Broken* English, I suppose,' answered " Frere."[1]

One night he had returned to Holland House to supper, with Lord and Lady Holland, after the play. They found that Mr. Allen, [" Lord Holland's Allen—the best informed " and one of the ablest men I know—a perfect Maglia-" becchi—a devourer—a Helluo of books, and an observer " of men," as Lord Byron calls him,] had already retired to rest. Whilst at supper they were disturbed by strange unearthly sounds at regular intervals, concerning the origin of which Frere expressed some curiosity. "Oh! it's only " Allen snoring," said Lord Holland. "Ah," said Frere, " now I understand. He has not got that large nose for " nothing."

The list might be enlarged by references to the works or memoirs of Scott, Byron, Southey, Gifford, Rose, Coleridge, Moore, Windham, and others of his literary or political friends; but except occasionally in the case of a careful chronicler like Moore, the wit or the wisdom which charmed are too often only to be inferred from the general impression noted as produced on the hearer.

His letters, on the most trivial incidents of every day life, bear the impress of the same qualities which at all times lent a peculiar grace to his conversation. From the nature of the topics it is not easy to select what would give to the general reader a fair idea of the charm they had for the intimate friends to whom they were addressed.

A few extracts may however serve as specimens. The first is to his brother Bartle, who after serving with him for some years, and repeatedly acting as envoy in Portugal and Spain, had been sent as Secretary of Legation, to Constantinople.

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[1] "Life, Letters, and Journals of Thomas Moore," edited by Lord John Russell, vol. iv. p. 302; vol. v. p. 102; and vol. vi. p. 345.

"ROYDON, *March 27th*, 1812.

"MY DEAR BARTLE,

"THOUGH I am not well to-day, and my views of things partake of the sort of physical anguish I feel, which I attribute to having sauntered about yesterday in the wind and sun with William, yet as to-morrow is not post-day, and my letter, though it does not enliven you, will show at least that I have not begun to forget you, I would not omit writing while Mam, William and George were all employed in the same way. It will be no satisfaction, I believe, to you to know that your going makes me very melancholy; but I am still fully convinced that it was the only thing for you to do, and I think that you can never repent of having done so, and might very much of having refused it. After all, it will not be an unpleasant circumstance in your life to have seen those same Turks, of whom I would endeavour to know everything that could be known, and that my opportunities of leisure would allow me to learn. This cannot but be creditable, and may be very advantageous to you, let alone the satisfaction of one's own curiosity in the history and modes of thinking of so singular a race; I would, therefore, if possible, acquire the language, or, at least, as much of it as I could. I propose, in return, to task myself to write you long letters of what is going on here, such as if you think them worth keeping, which I hope you will, it may be a satisfaction to me, and perhaps at a more distant time to others, to look over. Above all, believe me, dear Bartle, ever affectionately yours, J. H. FRERE."

"If you have any commission for books or anything else to be sent after you, *I will* look to it."

"BLAKE'S HOTEL, *May 10th*, 1812.

"MY DEAR BARTLE,

"MR. MYERS, Secretary to the Commission to Malta, and a student of this Hotel, has sent his name to me very civilly, with an offer to take any letter or commission for you. Accordingly, I think it a good and safe opportunity for forwarding Birch's receipt with my compliments to the part affected. If it were not Sunday, I would get over my repugnance which I have felt hitherto in presenting myself as a customer at Mr. Weis's magazine, and dispatch the artillery by the same conveyance. Mr. Meyer is going within an hour or two, and therefore I will only set down, summatim, the history of the family since your departure. William [his brother Sergeant Frere], was made Master of Downing[1] on Friday last, by the votes of the two archbishops and old T——; the two first procured by his own merits, and the third by H——, who had been himself a candidate, but seeing no chance of success, chose to secure it to William instead of leaving a doubtful election, which, as it might have left the business to the Chancellor, would in that case have been a decision in favour of his old antipathy, C——. Little D—— has been in town, and has been very strenuous and acute in the business, as he himself seems to allow. I have just this moment written a note to him to return me 'Childe Harolde,' which I had lent him, and which I wish to send you. His (not D——s, but Lord Byron's) love is Mrs. ——, as appears by the passage in which he mentions her having been born at Constantinople, and expresses the pleasure which arises from the reflection that the spot in which we are has been before visited by other friends.

"Having just recovered from a fit of coughing, I will only say that William will not feel himself obliged to give up the law, and will continue to do as much business as he can get, and that the college in his hands will, I really think, be an ornament and an advantage to the University, instead of being (as it would otherwise have been made) a nuisance and a job, and (what you would feel most) a Johnian job."

Then after some family news:

"As for myself, I am thus far advanced since I left you in my way for Roydon, after having a *tete-à-tete* in my way here with old Admiral B—— at Godalming. Before I set off I went to buy a book (to take with me in the chaise), and pitched upon a pocket Pope's Homer. This has since led me to look at the original of that celebrated work. The result of my enquiries is that the second book has nothing to do with the first, and that the catalogue, together with the third and fourth books, at least, belong to some poem which related to the first events of the War. The author of the first Book does not appear again distinctly till we see his Jupiter thundering against Nestor and Diomed. Such are my opinions, more amply detailed in a red book which I wish I could send you; but if you partake of Lord Byron's feelings and would like 'to read what I have read,' I think you will agree with me. They begin to tell me that it is half-past twelve, and that Mr. Meyer was to set off at twelve. So adieu, my dear Bartle, and, believe me, ever affectionately yours, J. H. FRERE."

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[1] Downing College, Cambridge.

His unmarried sister, Susan, had made her home with him after their mother's death, and her letters to their absent brother at Constantinople form a very faithful chronicle of home doings. The difficulty and uncertainty of the communication during the last years of the great war may be judged of from the fact that letters every three or four weeks are spoken of as a "great luxury," though they took from two to five months in transit, and the later-written letters sometimes outstripped their predecessors by a month or two. Mr. Frere, in March 1814, is described by his sister as joining her on a visit to their cousin, Lady Laurie, at Dover, and there entertaining them with some verses of "excellent nonsense," the recital of which is accidentally interrupted. The chronicle records the departure of Louis XVIII. and the Duchesse D'Angoulême from Dover on the 24th April, 1814, and the arrival of the allied sovereigns on the 6th June: "Not a Prince Potentate or Hero can " visit England without passing through Dover, and we are " waked out of our sleep in the night by the concussion of " the Guns from the Cliff above our house, for these great " people have so inured themselves to hardships that they " travel without respite, and their greatest indulgence seems " to be a truss of straw to lie on when they stop to collect " the train of their followers; the Emperor would have no " other bed at Mr. Fector's, and his sister the Grand Duchess " desired not to have a bed but a sofa to sleep on. This " trait, I find, raised them in the estimation of my Ladies' " maid and the Housekeeper to an order of beings much " above the common race of mortals." She describes the emperor's "ingenuous benign expression and his look and "person altogether much like a good English country gentleman, who knows he is surrounded by people who respect "him." The Grand Duchess as "pretty, like her brother, "with a sweet expression." The Duke of Clarence had determined on escorting the imperial party across the Straits, but the Grand Duchess insisted on Admiral Foley providing her another ship. She had her little son, about four years old, with her, and Mr. Fector's little boy, rather younger, was invited to pay him a visit, which was most graciously received; for, though his little Imperial Highness made light of a warning that "it was not right to stand on the hearth-"stone," he would not eat till his young guest was first served; and when they were running about he stopped, and holding up his hands, went softly for a minute aside, and in reply to a question, What he was doing? replied, "He was "begging of God that he would let that nice little boy live." There are also descriptions of "Blucher shaking hands with "everybody. The King of Prussia looking grave, digni-"fied, with a handsome and agreeable countenance, though "somewhat melancholy. Platoff bent with the fatigues he "has gone through, and looking quite aged. The Duke of "Wellington, who landed at five in the morning, and had "at nine a levée of Ladies to see him at breakfast, when "they were most graciously received. The only unhappy-"looking person of the party being the Prince of Orange, "who had come from London to meet the Duke."

Mr. Frere had been to Portsmouth to the great naval review given to the allied sovereigns by the Prince Regent, "who ingratiated himself much with the naval officers, who "had before all a strong impression of his being very "unfavourably disposed towards them. The Prince said "'he had never known till then what a glorious thing "'the British Navy was, and that he should never be sa-"'tisfied without having Naval aides-de-camp as well as "'Military.'"

The following is from Mr. Frere to his sister, from Roydon:

"*August* 14*th*, 1815.

"MY DEAR SUSAN,

"I HAVE to thank you first for three letters.

"Secondly, for certain lobsters which came very opportunely when I was wanting to mend my dinner for Mr. Carter.

"Thirdly, for some picture frames, which are very handsome, and fit the pictures very exactly.

"Lastly, I have to thank my cousin for recollecting that I should like to see Made. Suffrien's letter, which is indeed a very curious one, and shows that unless a Royalist party is formed quickly, there will be only one party in the country, which will reduce it to a situation worse than that of Spain four years ago."

* * * *

Then after some amusing country gossip, and details of his every-day life, he adds:—

"I am now thinking what I can do in return for the favours above enumerated.

"First, this letter contains all that I could have had to tell you if I had written regularly in answer to yours, for it is all that has happened of any kind.

"Secondly, I send you some apricots.

"Thirdly, Mr. Betts's cart is agreeable to take your chair, which I send herewith.

"Fourthly, I transmit half the remainder of the Stilton cheese, which I hope will meet with your favourable construction.

"Fifthly, I return my cousin's letter with many thanks, and desire you to give my love to her, and to believe me,

"Dear Susan,
"Ever affectionately yours,
"J. H. FRERE.

"I must send back my cousin's carriage, and I believe when it goes I shall slip into it, *but I have so much to do*, as Mrs. B—— says."

In one of his letters, when urged to "mention news, literature, or the ordinary topics of the day," to a relation who was suffering from the severest of domestic afflictions, and to whom he had just written several pages of grave, thoughtful, earnest reasoning, he excused himself from attempting lighter topics by saying, "It would be too much "like the story in St. Simon of the old Abbé at Versailles, "who finding a man in the forest with his leg broken, "being unable to do anything better for him, stood by "him and offered him pinches of snuff from his box."

A letter written in the autumn of this year by his sister, gives an amusing account of the party assembled at Roydon. The prospects of a secure and prolonged peace were supposed to promise a fall in the high rents of war time. Lady Laurie, the "cousin" of the letter just quoted, had been suggesting various household reforms, and Mr. Frere, his sister says, had gone to London and "amused "himself just as he was going in contriving retrenchments "of expense in the prospect of having large deductions of "receipts the next rent day. I told him it would end in "some nightly visitation of the Muse; and accordingly, "one morning were produced some verses, which I saved to "divert you with, though the fragment will never be "finished, and my cousin's occupations of making wines "and preserves, which were to have been immortalized, are "not yet sung:—

"In the old cupboard with the fluted key
"To hoard the sugar and secure the tea;
"To purchase groceries at a cheaper rate,
"To teach old liveries to outlive their date,
"To count the fowls, to cater for the hogs,
"To calculate the coals, to hoard the logs;
"In yearly brewings to retrench the malt,
"To reckon and secure the pork in salt,
"By just restraint of economic law,
"To curb the roaring oven's ravening maw,
"To watch the dairy's ever-varying ways,
"With timid censure, or with temperate praise;
"Nor seek to scrutinize the wondrous plan,
"Unfathomable by the mind of man,
"The mysteries of that secret sphere are known
"To female spirits and to them alone.

"And here end the verses, which are marred in the transcribing by some absence of mind caused by my cousin's discourse about the fog, which is coming by solemn approaches up to our windows, Marshal Ney's trial, a round of beef that I am contriving how to pickle and send you that you may have some use for that mustard pot she gave you; and Patience herself, you know, when represented as tried to the utmost, has been described as seated upon such a throne, watching for the arrival of the desired round, and therefore we are uneasy at your being under so long and severe a trial, for we had no notion of the impossibility of getting good salt beef at Constantinople. These topics, and many others have been discussed whilst I am writing, and left me I do not know where in my letter." And then, after an ample family chronicle of the doings of distant branches, she ends with—"Here is a bulletin that you will scarcely have patience to go through at once; but, as a gentleman observed to Mrs. C——, who proposed reading to him her own poem on the Battle of Waterloo, 'he would have it to read to himself, and take as much as he liked at a time.'"

The letters dated 1816 contain numerous references to the agrarian disturbances which in the spring caused much alarm throughout the country. The details read much more like letters from a proclaimed district in Ireland than the chronicles of quiet Norfolk and Suffolk villages. The poor had suffered greatly through the winter; and though in parts wages had been raised, in proportion to the rise in the price of wheat, "to 1*d.* more than the magistrates' order," this had not been done generally, and the poorer people, "persuaded that there was some design to wrong them," were inclined to all sorts of outrages. There are daily records of barns and ricks fired, shrouds and threatening notices sent to obnoxious employers, and crowds of pauper labourers "parading the country with horns blowing and threats of violence."

On the 12th of Sept. 1816, Mr. Frere married Jemima Elizabeth, Dowager Countess of Erroll. At this time, and indeed throughout his life, his friends had many anecdotes of his habitual abstraction of mind, when following out any absorbing train of thought. One of the best authenticated related that the late Mr. John Murray having for once relaxed his usual rule never to ask an author to read or recite in the sanctum in Albemarle Street, got so interested in some verses which Mr. Frere was repeating and commenting on, that his dinner hour was at hand. He asked Mr. Frere to dine with him, and continue the discussion; but the latter, startled to find it was so late, excused himself on the plea that "he had been married that morning, and had already "overstayed the time when he had promised Lady Erroll "to be ready for their journey into the country." Another story rested on Lady Erroll's own authority, and related to their first acquaintance, some years before, when she was in the zenith of her beauty, as Cosway and Sir Martin Shee have painted her. Mr. Frere had just been introduced to her at an evening party, and offered to hand her downstairs and procure some refreshment; but getting much interested in conversation by the way, became so engrossed in the train of thought he was pursuing, that he drank himself a glass of negus that he had procured for her, and then offered his arm to help her upstairs without any idea of their not having achieved the errand on which they came; and was only reminded of his mistake by her laughing remonstrance with him on his forgetfulness of her existence. "This," she added, "convinced me that my new acquaint-"ance was, at any rate, very different from most of the "young men around us!"

Whatever foundation there may have been for such anecdotes, it is certain that long acquaintance deepened his admiration of her into a devoted attachment. Except in later years, from her failing health, there was little of earthly sorrow to cloud their married life; the character of which is aptly foreshadowed in the closing verses of the lines he addressed to her in the earlier years of his courtship.[1] To the charms of personal beauty and engaging manners she added those of deep and refined feeling; and his reliance on her good sense and judgment is shown by constant reference in his letters to her fiat as decisive not only in questions of every day life, but of literary taste and fitness.

The first part of the "Monks and Giants" was published by Mr. John Murray, in 1817, as the "prospectus and specimen of an intended national work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, harness and collar makers, intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." A second part was subsequently sent to Mr. Murray, who published both together in 1818, with the title of the "Monks and the Giants."

In this *jeu d'esprit*, Mr. Frere introduced into English poetry the octave stanza of Pulci, Berni, and Casti, which has since been completely naturalized in our tongue. Men of letters were not slow to recognise the service thus rendered to English literature, and Italian scholars, especially, were delighted to see one of the most beautiful of their favourite metres successfully adopted in a language so different from the dialect in which it was first used. Its value was immediately recognized by Byron. He wrote to Murray, from Venice, in October, 1817, announcing "Beppo," and said, "I have written a poem of eighty-four octave stanzas, humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Whistlecraft (whom I take to be Frere.)" And ten days later, "Mr. Whistlecraft has no greater admirer than

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[1] *Vide* vol. i. p. 297.

"myself. I have written a story in eighty-nine stanzas, in "imitation of him, called 'Beppo.'"[1]

Mr. William Stewart Rose, himself one of the most elegant Italian scholars of the past generation, addressed Mr. Frere two years afterwards as—

> "O thou that hast revived in magic rhyme
> That lubber race, and turn'd them out, to turney
> And love after their way; in after time
> To be acknowledged for our British Berni;
> Oh send thy giants forth to good men's feasts,
> Keep them not close."[2]

And in 1837, Mr. Rose wrote,[3] "Lord Byron is usually con-"sidered as the naturalizer of this species of poetry, but "had seen Mr. Frere's work before the publication of 'Bep-"po.' He made this avowal to me at Venice; and said he "should have inscribed 'Beppo' to him that had served "him as a model, if he had been sure it would not have "been disagreeable. Supposing (as I conclude) that some "passages in it might have offended him."[4]

Southey, writing to Landor, who was residing abroad, in February, 1820, said, "A fashion of poetry has been im-"ported which has had a great run, and is in a fair way of "being worn out. It is of Italian growth—an adaptation "of the manner of Pulci, Berni, and Ariosto in his sportive

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[1] A few months later (March 26, 1818), again writing to Murray of "Beppo," he says, "The style is not English, it is Italian;—Berni is "the original of *all;* Whistlecraft was my immediate model." Further acquaintance with Italian literature showed him Berni's obligations to his predecessors; and in February 21st, 1820, writing of Pulci and Morgante Maggiore, he said, "It is the parent, not only of "Whistlecraft, but of all jocose Italian poetry."

[2] "The Court and Parliament of Beasts. Translated from Casti." London, 1819.

[3] "Rhymes." Brighton, 1837.

[4] See also Miss Cornwallis's account of her conversation with Mr. Frere on the subject in May, 1819. "Letters of C. F. Cornwallis, Trübner & Co. 1864, pp. 22 and 23.

"mode. Frere began it. What he produced was too good "in itself, and too inoffensive to become popular; for it attacked nothing and nobody; and it had the fault of his "Italian models, that the transition from what is serious to "what is burlesque, was capricious. Lord Byron immediately followed, first with his 'Beppo,' which implied the "profligacy of the writer, and lastly with his 'Don Juan,' "which is a foul blot on the literature of his country, an act "of high treason on English poetry. The manner has had "a host of imitators."

There are passages in the "Monks and Giants" of great poetical beauty, and it is full of the humour which twenty years before had been so effective in the pages of the Anti-Jacobin. But it did not achieve the popularity which might have been expected from these circumstances, joined to the complete mastery over a novel metre, and delicate sense of rhythm which the versification evinced. This was due not only to the reasons mentioned by Southey, but because people generally looked for a political satire, and were disappointed when they failed to discover the meaning which they fancied must be hid under every name and allusion.

Among men of literary taste, the reception of the poem was sufficiently flattering to render it a matter of surprise to his friends that he never completed the continuation promised in the parts published, and of which he was known to have composed a great number of stanzas; these he would willingly recite to any appreciative listener, though he never wrote them down. Many years after (1844), in reply to a question as to the reason why he never completed the work, he said, "You cannot go on joking with people "who won't be joked with. Most people who read it at "the time it was published, would not take the work in "any merely humorous sense; they would imagine it was "some political satire, and went on hunting for a political "meaning; so I thought it was no use offering my jokes

" to people who would not understand them. Even Mackin-" tosh once said to me, 'Mr. Frere, I have had the pleasure " 'of reading your 'Monks and Giants' twice over'—and " then he paused; I saw what was in his mind, and could " not help replying with a very mysterious look, 'And you " 'could not discover its political meaning?' Mackintosh " said, 'Well, indeed, I could not make out the allegory;' " to which I answered, still looking very mysterious, 'Well, " 'I thought you would not.'

" I wished to give an example of a kind of burlesque of " which I do not think that any good specimen previously " existed in our language. You know there are two kinds of " burlesque, of both of which you have admirable examples " in Don Quixote. There is the burlesque of imagination, " such as you have in all the Don's fancies, as when he " believes the wench in a country inn to be a princess, and " treats her as one. Then there is the burlesque of ordinary " rude uninstructed common sense, of which Sancho con-" stantly affords examples, such as when he is planning " what he will do with his subjects when he gets his island, " and determines to sell them 'at an average.' Of the first " kind of burlesque we have an almost perfect specimen in " Pope's 'Rape of the Lock;' but I did not know any good " example in our language of the other species, and my " first intention in the 'Monks and Giants,' was merely to " give a specimen of the burlesque treatment of lofty and " serious subjects by a thoroughly common, but not neces-" sarily low-minded man—a Suffolk harness maker. Of " course it was not possible always to adhere to such a plan, " and I have no doubt I did occasionally diverge into some-" thing which was more akin to one's own real feeling on " the subjects which turned up, and thus misled my readers; " but for some time after the work was first published, I " was very fond of pursuing the idea, and used to finish a " couple of stanzas every day."

"Another thing which disinclined me to go on with the "work was the sort of stigma which at first attached to the "metre after the publication of 'Don Juan.' I had a sort "of parental affection for the metre, and knew what it was "capable of in English as well as in Italian. Byron took a "great fancy to it, and used it in 'Beppo,' which was all "very well, and so were parts of 'Don Juan,' but there "were other parts of 'Don Juan' which could hardly be "read *virginibus puerisque*, and there was such an outcry, "that if I had gone on writing in the same metre, and any "one had misunderstood me, I should have been suspected "of meaning something very improper."

I asked him if he could remember any of the stanzas of the continuation, and he repeated a good many, of which I am sorry to say the following are all, of which the notes have escaped shipwreck. They were, from the description of Ascopart, a young giant, who having been found by the monks, forsaken by his companions, and powerless from a broken limb, is taken into the monastery, cured, baptized, and, as far as the good brethren were able, civilized and rendered "a useful member of society;" though his giant nature perpetually breaks out in a manner which rather discomforts his reverend instructors. As soon as he can get about, the monks lead him round the convent, and shew him all the wonders of civilization. Some things he understands, others are an inexplicable puzzle. All the arrangements for storing and providing food are easily enough understood, but—

"The mystery of the Turnspit in the Wheel,
He understood not but admired with zeal."

* * * * *

"No longer he regrets his native groves,
His wonted haunt and his accustom'd rill;
He views the bakehouse, scullery, and stoves,
And from the leathern jack delights to swill.
He saw the Baker putting in some loaves,
And being quick and eager in his will,

He thrust him in, half-way, for an experiment—
It was not malice, it was only merriment.

* * * * * *

" The monks had purchased for their chapel floor
  Some foreign marbles, squares, of white and black ;
It lay where it was left, upon the shore,
  Till Ascopart convey'd it, on his back,
Through miry roads, eleven leagues and more,
  Poked, like backgammon men, into a sack ;
Went to the wood and kill'd a brace of bears,
Then drank six quarts of ale, and so to prayers.

" Besides all this he mended their mill dam,
  Digging a trench to turn aside the flood ;
And brought huge piles of wood to drive and ram,
  Jamm'd in with stones to make it sound and good.
The story looks a little like a flam,
  But in five days he built five stacks of wood,
To serve the convent for five winters' fire,
As high as their own convent-church or higher.

" But most he show'd the goodness of his heart
  In slaughtering swine and oxen for the year ;
From dawn to sunset there was Ascopart,
  With sweat, and blood, and garbage in a smear.
The butcher pointed out the rules of art—
  ' I'll smite 'um,' quoth the Giant, ' never fear.'
The clapper of the great old broken bell
He bang'd about him with, and down they fell.

" Pigs, when their throats were cut, amused him most—
  All cantering and curvetting in a ring ;
To see them as they jostled and they cross'd,
  He swore it was a pastime for a king.—
Laugh'd and laid wagers and cried out, ' ware post !'
  And as the monks were teaching him to sing,
He criticized their squeaking, and found fault—
' Come Pig ! now for a holding note in Alt.'

" With such a size, and mass of limbs, and trunk,
  And his loins girded with a hempen string,
He look'd, and might have been, a lordly monk ;
  Therefore I think it an unlucky thing
That at their vespers he was always drunk,
  And that he never would be taught to sing,

But only saunter'd from the kitchen fire,
To howl and make a hubbub in the quire.

* * * * *

"I put a good deal of this description of the young giant into Latin monkish verses. Here is one of them—

"Notandum quod Asquibardus, Gigas et Paganus,
Tres menses in cænobio sejurnavit:
Et gratam mentem monachis monstravit,
Ad opera monasteria præstans manus;
Ad salinandum bestias mactavit;
Eodem die, viz. Novembris tredecem
Comedit salsasorum ulnas sedecem.

NOTA. "'Campanæ magnæ funis tenet
Dimidium ulnæ minus,' says the margin;
A learned antiquary that had seen it
Transcribed the passage for me, strictly charging
That I should keep his secret—and I mean it;
His praises otherwise I should enlarge in—
Encouraging and affording me facilities,
In order to display my poor abilities."

"I thought the feats of pig killing, and of eating so many "ells of sausages, were not bad achievements for my "harness-maker poet to admire in his gigantic hero."

One of the events was the tossing of King Ryance in a blanket; his tormentors of course sing a song, the chorus of which was to this effect:—

"This is King Ryance of high degree,
Who sent the defiance so saucily;
Give him a lift, a turn and a shift,
And a flight in the air, hurra! hurra!"

In a letter to his brother Bartle, dated May 24th, 1818, he wrote regarding the publication of the second part of the poem:—

"My Lady[1] is very anxious to have it published and "very peremptory." "My own impulse and resolution was "to leave the thing unpublished, at least for the present."

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[1] Lady Erroll.

"In my notion, a mere *jeu d'esprit*, such as the first, is "pardonable if good judges think it good, even if the populace should not like it, and if the poem were a serious one "there would be no harm in going on for the sake of the "good judges before mentioned; but to persevere in a nonsensical work merely for the sake of the good judges of "nonsense is a different business. Besides that, people are "always ready to say that a continuation is not so good "as the first part. I wish you would look it over to see "whether there is any room for such an observation."

Fortunately his brother's judgment concurred with Lady Erroll's; and the second part, which contains some of the best passages in the poem, was not lost. The following recent criticism by a distinguished American scholar may be quoted, as showing that something more than personal friendship or the fashion of the day actuated his contemporaries in the estimate they formed of the work at its first appearance:

"There are few books of its size which contain as much "genuine wit, humour, and fancy, or which display greater "skill in the management of both light and serious verse, "or indicate fuller resources of culture. It is a fresh and "unique *jeu d'esprit*, which exhibits a quality of cleverness "as rare as it is amusing. The form and method of the "poem, the structure of its verse, its swift transitions from "sprightly humour to serious description or reflection, its "mingling of exaggeration with sober sense, its heroi-comic vein, are all derived from the famous Italian romantic poems, especially from the *Morgante Maggiore* of "Pulci, and in a less degree from the *Animali Parlanti* of "Casti. It has no moral object, and does not confine itself "to a single continuous narrative, but is a simple work of "amusement, free in its course, according to the whim and "fancy of the writer. It is the overflow of an abundant and "lively spirit, restrained only by the limits imposed by a

" fine sense of the proprieties of humour, and a thorough " acquaintance with the rules of art. Its execution displays " a command of style so complete in its way that it may be " called perfect. The imaginary authors, the Whistlecrafts, " appear in the poem only as giving a natural propriety to " some of its simplicities of diction, and humorous absurdities of digression. Frere created the fiction of the 'harness and collar makers' simply to gain a freer swing for " his mirth, and is at no pains to preserve an absolute consistency of tone. The bland conceit of the pretended " illiterate poet and prosaic tradesman add point to the " keen wit and delicate appreciation and expression of one " of the finest of literary masters, of a scholar who quotes " Æschylus, transcribes professed rhyming Latin monkish " chronicles, explains the fable of Orpheus, and on every " page shows—

" 'Traces of learning and superior reading.' "[1]

Speaking of the third and fourth cantos, the reviewer says: "The same qualities of style distinguish them,—the " easy flow of verse, the perfect command of natural language, the control of rhyme (the poet never seeming to " be mastered as Pulci and Berni often are by the difficulties " of the line), the rapid transitions, the playful humour, the " happy strokes of satire, the characteristic delineation of " personages, and the charming descriptions of scenery, " display the genius of the author in even fuller measure " than it is shown in the earlier episode of this delightful " poem. . . . . . And thus ends one of the most playful, " humorous, and original poems in English, a perfect success " in its kind, and that kind one of the rarest and most difficult."[1] He then quotes Miss Cornwallis' account of her conversation with Mr. Frere on the comparative merits of

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[1] Article on John Hookham Frere in the " North American Review," for July 1868, by M. C. E. Norton.

"Beppo" and "Whistlecraft," and Coleridge's preference for the superior metrical skill of the latter poem, as shown in the greater ease and rapidity of the verse.[1]

Byron's own opinion of Mr. Frere's taste and judgment is shown by his desiring Mr. Hobhouse to send the first canto of "Don Juan" to him, and to consult him, with Mr. Stewart Rose and Moore, as to the propriety of publishing it. The incidents of this interview are thus described by Moore:[2]

" Met Hobhouse. . . . Asked him had I any chance of a " glimpse at 'Don Juan'? and then found that Byron had " desired it might be referred to my decision; the three " persons whom he had bid Hobhouse consult as to the " propriety of publishing it being Hookham Frere, Stewart " Rose, and myself. Frere, as the only one of the three in " town, had read it, and pronounced decidedly against the " publication. . . . . .

" Frere came in while I was at Lady D—'s; was pro- " ceeding to talk to him about our joint umpireship on " Byron's poem, when he stopped me by a look, and we " retired into the next room to speak over the subject. He " said he did not wish the opinion he had pronounced to be " known to *any* one except B. himself, lest B. should sup- " pose he was taking merit to himself, among the righteous, " for having been the means of preventing the publication " of the poem. Spoke of the disgust it would excite if " published; the attacks in it upon Lady B.; and said, 'it " ' is strange, too, he should think there is any connection " ' between patriotism and profligacy. If we had a very " ' Puritan court indeed, one can understand then profligacy " ' being adopted as a badge of opposition to it; but the

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[1] "Moore's Diary," April, 1823, vol. iv. p. 51.

[2] "Moore's Journals and Conversations," vol. ii. p. 263, 30th January, 1819.

" 'reverse being the case, there is not even that excuse for " 'connecting dissoluteness with patriotism, which, on the " 'contrary, ought always to be attended by the sternest " 'virtues.' " . . . . . .

"31st January: Went to breakfast with Hobhouse in " order to read Lord Byron's poem: a strange production, " full of talent and singularity, as everything he writes " must be: some highly beautiful passages, and some " highly humorous ones; but as a whole not publishable. " Don Juan's mother is Lady Byron, and not only her " learning, but various other points about her, ridiculed. " He talks of her favourite dress being dimity (which is the " case), 'dimity' rhyming very comically with 'sublimity;' " and the conclusion of one stanza is, 'I hate a dumpy " 'woman,' meaning Lady B. again. This would disgust " the public beyond endurance. There is also a systematized profligacy running through it which would not be " borne. Hobhouse has undertaken the delicate task of " letting him know our joint opinions."

"April 30th. Murray writes to me that Hobhouse has " received another letter from Lord Byron, peremptorily " insisting on the publication of 'Don Juan.' But they " have again remonstrated. The murder, however, *will out* " some time or other."[1]

The remonstrances of his "cursed puritanical committee," as Lord Byron called them, were however in vain. He would hear of no omission or curtailment, with the exception of a passage referring to Lord Castlereagh, and one other.[2] Mr. Frere always regarded Byron's inflexibility on this point as a great misfortune to English literature. Some of the passages in "Don Juan" he considered equal to anything ever written by one whom he placed in the first rank of modern English poets. The passages which formed the grounds of his objection to the publication of the poem as it stands, were, in his opinion, poetical no less than moral blemishes; and would probably never have been written, and certainly would never have been published had Byron been in his natural frame of mind, and among real friends in his own country, instead of writing and publishing in a state of unnatural excitement, amid such companionship as surrounded him at Venice.

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[1] "Moore's Journals and Correspondence," vol. ii. pp. 266 and 285.

[2] Vide "Moore's Life of Byron," vol. iv. pp. 138 and 140. "Letters to Mr. Murray of Jan. 20th, 25th, and Feb. 1st, 1819.

During 1818-19 Mr. Frere seems to have devoted much of his time to the translations, by which, probably, rather than by his original works, his rank among the poets of the present century will be determined. He had a rare combination of all those powers which are necessary to reproduce the ideas of a distant age, and of a different language, in such modern dress as the original author might have used had he lived now, and he had also the critical power which enabled him to detect and point out the secret of good and bad translation, and to lay down canons which might aid others in the ever tempting but arduous task of transmuting into modern English verse the wit and poetry of the ancients.

The task was one for which, from his schoolboy days, he had shown a special taste and aptitude. His earlier experiments in translation are thus described by Mr. Norton: "In April, 1808, Southey writes to Scott: 'I saw Frere in "'London, and he has promised to let me print his trans- "'lations from the "Poema del Cid." They are admirably "'done. Indeed, I never saw anything so difficult to do, "'and done so excellently, except your supplement to Sir "'Tristrem.'[1] These translations appeared in the Ap-

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[1] Southey adds, "I do not believe that many men have a greater "command of language and versification than myself, and yet this task

"pendix to Southey's 'Chronicle of the Cid,' and deserve "all the praise that Southey gives to them. Mr. Ticknor, "in his 'History of Spanish Literature,' quotes some passages from them, and characterizes Mr. Frere as 'one of "'the most accomplished scholars England has produced, "'and one whom Sir James Mackintosh has pronounced to "'be the first of English translators.' Frere's excellence "as a translator had, indeed, been exhibited at a very early "age. In Ellis's 'Specimens of the Early English Poets,' "which first appeared in 1790, an Anglo-Saxon Ode on "Athelstan's Victory is given in the original, with a literal "translation, to which is subjoined a metrical version, supplied, says Mr. Ellis, 'by the kindness of a friend.' This "friend was the young Frere, and Mr. Ellis adds: 'This "'[version] was written several years ago, during the controversy occasioned by the poems attributed to Rowley, "'and was intended as an imitation of the style and language of the fourteenth century. The reader will probably hear with some surprise that this singular instance "'of critical ingenuity was the composition of an Eton "'school-boy.' As an example of skilful adoption of the "language and style of an early period, this version is not "less remarkable, under the circumstances, than the compositions of Chatterton. 'It is,' says Mackintosh, in his "'History of England,' 'a double imitation, unmatched "'perhaps in literary history, in which the writer gave an "'earnest of that faculty of catching the peculiar genius, "'and preserving the characteristic manner of his original "'which, though the specimens of it be too few, places him "'alone among English translators.' And Scott, in his "'Essay on Imitation of the Ancient Ballads,' written in "*1830*, *and published in the* 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish

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"of giving a specimen of that wonderful poem I shrunk from—fearing "the difficulty." Southey to Walter Scott, April 22nd, 1808.

" 'Border,' says: 'I have only met, in my researches into " 'these matters, with one poem, which, if it had been " 'produced as ancient, could not have been detected on " 'internal evidence. It is the "War Song upon the Vic- " '"tory at Brunnanburg, translated from the Anglo-Saxon " '"into Anglo-Norman," by the Right Honourable John " 'Hookham Frere.'

"At the time of the publication of 'Sir Tristrem,' in " 1804, Frere expressed a cordial admiration for the per- " formance; and George Ellis wrote to Scott that Frere, " 'whom you would delight to know, and who would de- " 'light to know you,' has 'no hesitation in saying that he " 'considers "Sir Tristrem" as by far the most interesting " 'work that has as yet been published on the subject of " 'our earliest poets; and indeed such a piece of literary " 'antiquity as no one could have, *à priori*, supposed to " 'exist.' To this Scott answers: 'Frere is so perfect a " 'master of the ancient style of composition, that I would " 'rather have his suffrage than that of a whole synod of " 'your vulgar antiquaries.'

"In translating the ancient Spanish poem of the Cid, " Frere was thus at work in a field of which he was doubly " master. The full merit of his versions is hardly to be " understood without acquaintance with the archaic vigour " and simplicity of the original, and the peculiarities of its " diction and versification. . . . .

"There is probably no classic author of whose works a " good translation is more difficult than Aristophanes. The " wonderful combination of widely different qualities which " he exhibits in his comedies,—the knowledge of human " nature, the insight into affairs, the solid sense, the fertile " invention, the daring fancy, the inexhaustible humour, " the prodigious exaggeration, both in invention and in " language, which, even in its wildest and most amusing " excesses, displays the controlling influence of the finest "taste, and of native elegance of mind, the keen irony, the "vehement invective, the serious purpose under the comic "mask,—demand, if the plays are to be fitly rendered, a "scarcely less wonderful combination of powers in the "translator; while the exquisite form of the poetry, the "melody of the various rhythm, and the frequent change "in the versification, modulated according to each change "in tone of sentiment, require for their reproduction in "another far less flexible language, with another and far "poorer system of metres, not only a consummate mastery "of the forms of verse, but also a vocabulary in the highest "degree pure, racy, and idiomatic."[1]

Mr. Norton then refers to Mr. Frere's article on Mitchell's Aristophanes, in the "Quarterly Review" of July, 1820,[2] of which he gives a summary, and observes that the principle of generalization in translation, which Mr. Frere there lays down, "is obviously one which can be safely adopted only "by a genius corresponding in quality to that of the "original. Few writers could hope to apply it successfully "even in the translation of an author far less difficult than "Aristophanes.

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[1] Norton, p. 160.

[2] "Talked of 'Aristophanes.' I mentioned the admirable article upon "'Aristophanes' in the 'Quarterly' two or three years ago. Sharpe "remembered it also, and thought it altogether perfect."—*Moore's Journals*, vol. ii. p. 265, Jan. 30, 1819. The article here referred to, which will be found reprinted at p. 167 of this volume, was Mr. Frere's only contribution to the "Quarterly." He had been one of the original projectors of the "Review," when it was started by the late Mr. Murray in 1807, with promises of support from Walter Scott, Canning, Southey, and others of the best writers on the Tory side of politics, and with Gifford as editor. Mr. Frere thought that Gifford exceeded the legitimate discretion of an editor in omitting from the "Review," on Mitchell's "Aristophanes," an example which was intended to show how it was possible to treat modern English social life and politics dramatically, in the same spirit in which Aristophanes treated the social life and politics of Athens four hundred years before our era. The specimen was set up in type, and a proof was in existence many

"But Mr. Frere's genius was sufficient for the task, and "his translations of Aristophanes are the proof of the soundness of his rule, as he was capable of applying it. They "are works of the best literary art. They reproduce the "essential, permanent characteristics of the Aristophanic "comedy in such a manner that from their perusal the "English reader not only may obtain a truer conception of "the genius of the Athenian playwright than any but the "most intelligent and thorough students of the original derive from the Greek itself, but also finds himself charmed "with the plays as pieces of English composition, and contributions to English comedy. Frere was so complete a "master of both languages, he entered so sympathetically "into the spirit of Aristophanes, was so well versed in the "learning requisite for understanding the allusions in which "his comedies abound, and he possessed so fully the humour "and feeling needed to appreciate their most fleeting, remote, and delicate touches of poetry and of wit,—he was, "in fine, such a scholar and such a poet that the very difficulties of his task seem to present themselves only to be "happily overcome. As a contribution to literature, his "versions of these plays stand unmatched.[1] Their value is

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years after; but I have failed to discover any further trace of it. Two other articles, on Pitt and Fox, have been attributed to Mr. Frere; but I am assured, on the unquestionable authority of my friend, Mr. John Murray, that they were written by the late Sir Robert Grant. They were among the earliest published works of that elegant scholar and lamented statesman, and were also among the first of those political articles which, to our own day, have maintained for the "Quarterly" political articles an historical reputation. The article on Aristophanes is signed "W." (for Whistlecraft), probably one of the earliest instances of a reviewer signing his name or *nom de plume* to his contribution.

[1] A critic in the "Pall Mall Gazette," for November 29, 1867, in an article on Rudd's Aristophanes, says, with reference to Mitchell's translation:—"Mr. Hookham Frere made it the subject of a most "admirable essay in the 'Quarterly,' which contains more valuable "reflection on the principles of translation generally than will be found "anywhere within the same compass. . . His own versions of some

"greatly increased, moreover, by the comment, which is "sometimes in the form of brief side-notes and stage-directions, and sometimes in that of longer notes, inserted in "the text, for the purpose of illustration and explanation. "These notes are of the best sort, and really assist the "reader to intelligent enjoyment of the plays, enabling him "to read them, as it were, through the eyes and with the "keen perceptions of the most sympathetic of spectators."

Coleridge writes to Crabbe Robinson, in June, 1817, inviting him and Tieck to Highgate: "I should be most "happy to make him and that admirable man, Mr. Frere, "acquainted. Their pursuits have been so similar; and to "convince Mr. Tieck that he is *the* man among us in whom "Taste at its maximum has vitalized itself into productive "power—Genius. You need only show him the incom-"parable translation annexed to Southey's 'Cid' (which, "by the bye, would perhaps give Mr. Tieck the most favour-"able impression of Southey's own powers), and I would "finish the work off by Mr. Frere's 'Aristophanes.' In "such goodness, too, as both *my* Mr. Frere (the Rt. Hon. "J. H. Frere) and his brother George (the lawyer, in Bruns-"wick Square) live, move, and have their being in, there is "*Genius.*"[1]

"of the plays . . not only excel all that Mitchell had done, and all "that Walsh or Wheelwright had done in the interval, but placed him "in the very first rank of translators of the world. Indeed, Frere is "the true standard by which to test everybody who ventures on the "same ground. Apart from the extraordinary merit of his literary "execution, he enters into the dramatic spirit of the plays with the "sympathetic insight of a spectator. He succeeded with Aristophanes "by dint of being himself Aristophanic in politics, in humour, in poetry, "and in scholarship."

[1] "Crabbe Robinson," vol. ii. p. 57. In a letter to Mr. Heber, written in 1817, Mr. Frere says: "I am sorry that I shall not be able "to attend the club to-morrow . . . any other engagement I would "have put off for the sake of giving Bozzy a white ball. I cannot give "you any more precise direction as to Tieck's habitation at Oxford; "but I should hope that anybody there would not be at a loss to find "him out."

None of these translations were however printed, and but few of them were completed for many years afterwards. They were taken up from time to time, at intervals of leisure, during the unsettled life which he led before he finally took up his residence in Malta.

In 1817 Lady Erroll, while "visiting the new rooms built "at the British Museum for the Elgin marbles," had caught a severe cold, from the effects of which she never entirely recovered. After trying various changes of air to Brompton and the coast, Mr. Frere settled for a short time at Tunbridge Wells, whence in a letter dated November 10th, 1818, to his brother George, Lady Erroll writes—

"You must not look for us nor think at all about us until "you hear we are at Blake's Hotel. We are almost packed "up, in short as packed up as any people can be while they "still sleep in a house; but there has been some interruption which is always a bad thing when one has settled a "journey; one day put off, puts off several. Mr. Canning "stopped us on Saturday, as he said he might come for a "day, and on the Monday a note arrived to say he would be "here at five o'clock, and accordingly he arrived, and made "my dear husband very happy. They were both in great "good humour with each other, and I left them early in the "evening to go to Mrs. Chaloner's, where we were to have "had our farewell dinner that day, and the two friends enjoyed each other much the whole evening, and were, I "believe, much obliged to me for having left them. Canning went off to Brighton yesterday, sent on his chaise, "had his riding-horse walked after him, while he and your "brother walked half the first stage together. Think what "a walk his poor dear excellency had had, I believe fourteen "miles, and he came back not in the least tired. . . It "was quite pleasant to see how happy these two friends "were together on Sunday. Canning was in good spirits, "and in very good humour."

The following lines, which have not, as far as I can learn, been published, appear to have been written about this time. They were repeated to me as a versification by Mr. Frere of a letter which Mr. Canning showed him, received by a lady, who had been applied to for a servant's character. Another copy attributes them to Mr. Canning, as his rendering of a conversation at which he happened to be present between two ladies.

" *Wanted a Maid to make herself generally useful.*

"The person I hired would first be required
On me as my maid to attend;
Then my measure to take, and my mantuas to make,
And those of the Colonel to mend.

My new bombazeen she must wash very clean,
With my muslins and fine what-d'ye-call-its;
My silk hose in a tub she must lather and scrub,
And when she's done mine, Col. P——'s.

House linen and stores, and tradespeople's scores,
She must note in a neat little book;
And when company comes she must do buttered crumbs,
And make pastry instead of the cook.

She at nothing must stickle, young girkins must pickle,
And if housemaids of work shall complain,
Upstairs she must clamber, clean out the best chamber,
Then back to her pickling again.

There's a housekeeper's room, but she must not presume
To pop her pert visage within it;
If strange servants are there, and will hand her a chair,
She may then just sit down for a minute.

If for this she engages, besides her year's wages,
(Though no stipulation I make it),
If the winter prove hard, an old gown's her reward,—
In summer she'll chiefly go naked."

No change of climate to be found in England seemed permanently to benefit Lady Erroll's health. In October, 1819, Mr. George Frere writes of his brother as " thinking of " taking his wife abroad to avoid the suffering of last winter," and in August, 1820, he describes her as "very ill again, " and my brother quite out of heart about her. Canning" (who had been staying with them) "is going away to-morrow, and my brother has asked me not to leave him. He "wishes me to go into the city to see about ships." A few days later he writes that "a ship is engaged," "the Sicily," Captain Cupper, who undertook to visit such ports, and to stay as long at each of them, as Mr. Frere might require, and they sailed for the Mediterranean soon after, Mr. Frere's unmarried sister and a niece of Lady Erroll accompanying them.

The voyage answered its main purpose, and after a short stay at Lisbon, they proceeded to the Mediterranean. From Palermo he wrote to his brother George on November 15th, 1820:—

"Susan tells me that she has written to you, but that her letter is a fortnight old. You will not, therefore, be sorry to hear that we have been going on well up to this date.

"My Lady yesterday got a little cold, but we are used to these occasional interruptions in her recovery. She is better to-day, and is at this moment chatting in very great spirits with Susan. We have seen all the things of which Susan has told you, and about a week ago took my Lady ashore, with the sailors carrying her sofa, to see a magnificent house and gardens, made about twenty years ago, on the side of the mountain at the entrance of the harbour.[1] It might now be bought for about a twentieth part of what it cost, such is the state of things here. The Neapolitans are ramming their revolution down the throats of the people here, and will never rest till they have ruined and confiscated, and enslaved the whole island. There are no English here except the resident merchants, and we get no news, except now and then a sight of "Galignani" papers printed at Paris. We have seen pretty nearly all that is to be seen here. I had intended to go to Segesta, where there is a very perfect temple, like those at Pæstum, and as old; but from what I hear of the state of the country, I shall not venture. This place has spoilt me for Malta, but go I must."

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[1] The Belmonte Palace on a hill at the foot of Monte Pelegrino overlooking the harbour. Mr. Frere seems to have been at one time inclined to settle at Palermo rather than at Malta. One reason for finally preferring Malta was the very characteristic one that as he drew his pension from England he felt bound, if possible, to live where it would be spent among British subjects.

In the extracts from his letters which follow I have been obliged as a rule to curtail all that is of merely domestic or family interest; but I have done so with some hesitation and regret, for such portions of his letters illustrate in a remarkable degree the kindliness of his nature, and his unfailing sympathy with the cares and trials as well as the intellectual pursuits of all, with whom he had any ties of kindred or friendship.

Almost every letter he wrote to any intimate friend or member of his own family bears witness to his constant solicitude for his wife's health. Every change was watched with affectionate anxiety; and, how best to minister to her comfort and happiness, was, up to the day of her death many years afterwards, the one ruling motive of all his thoughts and actions.

Arrived at Malta he wrote a long letter to his brother George, in April, 1821. After some excellent advice regarding the college allowance of the son of a literary friend, to whom he wished to give every chance of University distinction, but who, he feared, might, if he found his life too easy, be diverted from his good resolutions, "eniti per ardua," he relates that they had a rough passage from Syracuse, but that Lady Erroll was better, and sends a message "that "she was on deck, and had seen Malta at last." Her niece and his sister, he said, "had already established themselves "in a very good house, which the General, Sir Manly Power, "has allotted to me, and which I have furnished with exquisite cheapness. I have taken another house for the "summer, a very good one for £40. It is close upon the "water, and will enable us to promenade in a boat, if we "can do no better," and here, with very little intermission, he passed the remaining twenty-five years of his life.

To Dr. Young, who had been both a professional and literary friend, he wrote soon after his arrival:—

"My dear Young, "Malta, *May 23rd*, 1821.

"I send you something of a curiosity, a fac-simile of an inscription found at Syracuse a few years ago, and now in the possession of the antiquarian Capodieci. I can have no doubt of its authenticity from external evidence, the notoriety of the circumstance of its discovery in rebuilding an old house in the quarter of the town formerly inhabited by the Jews, the *no* price which was paid for it by its present possessor, and the little value which he seemed to attach to it; so little, that I believe, with a little coaxing and a few dollars, I might have got possession of it, if I had thought it fair to carry away from the place a monument which so peculiarly belonged to it. He did not know, nor did I, till I came here, and had an opportunity of referring to Pindar, that the lines were to be found in one of the Olympic odes; it was rather a disappointment to me, the lines being manifestly Pindaric, and, as such, above the reach, I think, of forgery; whereas, now the external evidence (as above stated) is the only proof, though a fully convincing one to me, for Capodieci is at war with all his brother antiquaries at Syracuse, who would not have failed to attack him if there had been any the least suspicion of a forgery; indeed they hardly seemed to have troubled themselves about it, or to have thought more of it than the proprietor himself. Capodieci is a very extraordinary man, a most zealous and indefatigable antiquary, and has filled above sixty volumes in folio with antiquarian researches and transcripts of records and documents (of the middle ages chiefly), which he has presented to the public library. But he is by no means what we should call a classical scholar; the mere circumstance of character, therefore, would be enough to remove from my mind any suspicion of forgery. The original is in the inside of the covering of a sarcophagus made of baked clay. Several of the same size and form, and serving for the same purpose, are to be met with in Syracuse; but no other, that ever I heard of, has been found with an inscription. I should imagine it to be older than the Roman conquest of Sicily. The cursive character, which is its great peculiarity, is evidently alluded to by Aristophanes, as used in taking notes in courts of justice and in debate; but I believe there is no specimen existing of the antiquity which seems to belong to this relic. When you have shown it to the few people in town who take an interest in such matters, I will thank you to send it to Cambridge, to my brother, and Professor Monk, or either of them.[1] My doctor has written so fully and so clearly on our medical matters, that I have nothing to add on that score.

"Believe me, dear doctor, yours ever,

"J. H. FRERE."

The following, dated Malta, March 31st, 1822, is to his brother Bartle :—

"I have only a moment to anticipate the sailing of the packet, but I will not omit thanking you for two letters, one of which I cannot at this moment lay my hands on, but which I remember related to Southey's history. I perfectly agree with you in the good taste and good sense of avoiding all controversial matters.

Ου γαϱ εσθλον κατθανουσι κερτομειν επ᾽ ανδϱασι.[2]

And I hope that if there is anything of the kind (which I greatly deprecate) it will be known that I at least had no concern in it. I am glad you are satisfied with Hamilton. I only wish he could tempt you to pay him a visit. Why should you not go to see Rome and Florence, and Naples? it is what most gentlefolks do now-a-days, and then, perhaps, you would come and give a look at us here in Malta. It will be a long time before the Spaniards acknowledge the independence of America, and I suppose we shall not send a real Envoy or Ambassador there till they do. I have kept your secret, except only and solely to my Lady. As to the thing,[1] I think the first consideration is your health. Peru, or Mexico or Chili would do well, but you must not go to die of a yellow fever among the Columbians and Cundinarcans. For the rest, to be a notoriously ill-requited servant of the State, may not be an unsafe situation in the times which are manifestly coming on, and for which we ought all to prepare ourselves."

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[1] The inscription consists of the first four lines of the fifth antistrophe of the sixth Olympic ode :—

Εἶπον δὲ μεμνᾶσθαι Συρακυσᾶντε και Ορτυγίας
Ταν Ἱέρων καθαρῷ σκαπτῳ διεπων,
Ἄρτια μὐδόμενος φοινικοπεζαν
Ἀμφέπει Δάματρα λευκίπουτε θυγατρὸς ἑορτὰν.

Thus translated by Moore :—

"Bid them remember Syracuse and sing
Of proud Ortygia's throne, secure
In Hiero's rule, her upright king;
With frequent prayer he serves and worship pure
The rosy sandal'd Ceres, and her fair
Daughter, whose car the milk-white steeds impel."

[2] "For it is not right to find fault with our dead heroes."

The following is from an undated letter to his brother Bartle, but apparently written in the same year, 1822:—

"I wish you would send the inclosed to Southey with a civil note, and such papers from my Roydon Box as are fit to be communicated, *relative to the state of things at Seville.* As to the controversy in which my name is more concerned, I have taken a resolution to leave it as it *lies.*

His sister writes from the house he had taken in Strada Forni Valetta in November, 1822, that he had been suffering from a chill, "but is again well, and fortifies himself by taking "some exercise and wearing coat within coat of flannel. "He has actually determined to ride, which will be an excellent thing for him, and I do suppose he will mount soon, "for the horse has been really brought, ready saddled for "him, once by his own order! . . . We spent all yester-"day at a Maltese wedding, and were all much diverted. "My brother was there very joyous and agreeable."

Mr. Canning had complained of the infrequency of his letters, and his brother Bartle had charged him with neglecting his translation of Aristophanes. In reply to the latter accusation he said, "I have not yet been able to turn "my mind to Aristophanes, but—when the packet is gone "—and my lady gets a little better—and I have finished my "task of bottling in the cellar, I will set to work, I will in-"deed."

This promise seems to have been faithfully kept; for he writes to his brother George from Malta, January, 1823:—

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[1] Apparently, an offer of employment as Minister to one of the South American States.

"I have sent you the translation of the Knights by Montgomery, whom I wish to introduce to your acquaintance and friendship, of which he is well worthy. It will serve to amuse you, and the copy will be safe if Lizzy does not lose it.

"Lord C—— is not a ruffian or a ragamuffin by any means, but a very honourable well-mannered young man, rather too high-spirited for his situation, and too much disposed to act upon impulse; at least, having seen a good deal of him, I could never find out any other faults that he had, and I believe him to be very free from scandalous or degrading vices. His pecuniary difficulties are not of his own creating, but arise from his father's treatment of him, yet I never heard him speak of his father otherwise than with respect.

"If I had an heiress to dispose of, I should think her lucky to meet with no worse a match."

March 28th, 1823, he wrote:—

"I have wasted my time in a letter to William upon the Paston letters,[1] which has barely left me a minute to thank you for your attention to my interests in the New River shares."

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[1] This refers to a project which he had frequently pressed on his brother William, to edit and publish all of the Paston Letters which had not already been printed. Sir John Fenn, in the first edition of the letters which he published in 1786-9, in 4 vols., had selected chiefly those which referred to events of some historical importance. The originals of most of these Sir John had bound, and presented, with his presentation copy of the printed letters to George III., but some of the MS. volumes appear to have been subsequently lost, as they were not to be found when the King's Library was many years afterwards transferred to the British Museum by order of George IV. After Lady Fenn's death many of her husband's MSS. came into the possession of her nephew and heir, Mr. Serjeant (William) Frere, and among them some of the original Paston letters which had not been published by Sir John Fenn, apparently because they had little reference to politics and events of historical importance. But Mr. Frere considered that the circumstance of their dealing mainly with the domestic household affairs of a country gentleman's family in times before the Tudors gave them a peculiar interest, and he urged the propriety of publishing them. He remarked of such letters that, apart from any historical importance they may possess as illustrating particular events, they have a value of their own, as showing how little, except in externals, the

A few days later he added, with reference to his wife's health:—

"I have just written to Temple a letter in which I say, 'from the experience of the last six months I must conclude that our joint return to England is hopeless, my wish therefore to find a tenant for Roydon is increased by the mortification which she feels at a house being kept up, upon a prospect of the only event which would render it possible for me to inhabit it, but which, in fact, I should not wish to inhabit in that case. M——, I am told, is looking out for a house in the country, and I should be very glad to give him a lease of it, and you would not perhaps be sorry to have him for a neighbour. I am writing to George upon the subject;' and so I do, you see."

He then discusses the terms of lease, half playfully, half in earnest, and sundry possible additions and alterations, of which he sends a plan, calculated to give the house more and warmer rooms, "and I constitute William (Stewart) "Rose the architect thereof," ending with—

"I have made two new rooms, because on paper they cost nothing. And now, my dear, you will be glad to hear that my poor lady is a little better, and I hope we may get a little strength this summer, but I really dread the winter even here, though the one before last we managed to get through very tolerably."

In the June following he wrote:—

"In the meantime, as Captain[*] Cupper (who took us out) is returned here, and now in a long quarantine, we propose (if he can get a freight to Marseilles) to take a jaunt there, which I think may be of service to her. I find that Susan and she think it quite a natural and easy thing that you should travel all the way for the sake of seeing us. I should not dare to think of mentioning it.

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details of private life have altered in the class to which the writers belonged; and how much in essentials, in its friendships and its feuds, in its plans for advancing family interests by marriages, by inheritances, by thrift, and by energetic pursuit of a profession, the life of a squire's family in Lancastrian times, resembled that of our own days. His suggestion was in part carried out by the publication, in 1823, of a 5th volume.

But if Bartle, who has his time and money, I hope, to spare, should happen to be at Paris, I think he will receive a letter stinking of brimstone, and dated quarantine, to inform him of our arrival, and pointing out to him the conveniences and advantages of a journey of 600 miles and back in the hot weather.

"As to the disposal of my time, I have taken a fancy to learn as much Hebrew as may enable me to get through the two or three words which one meets with in a note, and which it is a mortification to be obliged to pass over in ignorance. I have found one very curious thing already, viz., that their measure of syllabic quantity must have been much more accurate and distinct than that of the Greeks, or at least than that which the Greek grammarians have given us,—and I find many things, which had occurred to me obscurely in my habit of verse-making, reduced to a regular system. If I had a fancy to learn Arabic, it would have been an easy matter, for it walks the streets. Young Roper has made a great progress in it, and here is a young lady of seventeen who is studying it with great success. Susan has half a mind to learn a little Hebrew, if you please. My Lady is reading Madame de Sevigné backwards and forwards. I cannot bear her, for it is clear to me from her letters that when her son was at the army, she would not have been sorry to hear that he had been shot. 'Mon fils est a l'armée du Roi, c'est a dire a la gueule du loup—comme les autres.' You see that this is her company-phrase, the proper conversational cant, and this she sends in a letter to her daughter."

In the course of the sea-trip which had been proposed when this letter was begun, they visited Naples, whence his sister wrote of the great enjoyment he had found in excursions to Pæstum, Salerno and Amalfi, and in the society of Mr. Hamilton, and in many amusements and occupations which were not within his reach at Malta.

After his return to Malta in March, 1824, writing on affairs connected with his property in Suffolk, he observed:—

"It is not, however, a business which can be discussed or settled at this distance. I feel that for other businesses I ought to be in England, but when and how it can be managed is a puzzling question. My Lady, I am afraid, could never bear the climate even in summer, and three or four months of absence would, in her eyes, be a grievous deduction from her remaining comforts.

"We will talk of other matters. My Lady said she had told you that I had done another play of Aristophanes. It is the Acharnians translated from beginning to end, at least it will be in two or three days. I hope to be able to send it you by some safe conveyance. I wish I could get from Bulmer, the printer, a copy of what is already printed of the Frogs. I have got no copy, and I should like to have two or three.

"Did I thank John for his Whistlecraftian flight, the Titano-Machia? I will send him in return some English Hexameters of my own, of the right sort, without false quantities, all about Malta, at least they begin about Malta.[1]

"It is Shrove Monday, and there is not a servant in the house to take the letters, and Susan is shouting and ringing after them, and the boys hallooing and blowing horns in the street. It is a perfect Bartholemy Fair. Oh there is somebody at last. But we are too late and have to pay."

A long business letter, dated Malta, April, 1824, discusses at great length and with wonderful humour, acuteness, and cleverness, a number of questions relating to his property, which he wished to consolidate and clear of various old burdens: "for the purpose," as he expresses it, "of "annulling, cancelling, and confounding," an old mortgage. He makes constant reference to his wife's opinion:

"And so likewise thought my Lady, who is wiser than anybody. . . . . You will think perhaps that I ought to come over and look after my own concerns like a man, but with the care of so frail a life, I cannot bring myself to subtract so much from its remaining comforts by absenting myself for any time, but perhaps, if you report progress, I may run over for six weeks. You will receive from Captain Cupper a pipe of Syracuse wine, the wine is a present of mine, but you will have to pay freight and duty. We think it very good here, and drink it with great comfort and satisfaction."

June 23rd, 1824, he again writes to his brother George:

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[1] Vide vol. i. p. 300.

"I will not trouble you with business this time, but will thank you for three copies of the Frogs, which came safe to hand. I should like to have the second volume of "Mitchell" and the translation of the Birds by Carey, the translator of Dante, if I were not ashamed of giving you so much trouble who have so many other things to do. Susan says that the verses from the Cid, that is to say, the copy of them which I intended to send to you, is hers, and that she will send it to Lizzy, and she is doing so, I believe, at this moment; perhaps Lizzy will let you have a sight of them; if she should, pray observe how well the Cid manages to leave off with the laugh on his own side, when he is baffled by the Count's obstinacy, the dry humour with which the Bishop's character and appointment are mentioned is not at all exaggerated, and the motive of doing it for public effect is quite as clear in the original. Observe too the wild state of the country, the King with his Court moving about, and the messenger riding in search of him. Observe the real arrogance of Minaya's first address to the King, studiously clothed in all the forms of the most abject submission, and compare it with his modern respectful courtly style, when the King has shewn himself favourably disposed. But I have not told you about my Lady, who has not been very well, which I am inclined to attribute to a long continuance of Sirocco winds, we still however go about in the carriage of an evening, and I mean in a day or two to try airing in a boat, which has in general agreed with her. We shall likewise make an excursion to Gozo for change of air. As this is a literary letter hitherto, I will send you some of my hexameters, all that are written out. Observe that hexameters (having six musical bars in one verse) are to be read very slow, one of them should occupy the time of a common English couplet."

Another long letter on business later in the same year, laments his distance from England, "three months between "question and answer," and ends—

"I have been amusing her (Lady Erroll) and myself for the last fortnight with scenes of Aristophanes; the Birds. You recollect, I think, some part of it being done at Tunbridge, the scene where Iris is arrested and brought before Peisthetairus. It is a very long play and tedious in some parts, which may be omitted with advantage, but I have done about 1200 lines of it, which in my humble opinion are excellent. The Acharnians you will have a copy of by the first fair opportunity. It is fairly transcribed and complete."

In a letter written in October of the same year in reply to remonstrances against what seemed an unnecessary act of liberality, he writes :—

"Therefore your caution and Bartle's against a sudden propensity to largess, does not apply in this case. Your prohibition of fooleries in the form of medals, pictures, &c. &c. is a very just one, and I trust that a growing indifference to that sort of trumpery will enable me to comply with it. They are the proper playthings for a childless old fool, who looks to surviving for a year, or a year and a half after his death, in the sensation which his sale catalogue is to produce among the connoisseurs. The immortality of men of taste and refinement!"

In October of the same year he wrote :—

"My Lady's letter will have told you graphically (which is the great beauty of her letters—I hope you keep them) how much I was pleased at the completion of this, and the other concerns for which I am indebted to your care and industry. I trust, however, that my anticipation of being an old hunks is rather likely to be frustrated than fulfilled by this change in my affairs, my thoughts about money were directed to one point, and, now it is accomplished, I hope I shall not be exposed to the temptation of looking out for another. . . . .

"My plan against the future declension of the family is the best, namely that we should all go in a body to colonize, and form a clan at the Cape, or Van Diemen's Land. What say you? I am sure Ned would like it, and Hatley. Bartle would go for a lounge, and we should persuade him to stay with us. My Lady says she has no objection. I could take out my books and endeavour to put a little literature into the rising generation, and in the mean time lend money upon good security at six per cent., a great inducement, by the bye, for Bartle to remain with us. . . . .

"I thank you for Carey's 'Birds,' it is much better than Mitchell's translations. *Mais ce n'est pas encore la bonne.* Nobody has yet seen the true character of Peisthetairus."

In another letter, referring to iron works, written in December, 1824, he observes:

> "It seems to me that the iron masters are animated by the activity of the new markets. They do not consider that, except in the case of a country rapidly increasing in wealth and population, the annual demand for iron is not like that for other articles. The consumer of iron is not like the consumer of salt fish or of printed cottons; he consumes very slowly. It is a long time before his poker and gridiron are worn out. In a stationary country when it is once stocked with iron at a low rate, the future demand (except in instances where iron may be made applicable to new purposes) will be much inferior to the first. Hence, I fear that our speculators will experience another re-action, their only hope is in the prospect of general peace, and increasing population and wealth throughout the world, a state of things for which I sincerely pray, but on the chance of which I should be very sorry to trust my security. And now, my dear George, I have worried and jawed long enough."

In September, 1825, he paid a short visit to England. He greatly enjoyed the opportunity this afforded for a brief renewal of his personal intercourse with Mr. Canning and with others of his early friends. Unfortunately few letters relating to this period have been preserved, but there are elders of the present generation who remember the vivid impression made on them in youth by the humour and playful fancy which rendered him as great a favourite with children as with those of his own age.

Crossing the Continent was in those days a very tedious business, and only preferable to the monthly sailing packets, whose six weeks voyages, interminable delays, and occasional deviations, when blown out of their direct course, as far as to the Banks of Newfoundland; are a constant subject of complaint in the Malta letters.

Mr. Frere made some stay at Paris, to meet his sister Lady Orde, who was on the Continent. There was no regular or direct communication between France and Malta, and his sister Susan writes that Lady Erroll was "long un-"happy about him, but hopes now that the journey will do "away the ill effects of the climate of Malta, and having "been long without amusement and society; and that he "may be recruited so entirely that she shall have no fear "of his not being able to remain with her here for as long a "time as her health may require a warm climate." . . .

"I am glad," she adds, "there was a meeting in such "force at Roydon. It seems to me more like a dream "than a reality, when I think it is ten years since my "brother was there; he must have found the trees grown "to his heart's content, and I hope he was well pleased "with all he found; he writes as if he did like every thing. "I doubt the books cannot be kept in very good order in "that large damp room, now there is no one at leisure as I "was to look after and air them."

In telling his brother, soon after he reached England, of his intention of paying this visit to Roydon, he had sent kindly messages to his friend Lady Margaret Cameron and her daughters, adding, "I am afraid Lady Margaret will "think that somebody is trying to repeat your trick" [of passing himself off as a stranger] "upon her, for I am "grown woefully thin."

A letter from his brother Edward's wife describes him while on a visit to their cottage near Bath in November, 1825, as little aged by his long sojourn at Malta. He took his night's rest chiefly by sleeping early in the evening, "from seven till eleven, and then he has awoke, and enter-"tained his brother and nieces by repeating verses which he "has translated or composed, till two o'clock in the "morning," which did not prevent his rising early next day. A reading of King Lear, with a running commentary to prove that the story was founded on a Celtic myth, in which Cordelia, the only faithful child, symbolized the true religion, is noted as the subject of one of these evening dissertations.

In September of the next year all the brothers who were able met to take leave of him at Mr. Bartle Frere's house in Saville Row. It was the last family gathering of his generation.

Shortly afterwards he left England and travelled *viâ* Italy, accompanied by his brother Bartle and their friend Mr. Montgomerie.

In August, 1827, he lost, by the unexpected death of Mr. Canning, the warmest, most intimate, and most congenial friend of his youth and early manhood, and his one great link of interest to the politics of the day. The depth of his unselfish fraternal affection for Mr. Canning was apparent even to comparative strangers whenever, during the many years for which he survived his friend, Canning's name was mentioned; and it is not surprising, that he had little toleration for those, whose desertion, as he considered it, of Pitt's rightful political heir, hastened not remotely the loss to England of the one man whom he thought capable of guiding the nation at a most important crisis.

Many years afterwards, when the personal motives of all concerned had become matters of history, he maintained that it was clearly the duty of those members of Lord Liverpool's cabinet who refused to join Mr. Canning, either to have accepted the king's offer and to have made a stand on an Anti-Catholic policy, without Canning, or, if they thought that impossible, to have joined Canning in giving effect to a policy for removing the Roman Catholic disabilities, which, in his hands alone, could not have been attributed to intimidation. Their standing aloof, seemed to him inconsistent with a belief in the soundness of their own opinions; while it left the measure to be extorted from the fears of the nation, instead of being granted as a concession due to its sense of justice.

He maintained that had the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel supported Mr. Canning at this period, the vast changes in the constitution, to which both were subsequently unwilling parties, would have been fewer in number, and might have been introduced with less dangerous rapidity. He found less excuse for the Duke of Wellington than for any of those who acted with him. The Duke's practical good sense and sagacious judgment ought, he thought, to have enabled him to see how inevitable and pressing was the necessity for conceding the claims of the Roman Catholics, and how dangerous it was to resist them till they could be resisted no longer. The Duke alone, moreover, was in a position to put aside all considerations of personal and party prejudice, whether on the part of the king or of minor political personages, and his aid might have lessened the labours and anxieties which wore out Mr. Canning, might have prolonged his administration, and by temperate and wise reforms, such as became true disciples of Pitt, have saved the country from many risks of hasty and revolutionary changes. There were not wanting personal considerations which should have inclined the Duke to such a course:

> "Canning," Mr. Frere said, "was Wellington's greatest support in and out of Parliament, throughout the Peninsular War, for he was one of the few who from the very first thoroughly understood the importance of the contest; and he deserved a better return for his support at that time than he himself afterwards met with, when it was in Wellington's power to have aided him."

Speaking of some of the final reforms which Pitt had been forced to lay aside during the stress of the French Revolution, and in answer to a question whether any knowledge of Mr. Canning's views on such subjects had anything to do with the secession of so many of the old Tories, Mr. Frere said:

> "No, I do not think Canning ever talked much of such intentions to any but those who were as intimate with him as I was. It was personal feeling of jealousy of his great ability, which actuated most of those who ought, on principle, to have supported him. It was the same kind of feeling with which Pitt often had

to contend. I remember old Lord W——, the father of the present old Lord, a fine specimen of a thoroughgoing old country Tory, coming to call on my father to tell him that Pitt was out of office, and that Addington had formed a ministry. He went through all the members of the new cabinet, and rubbing his hands at the end, with an evident sense of relief, said, 'Well, thank God, we have at last got a ministry without one of those confounded men of genius in it!"

Some years after Canning's death Mr. Frere was consulted with regard to the inscription to be placed on his monument in Westminster Abbey. The following is his letter in reply to Mr. Backhouse who had sent him the suggested inscriptions, with a request that if he did not feel quite satisfied with any of them, he would send one of his own:—

"My dear Mr. Backhouse,—I was much gratified with your kind recollection of me, upon such an occasion as that which gives rise to the letter I have received from you. On reading the inscriptions which have been proposed, particularly the one marked A, it seemed to me perfect in its kind. There is nothing to which a friend of Mr. Canning could object, nothing which he could complain of as deficient or inadequate, nothing that could give offence to either of our political parties. Notwithstanding all this, I experienced a feeling like your own; I was not satisfied. But why? There was nothing which I could have wished altered, nothing which I could have inserted, nothing to be expunged. I confess that I felt bewildered in endeavouring to account for my own sensation of disappointment. But perhaps, though perfect in *its kind*, this inscription is not of a kind suited to the subject. This I take to be the case,—and the true solution of your feelings, and my own.

"A character like that of Mr. Canning is not a theme for prose.

"When Nature produces any thing perfect, or nearly approaching to the highest perfection, it becomes a model for the highest branches of art. In painting or sculpture, a perfect form affords a model for the ideal; in such cases we are dissatisfied with a mere *prosaic fac-simile*. Upon the same principle then, since *mind* can only be delineated by *language*, the highest perfection of *mind* requires to be represented by the higher and more artificial form of *language*—by verse rather than prose. Upon this conviction, I have complied with your suggestion of 'sending an original composition of my own.' Of the principle I have no doubt, but am naturally distrustful of the execution; not only from the consideration that sexagenary verses are seldom good for much, and that mine are somewhat older, but because I have not had time to grow cool upon them, and to consider them as I should half a year hence. One merit they have, and as you see they *claim* for themselves—that of perfect *truth*. There is not a line for which I could not add a voucher. Of the two copies which I have sent,[1] one is reduced to the prescribed dimensions. They have been printed here at the Government press, to save the trouble of transcribing, and to enable you (if you do not yourself disapprove of them) to send copies to the members of the Committee. I should think that the members whom you mention would be disposed to coincide with me in opinion that the appropriate memorial for such a character is verse. He did not belong to the prosaic every-day world; and in order to speak of him simply and truly, as he was, a most marvellous and extraordinary person, that form of language must be used which has the privilege of saying extraordinary things without offence. In a prose inscription, I should have been perpetually balancing and embarrassed between the desire of doing justice to the subject, and the apprehension of appearing inflated and exaggerated. Verse is under no such restraint, and (while it engages, voluntarily and gratuitously, to confine itself to truth) is at full liberty to speak the *whole truth*.

"I wish I had time to communicate this view of the subject in separate letters to the members of the Committee, particularly Lord Haddington and Lord Morley: the latter is acquainted with Mr. Coleridge, to whose decision, as a critic and a metaphysician, I would willingly submit the question of prose or verse. To the same person also, as a poet, I should be glad to submit the verses, not being, as I said before, able to trust to my own judgment of them, or to the impression they have made upon not more than three persons, to whom they have been communicated.

"I have sent the longer copy (from which the shorter one is reduced to the prescribed dimensions), because the Committee might be disposed to make a different selection, and perhaps a better. The first lines for instance might be discarded, and it would begin with, *Approved through life*, like the most ancient of the Roman epitaphs, *Hunc unum plurimi consentiunt Romæ optimum fuisse virum.*

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[1] See vol. i. pp. 311 and 312.

"Again, the four lines describing his rapidity of invention might also be omitted. They were an afterthought on my part, as necessary to a complete enumeration of his extraordinary faculties, and the *darn*, which always marks an ex-post-facto insertion, is (though I have, as you see, been trying to mend it) still visible at the end. The middle line of the last triplet,—*When Europe's balance*—though a good line, is not quite a perfect rhyme; it might therefore be omitted, though I should be sorry to lose it. This would reduce the number of lines to twenty-five; and as verse may be inscribed in lines more closely together, and in smaller characters, than prose, it need not exceed the dimensions of the Inscription A. In a prose inscription, emphasis and transition must be marked by gaps and breaks in a *perpendicular* direction: for verse this is unnecessary; or, if a new paragraph is to be marked, it is done by advancing the *line* thus in a horizontal direction. The character also may be smaller, as you may satisfy yourself, if you try to read prose or verse by a very imperfect light, or by the known fact that critics are able to decipher a metrical inscription when in a state of mutilation which would render prose illegible. I am glad to hear that the statue is worthy of the subject, and of such a master of his art as Chantrey. He, I think, would be best pleased with an inscription marking the *individuality* of the *character* which he has represented. Of Mr. Canning's political conduct it is surely sufficient to say, what can be said of no other man—that he was at once the favourite of the sovereign and of the people, and that in a time of general peace his death was felt throughout the world as an omen of general danger. To say this, and to be able to say it with truth, is to say every thing. Under all the circumstances, it is more than ever could be said of any other man.

"I am inclined to mention a notion which might be worth the consideration of the dean and chapter:—one of the most striking objects in our church here, the great church of St. John, is the magnificence of the pavement, consisting of large slabs of marble inlaid with Mosaic; each slab being the monument of one of the knights or dignitaries of the Order. They are all of the same size, with some diversity of pattern in each, producing on the whole a most harmonious and striking effect. The mural monuments are reserved for the most distinguished persons (I think for the Grand Masters of the Order almost exclusively), whereas in Westminster Abbey the pavement remains perfectly plain and unornamented, while the walls are crowded, rather to the detriment of the appearance of the building. In St. John's this is avoided, and the whole pavement is like a carpeting of rich Mosaic. I was thinking that if the long inscription were preferred, it might in this way be placed at the foot of the monument, with a border ornamented in any way, or according to any design that might be preferred, the letters being inlaid so as not to present an uneven surface. Such a stone so inlaid would be executed in this country at a small expense.

"As you may perhaps wish to circulate this, I enclose a copy in a more legible hand than my own. Believe me,

"My dear Backhouse, Yours ever sincerely,

"Malta, Oct. 27, 1833." "J. H. FRERE.

After his return to Malta in 1827, he appears to have resumed his former pursuits, but his letters refer little to them till March, 1828, when he sent his brother Bartle sundry commissions for books and periodicals, among which he specifies some of the early numbers of the "Westminster Review," and says:

"You had proposed to send me a new foreign Review, which I should have been glad of; but, instead of it, there has come a quarterly journal of sciences and discoveries, and so forth. I do not dislike it though I do not understand a quarter of it. But I should like to have my foreign Review also.

"Pray tell Montgomerie that I am heartily glad to hear that he is alive and well, and that the Fred. Montgomery in the Commissariate, who is dead, happens to be another person. I was not aware before of the vital importance which attaches to the proper spelling of his name, a mistake in this instance might have been fatal to him, and instances of this kind have been known to occur particularly in France during the Reign of Terror. If his friends every where else were alarmed for him, his own alarm at seeing his name in the condemned list must have been extreme.

"I have been doing some Aristophanes lately, viz. about 400 lines towards completing the Birds. There are about 250 more which are hardly worth finishing, but I think I shall do them."

His sister, who had been to England and returned in 1828, accompanied by one of his brother Edward's daughters, describes him in June, 1829, as well "and much improved "of late in spirits, but he has taken for these two days to "shutting himself up to read a large parchment folio "printed in double columns in small type upon yellow "paper; in short a most formidable article, and it makes "him formidable, for he will scarcely let me go near, for "fear I should expostulate and want him to go out, or at "least open his windows."

He had hardly been roused from his studies by the advent of Marshal Maison, the French Minister of War, who had visited Malta in the Didon frigate, with a large staff, many of them afterwards distinguished among the first French invaders of Algiers.

In August he wrote to his brother Bartle a very touching letter on the early death of Lady Orde, the wife of a nephew to whom he was much attached, and then proceeds to discuss how they should divide the expenses of another nephew at Haileybury.

"Upon the principle upon which the Count of Benevento offered to defray the expense of the forcible operation to be performed on Dr. Villa lobos, 'y sea a mi costa para que mi haya mas bien a mi.' Thus you may go shares with me in the merit of learning Hindostanee of which we shall each obtain a portion vicariously. * * *

"I am glad to hear of Montgomerie's welfare, I did not send him any commissions to be executed at Paris, indeed I am not disposed, with so many claims upon me, to throw away money upon mere curiosity and amusement, and I find it much cheaper to read the old books that I have got already, than to send for new ones. Nevertheless you must send me two: Heeren's 'History of Greece,' printed by Hurst and Co. and the 'History of the Hebrew Commonwealth,' a translation from the German by the same printer. I forgot Clinton's 'Fasti Hellenici,' I think printed by Rivington, which I should also be glad to have. The sheets of the Frogs are at his service,—I mean Montgomerie's, though there has been rather a long parenthesis between the pronoun and antecedent. I am thinking of finishing them, and have got over the most impracticable parts, either by translating or shewing how and why they cannot be translated.

"I have read Bourienne and agree with him (Montgomerie again) in liking it much. He seems to have a real zeal for truth. I have also read Madame de Barry which I must think authentic.

Τουτι μεν τοι θαυμαστον * * *
ταδε γαρ ειπειν την πανουργον
κατα το φανερον ωδ᾽ αναιδως
ουδ᾽ αν ᾽ωο μην εν ῾ημιν ουδε τολμησαι ποτ᾽αν.[1]

"The drabs of the Court certainly had a right to be scandalized and astounded at the appearance of a drab so much more stupendous and enormous than any that had ever appeared amongst them before.

"Did not Rose desire a copy [of some of Aristophanes] for a lady who had fallen in love with them and him? and has he got one? If not, and the lady's longing is not over, let her have one by all means."

He took a deep interest in the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, which became law in April of this year (1829). "It ought," he said, "to have passed long before. "Had Pitt lived it would have been passed directly there "was breathing time after the great war was ended." A note of a conversation mentioned in a letter from his niece says, "He expressed great astonishment at the sudden "change of opinion in the House of Lords, and added that "if his mind had not been made up on the subject thirty "years before, he did not think that anything that had

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[1] Aristoph. Thesmophoriazusæ, v. 520. Ed. Bekker. "This indeed is the wonder . . . For I could not have believed that there ever was any woman among us, who would have dared to have said publicly such things so shamelessly."

" lately occurred would have convinced him." " It had " always appeared to him," he said, " that there were but " two possible courses in the present state of things, either " excessive severity, or a relaxation of all attempts at " coercion ; no middle course would succeed, and arguing " merely on the expediency of the measure, without re- " ference to any higher motive, it is surely advisable to try " the latter. It is true, that if the Roman Catholics were " to break out into actual rebellion, they might *now* be " crushed at once ; but experience had taught us the effect " of such repression would only last for a time, and thirty " years hence a new generation would spring up and would " have to be quelled in like manner.

" The ancient Romans, who certainly never acted with " unnecessary lenity, found themselves obliged to admit the " other Italian States to the privileges of Roman citizens. " Supposing we were able to consult, if not Satan himself, " say his namesake and imitator, Nicholas Machiavel ; after " explaining the case to him, he would certainly answer, " ' It is not two centuries ago since many of your country- " ' men were sent down here, Irton and several others, " ' who I was told, belonged to the Calvinistic party ; have " ' you none of that stuff left ? Cannot you employ one sect " ' against the other ? No feeling of remorse seemed to " ' come across them, they exterminated. This is your only " ' plan. Have you none left whom you could trust with the " ' same system ? What have you done with the Calvinists ?' " ' Why, to own the truth, the Calvinists have become phi- " ' lanthropists. In these days, they open Sunday schools, " ' and are promoters of negro emancipation, in short you " ' would hardly think they were the same sect.' ' In that " ' case you have but one course left, make the Catholics a " ' part of the State, and consequently make it their interest " ' to uphold it.' "

September 11th, 1829, he wrote to his brother Bartle:

"I have finished the Frogs, as far as they are capable of being translated, and as soon as they are transcribed (by my amanuensis) shall send you over a copy, and if you would take the trouble of overlooking the press, would print two hundred and fifty copies for distribution among the few who are likely to care for such a work.

"In addition to the other works translated from [the] German, which I begged you to send me, I see one on the Dorians, which I should be glad to have. It is translated by a pair of translators (like Niebuhr's work) the name of one of whom is Tuffnell, which was the name of an old class fellow of mine at Cormick's school.

"Susan tells me that she has been writing to you, so I may spare myself the trouble of recollecting whether there is any gossip which you would care to hear. Public news there is none. It is a great pity the Sultan did not make peace while he might have done it with some credit to his new system; now it must be utterly discredited by the event, and almost impossible to establish to any purpose after such a desengaño."

This year the opera at Valetta had been started under new and improved management, greatly to the delight of the Malta world. "Mr. Frere," his sister writes, "is the "only obstinate despiser of this opera. If there is a comic "opera he may perhaps go. This is what he says some-"times with so grave a face that I almost believe he is in "earnest. . . . I wish you" (his brother Bartle,) "were "here to read over with my brother his translations. He "is quite himself again since he has taken to that work "afresh, but he does feel the want of some one who can "understand the subject of them and correct errors with "him. He says there are many mistakes that a careful "review with a friend of competent knowledge would enable "him to detect. He is however determined to print what "he has done to present to his friends. I could almost "wish they were to be published for the benefit of such "simpletons as myself, for independent of their merit as a "faithful rendering of the sense of the original the lively "representation of character, with the play of fancy ex-"pressed in such genuine English, choice phraseology and "variety of harmonious measure, makes a very delightful "reading. There is the spirit and life of an original composition."

In a letter of October, 1829, his niece writes, "My uncle "Frere is not in good spirits about the state of things in "England, and this makes him think of Mr. Canning, and of "the loss he was to the country; to give you an idea of his "depression at times, some one in conversation alluded to "the feelings becoming callous with age; I said, 'I thought "'people were often mistaken, for that though the feelings "'were frequently blunted by age, yet I thought people did "'not discriminate, and often mistook for want of feeling "'the resignation which is the consequence of being im-"'pressed with the shortness of time of separation.' My "uncle said, 'You are quite right, I have felt it myself; I "think twenty years ago, Canning's death would have "caused mine; as it is, the time seems so short, I do not "feel it as I otherwise should.'"

In October of this year he received the intelligence of the death of his sister the Dowager Lady Orde, "the first "inroad which death has made upon us," as he said in writing to his brother.

In the following March his sister, Miss Frere, writes that "he has been doing more translations from Theognis, "prettier several of them than the first, of which we sent a "copy last mail."

Lady Erroll's failing health and increasing weakness caused him much anxiety at this time. His sister writes in April, "My brother has walked up with Lady Erroll's "sedan as far as the bastion by Lord Hastings' monument, "and passed an hour or more in sitting there or pacing "up and down, but with this exception he has scarcely "moved out of the house for many weeks, nor stirred from "his dressing-room till the dinner-hour. However, he seems "now in good health, and much interested about the pro-"jected emigration from Roydon."

In July she mentions his having written to Rossetti a strong dissuasion against publishing an enlarged edition of the "Spirito Antipapale." He had also missed in reading over Rossetti's "Salterio," as published, some very good lines, upon the ambitious tyranny of Bonaparte, which had been in the MS. and which he wished had been retained, as showing what were the author's opinions respecting what is to be styled tyranny, and the barrier which separates it from the legitimate restraint of kingly government.

The following letters are on the subject of the projected emigration from Roydon to which his sister alluded. The first is to his brother Temple, then Rector of Roydon, and is dated Malta, April 26, 1830:—

"You see that I am going to be tedious with malice prepense, as I think Burke says somewhere upon the same occasion of beginning a letter upon a long sheet of paper. But there is a piece of intelligence in your letter which coincides with views and notions which I have long had in my mind. It seems that emigration has begun from Roydon and the neighbourhood. It is what I had long wished to see, though if I had been there, I should hardly have known how to propose or originate a plan, of which the immediate result is a relief to the parish, accompanied with the expatriation of a part of its inhabitants; yet, since it has arisen spontaneously, I much regret that I am not upon the spot, as I think I see in it the beginning of what may be infinite advantage to the nation, or might be, at least if the scheme were followed up by persons of active and practical benevolence.

"If the current of emigration is directed to New York or any of the American States, all I have said is nothing to the purpose—the emigrants when they arrive will mix with and be lost among the multitude of the natives,[1] and there will very soon be an end of any connection between them and their former friends and neighbours at home. But let us suppose them to be settled in Canada with which we have a constant communication, and where they might be settled in a body together. I say then that we shall have means of assisting them beyond the mere expenses for their outfit (whereas in America they would have to shift for themselves) and they, in their turn, when they have got over their first difficulties, having more land than they will be able to cultivate with their own labour, will be glad to provide employment for the sons of their old acquaintances who may be sent over to them under indentures as farming servants for a certain time, supposing them to be sent out at 14, 15, or 16, and to be bound for 7, 6, or 5 years, they would at the expiration of the time find themselves at liberty to set up for themselves with much more knowledge of the country, and other advantages, than the present new settlers. Such a system once established (and I think it might be established with great ease) would at once deliver us from all the embarrassments arising from want of employment at home, and would give a much more respectable character to the new colony, connecting it at the same time (which is a consideration for the Government) with the mother country, more closely perhaps than any other means that could be imagined.

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[1] Like salt in water, as Sancho says.

"Indeed when I consider the immense tracts of unoccupied country which England possesses in Canada, in Africa, and in Australia (or Australasia, which is it?) I cannot see why every parish in Great Britain might not have its counterpart in one or more of these countries; and when I consider the difficulties which were to be overcome in a very beneficial scheme, but one of much less ultimate importance, I mean that of the Saving Banks, it seems to me that nothing is wanting but a portion of the same energy to accomplish it—and though I am very deficient in this and other practical qualities, and therefore should not feel confident that I could be of much use, yet so much am I in earnest that I can assure you that if I were at liberty to visit England at this time, I would do so for the sake of seeing what was to be done, and what could be done in this sample of such a scheme which has just sprung up at my own door.

"There is one branch of industry which I think will recommend them—all the Roydon people know something of the growth and management of hemp, and it is an object with Government to encourage the growth of it in Canada, instead of drawing it, as we do now, from Russia. You tell me that 130 are going from North and South Lopham in a month—I hope they will have settled some regular correspondence with them. I hope you will assign a page in your 'Register' to the emigration from Roydon, recording the names, &c., that they may know that they leave a memorial behind them. Engage them to write to you and to their friends; we will contrive that the postage shall cost them nothing on either side. Let them mention in their letters the name of any respectable man in trade, through whom any letters or presents may be sent to them. Let them take out two maps of the country (which I will pay for), and let them return one of them with the place where they are settled distinctly marked, which I shall be glad to see, and hope you will allow it a place on the wall of the vestry. I hope they will call the place Roydon. As the number of our colonists is only 20, I should hope they may keep together and settle together,—it would be very useful if the absolutely necessary trades, such as blacksmith, carpenter, shoemaker, are among the number; and if they are not, it would be desirable that any such may be induced to join them, and if none such can be found in the parish, I would, on my own account, do as much for them as the parish does for the others—perhaps Finningham may furnish some artificer of the kind. If the colonization continues it would be useful that a lad or two should, upon declaring their willingness to go, have a year or two's education given him in a blacksmith's or carpenter's shop; on their arrival they would earn sufficient wages, and would be better off than any other new settlers. Have they any woman amongst them who could be capable of assisting the others in child-birth? If they have not, this is a thing to be thought of, though perhaps not to be mentioned; for nature manages those matters better than apprehension represents them.

"And now let me put in a piece of whim or vanity of my own. Put up twenty sovereigns in four sealed papers (five in each), and let them be given to the mothers of the four first Roydon children that are born in Canada, being intrusted in the meanwhile to the most trustworthy person of the party; and I should wish that the children might be named after me, or my dear good mother, John, or Jane Frere, that it may be recollected that there were persons of our name, who had a considerate kindness for them, which certainly could not be more welcome, than under such circumstances in a new country.

"Of the annoyances and inconveniences which they will have to encounter, the one of which I have heard the greatest complaint is the quantity of gnats, a great deal worse and in greater numbers than those that are bred in Roydon Fen; it would not be amiss to take out two or three dozen yards of gauze as a defence, which the women and perhaps the men may be glad to make use of against this nuisance. The only diseases are agues, which are sometimes tedious though not by any means dangerous, and rarely so violent as to disable a man from work; this is the case all over America, and not confined to Canada. They will do well perhaps to take a stock of bark, remembering (for we have some experience of agues at Roydon), that it is not to be used till after the patient has gone through a thorough purge, and for this purpose they may as well be provided with a large box of Mr. Hine's smartest pills.

"The greatest difficulty for new settlers consists in the scarcity of money. Grain is cheap—meat is cheap—land may be had at first for nothing, and afterwards for next to nothing—fuel costs nothing, but the trouble of cutting down the trees. But money is scarce, and markets at a long distance through roads which Norfolk justices would consider as inditable. In their own immediate neighbourhood the bargains among new settlers are, I believe, chiefly in the way of barter; a man gives grain in exchange for pigs, or pigs for grain, and keeps his money for the purchase of articles from England, such as tools, clothes, and household ware. Labour indeed is highly paid, but in the beginning this cuts two ways, for the labour of building a house, for instance (which must be finished before the beginning of winter) is one in which the people there, who are used to it, are very expert, and therefore it is sometimes more useful to hire them, than to lose time in attempting a work in which new settlers are unaccustomed and awkward. The best way, as I have heard, is for a company of settlers (such a company, for instance, as is now going from Roydon) to content themselves for the first winter with living together in a single building, after which, they may (when their means are improved) divide and establish themselves separately, receiving from the family who continue to live in the original building, such a part of the value as may be agreed upon. This is of great importance, that they may constitute a community in the first instance, however small that community may be; it is the groundwork for everything which may be done hereafter. For this purpose then, I will advance them fifty pounds, and if, at the end of a year, I receive a voucher attesting that they have been living together, and are settled together, I will again send them the same sum. One of the inconveniences which is felt by new settlers is the impossibility of supplying the want of various little articles of convenience. A woman breaks her teapot, and the shop perhaps is twenty miles off,—it is desirable therefore that all the utensils they take out with them should be of durable materials—pewter and wood and copper, with as little crockery and earthenware as possible, as the breakage in bad roads, and afterwards in a confused and crowded dwelling, will be very considerable—and here is a glorious opportunity for the old pewter plates, with the arms of Alderman Ironside, which we used to dine upon in my grandfather's time, and which, I suppose, the servants would now disdain. Let them be roused to enterprise, and summoned to useful and active service; let them descend from the kitchen-shelves, and with a simultaneous and enthusiastic impulse, crossing the Atlantic and ascending the majestic St. Lawrence, let them become the ornament of the rising colony. When they may exclaim with Dido in Virgil, "Urbem præclarum statui, mea mœnia vidi." The appearance of the Alderman's coat of arms, presented to their imagination at their daily meals, will, I trust, tend to counteract that tendency to Democracy, which is said to be so lamentably prevalent in new settlements. I mentioned before the scarcity of money, and I stated the case of a broken teapot; now, in addition to the bad roads and the fifteen miles, it may happen that the settler may not have money to purchase it; he may have twenty acres in wheat and half-a-dozen fat hogs, and at the same time may be at a loss to raise a couple of dollars; the fact is, that these things, provisions and produce, are not money, nor hardly money's worth, they must be carried to a distant and limited market, and sold for a low price. This leads to another consideration: may not our people contrive to escape from this inconvenience? I think that they may; or may be easily enabled to do so. They understand the growth and management of hemp. Some can weave, and the women can spin, they would thus produce an article that would be saleable at a better price than it would fetch in England, and that price in actual money. The bale of hempen cloth would not cost as much in carrying to market as a sack of wheat, and would not be liable to be killed with overdriving in a bad road. But it may be thought that settlers in a new country will have enough to do without any time left for occupations which must be carried on within doors, such as spinning, weaving, and hackling—this is not the case: during the winter they will have a good deal of useless time upon their hands, which it will be advisable for them to turn to account. This is the general report from all who have given us an account of Canada. If therefore a weaver is of the party it will be so much the better, if not, I would be at any reasonable charge to engage one to join them, for if they have not a weaver to work it up for them, the market for yarn, I am afraid, would be a very poor one. If they are placed on a good land for the growth of hemp, we might apprentice a parish boy to a rope-maker, and send out cunning artificers in rope and twine, which are articles in constant use and demand in an increasing country.

"There are other handicrafts in which an industrious man might occupy himself, when he is debarred from out of doors labour, such as turning in wood, a material they have at hand. The Tyrolese in their long winters contrive to earn a good deal by this branch of industry, they make toys which are sold all over Europe; but in Canada, I imagine, they have not much taste for toys, we would make bowls and platters, and things of real necessary use, which would find a sale among our sensible industrious neighbours. But the hour admonishes me to be brief (as somebody says) therefore let me recapitulate.

"Whatever things are necessary for domestic use in copper, pewter, or wood (and everything that they want should be as far as possible of these materials, though iron is safer than copper, and ought, indeed, if to be had, to be preferred), all these things I will provide at my own charges, exclusive of a free donation of the chivalrous and heraldic pewter plates before alluded to, and which I trust will remain to form an incident in the future novels of a Canadian Mr. Cooper.

"Moreover, a supply of bark and of a sufficient number of Cathartic pills; likewise three or four dozen yards of gauze. Moreover a venture of hempen cloth, the produce of Roydon, to be sold as a specimen of our manufacturing industry, and of that which they may establish with greater advantage, when its incomparable durable qualities are known and approved. This venture to be about ten pounds, or rather more than less, but if there should be aught of it in the market, you may go as far as twenty.

"Fifthly (I think it is) fifty pounds in hand for the expenses of building a dwelling sufficient to shelter them for the first winter.

"Sixthly, fifty pounds to be paid a year hence.

"Seventhly, the twenty sovereigns in four packets, as mentioned.

"Eighthly, Farewell dinner at the 'White Hart,' for the whole party, with a sovereign under each plate.

"The other things which are contingent, such as engaging persons of necessary trades, I leave, as indeed I must leave, much of what I have mentioned (and in which you may happen to know that I am wrong) to your judgment. But do not think that I over-estimate the advantage of the plan if it can be accomplished, or that I shall grudge the expence (whatever it may be) of accomplishing it. We are providing a regular outlet for superfluous and unemployed labour, instead of suffering it to accumulate until it becomes burdensome and dangerous, and then sending out droves of people unconnected and undisciplined, to live like white Maroons in the woods—this seems our present course.

"Let them not forget to take a sample of hemp seed. I see that in my recapitulation I have not mentioned the two maps."

"April 30.

"Tell Lady Margaret (Cameron) that my lady has been ill, but is now much better; we are under no uneasiness about her."

The following letter was written while the French invasion of Algeria was impending, and was sent by one of the steam-packets started to run every six weeks from Falmouth to Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu. These were the first regular steam-packets which ran to the Mediterranean:—

"MY DEAR BARTLE, "*Malta, April 29th*, 1830.

"The steamer from England brought me your packet yesterday, and to-day a steamer from Corfu, going to England, will take this; but it starts at twelve, which hardly gives me time to say or determine any of the questions which you suggest respecting the Frogs.

"I am vexed to think that 1,500 sheets of that nice paper should have been thrown away upon an imperfect copy. However, the punctuation is detestable; there is hardly such a thing as a semicolon, or anything but commas throughout. It is an art which I never learnt. Dear Canning had a little vanity about it, and was never better pleased than when he was correcting a proof-sheet, and putting the proper stops; so that in that, and in many other things, I never felt the necessity of correcting my own deficiencies. Upon the whole, if there is enough of the same paper to print the whole, I think I would send back the copy, which I have now received, with, perhaps, some little alterations and a less faulty punctuation; otherwise, copies corrected by hand, which might be done neatly and without so great an expense, would agree well enough with the character of non-publication, which I am anxious to preserve, and which is expressed in the pococuranteism of the preface. I do not mean to add my name, except in writing 'with Mr. Frere's comp^{ts}.,' to the persons they are sent to. If I should allow any copies to be sold at the universities, which, perhaps, I may do, the circumstance of the name would make it a publication, therefore it is best to omit it.

"But I will say no more upon this head till the return of your steam-packet from Corfu; by that time I shall have got a standing writing-desk instead of scribbling with a folio on my knees for want of one, as I am now doing. I have, in the meantime, a scheme of more urgency in point of time, and in which, I think, you may be as kindly disposed to co-operate.

"I think you know Mr. Hay of the Colonial-office? if not, he is a person whom I like very much, and who, I believe, likes me, as I have endeavoured to keep up his liking by sending him some little amusing works in clay, representing Maltese families and manners. Well, I received from Temple an account of a projected emigration from Roydon. The letter which I send to him in answer I send open to Mr. Hay, desiring him, if he pleases, to read it, and then to frank and forward it. A copy of this letter is here enclosed; but as it will arrive before the original, which was sent by the old sailing packet, I will thank you to dispatch it to Temple, that it may have a better chance of arriving in time. I will not trouble Hay with receiving the copy first, and then the original. Official people do not like to be overbored with the volunteer crotchets of individuals, and Canada, I believe, is not on Hay's side of the office, nor am I acquainted with his colleague; but I have written to him (Hay) on the subject, hoping that he may assist, and telling him that I wish the people, of whom I give a very good character, to be kept together, and to be located on land that will serve for hemp, and that, if they are formed into a parish, I will settle a stipend for the priest, that is if I live four or five years longer. I shall, of course, expect that the advowson shall be mine, or given to the person I appoint, and that the parson shall have from Government a sufficient allotment of land. I will also give something towards building a log-house church, which may stand, perhaps, 1,000 years. There is such a one now somewhere in Kent. Who knows but Master John, whom we are sending to college, and who ought to make an excellent clergyman, might be settled in this way, and become the squire parson and patriarch of New Roydon. Unless something of this kind is done—if, now that the spirit of enterprise has reached the lower ranks, the gentry and persons of education do not put themselves at the head of it, they are only getting rid of a present inconvenience, with the prospect of creating other evils in future.

"Our present emigration is a mere secession of the plebeians, and we cannot flatter ourselves that their *mons sacri*, in Canada or elsewhere, will long continue friendly or submissive. Our great error (an error of omission) was at the end of the war. There were then hundreds of young gentlemen inured to hardships and looking out for some provision or employment, who would have contributed a gentry in the new colonies. The multiplication of younger brothers may do much, if accompanied with a reduction of those establishments in which they now roost themselves. But the midshipmen and lieutenants who had been keeping a winter's blockade of Brest and Toulon, and the lieutenants and ensigns who had starved and fought through the Peninsular, would have made better backwoodsmen than our present growth of destitute dandies.

"I am comical to be talking about plebeians, when we are, in fact, nothing else ourselves, save and except our ancient and undoubted right to the two flanches and leopards' faces; which flanches, as heralds say, typify flitches of bacon,[1] signifying that the original grantee was a thriving churl. I do not believe them; but, be that as it may, I think such as we are, people of our class are necessary in new colonies, and perhaps as useful in this country as the great [flirting] and game-preserving establishments, with their elopements and battues.

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[1] This, as far as I can learn, is a perfectly original heraldic theory; *Vide ante*, p. xii.

"To have done with nonsense—

"If, from what you learn from Temple, the letter which he receives from me does not arrive too late, and if the Roydonians are not already departed, will you call upon Hay, and show him the copy of the letter which I wrote to Temple, or, in any way which your diplomacy may suggest, endeavour to procure through him as favourable a recommendation for these honest people as possible; even if they should be gone, it would not perhaps be too late to accomplish the objects which I wish, of keeping them together, placing them on hemp land, and sending the money for their first habitation; and for the women, perhaps, too, the utensils of pewter, &c., might be sent and consigned for their use. You will judge that I am anxious about this, when this time and the last I have written upon nothing else."

He then gives his brother a commission for a number of locks with a master key:—

"I wonder that I should have gone on so long without them, considering the fuss and trouble they will save me. There is no Maltese lock which will not open with a crooked nail, and I have recourse to all sorts of expedients, to put things out of the way.

"Mr. John Frere, of the 'Rattlesnake' [his nephew], is just come in from Algiers. They had gone to bring away the consul's wife and family; but the Dey, it seems, being desperate, has refused to let them go; so the admiral is going to try if he can prevail. It seems a difficult negotiation, for you can threaten nothing more than they are already prepared for.

"My lady has been very unwell, but is getting better. I positively forbid her writing, for her illness was brought on, I believe, mainly by over-exertion in scribbling late at night.

"All that I have said about Algiers is a first report, and false, as usual. The second is, that the French object to our going through their blockade . . so the admiral is going to negotiate with the French; this is the present version.

"In the meanwhile Jane is going to see her brother at the Parlatorio, and I continue scribbling in my nightgown; but I will not scribble any more, but shave and dress, for the departure of the steamer is deferred in consequence of this intelligence."

"MY DEAR BROTHER, "*Malta, May 8th*, 1830.

"This letter is begun by candlelight. "Ante diem laborum cum lumine,' as the poet says. I wish I had kept a copy of my last, for I cannot recollect it so perfectly as not to feel in doubt that something may have been omitted which I should have wished to have said upon the subject of the Roydon emigrants. I forget whether I mentioned that you might show it to Mr. Hay, who would feel an interest even in the unofficial part of it, of and concerning the Frogs. The Frogs above mentioned have not advanced so rapidly as you wished in your last letter, and as I intended at the time I received it. The continued illness of my poor lady had left my mind incapable of doing anything but what was merely mechanical. . . We have been for many days nearly in the same state as you may remember us to have been when we left Grove House. We are, however, at present decidedly on the mending hand, and have been so for three or four days past, and I have little doubt but that, with the means of management that we have, and our experience of her complaint, together with the season of the year, which is always favourable to her, we shall see her again before long restored to a state of tolerable health and comfort; but in the meantime constant attention is necessary, and I am not sufficiently at leisure to study the mysteries of punctuation.

"As with printing 500 there will be more copies than can be wanted for distribution among my friends or acquaintance or literary persons whom I know of, I shall send a parcel to Cambridge to be sold by a bookseller, just like the verses of any ordinary poet, the profits whereof, being paid into William's hand, will form my contribution in behalf of his protégé. * * * *

" Did you not say, or was it George, that you should like to be the custode of my Sicilian medals, which are now in said Hoare's hands? I shall send him an order to deliver them to you, on your applying in person and giving a receipt, which he will forward to me. It is always right to be priggish and particular with one's banker. I have got a gold medal, of the size of the second large gold one. This new one is in profile; the second is obverse, as we call it; so that, if I were in England, I might address myself in the language of the Abbate Calcagna to Lord Northwick—

"'E voi che in questa laureata Metropoli del Britannico Unito 'Impero, dove la Numismatica è stata ed è in tanto pregio, e 'donde surgono *Nummologi Genii sublimi*, siete pur felice di una

'Greco-Sicula collezione, a nessuna di quante. Se ne vedano 'fuori di Sicilia Minore.'

"Now this is what I call true eloquence, and, if English people think otherwise, it cannot be helped; but certainly the Italians ought to know best.

"By the bye, I see there is a quarto book, I think with plates, an historical account of medals, lately published, which is highly spoken of. I cannot recollect the name or find the advertisement at this moment; but your bookseller, probably, will know it, and I should be glad if he would send it me. I shall want, also, the following:—'Identity of Druidical and Hebrew Worship,' by Nimmo, Gower Street; 'Services of Mr. Dawson,' by Smith, Elder & Co.; 'Veracity of Five Books of Moses,' Rev. J. Blunt, printed, I think, at Cambridge. Your said bookseller has sent me in (five months ago) an account in which there are articles of which I know nothing, not even the names of the books; others of which I have a distinct recollection that they were paid for at the time, being little classics which I bought for my nephews. Nevertheless, as I do not think I should better myself by changing, and as it will be more convenient for you if you will take the trouble of my commissions in this kind; moreover, as he is a Norfolk man, and not a Scotchman, we will remain as we are.

* * * * * * *

"We are still in town, but the weather is so fine that I regret our present inability to move to the Pieta.

"Well, my dear Bartle, I must write to other people as well as you, though they consist mainly of commissions; yet you see there are two sheets fairly counted, and if that is not enough, I will send you a third, just to show that Aristophanes has been in my thoughts, in spite of impediments and disturbances."

The following, intended as an introduction to the translation of the Frogs, was inclosed in the foregoing letter:—

"The writer of this translation having for many years past found an unfailing source of amusement and occupation in the Comedies of Aristophanes, has felt unwilling that the result of much time and attention—greater, probably, than any other person is ever likely to bestow upon such a subject—should be left liable to the common destiny of posthumous manuscripts; a small edition, therefore, of one of the translated comedies has been printed, sufficient for distribution among the narrowed circle of his surviving friends; sufficient, also, to serve as a token of respect to those learned persons whose advice and assistance, if it had been attainable at an earlier period, might have encouraged him to venture on a more extended publication.

"With respect to the rising race of scholars, with whom, he regrets, he has had no opportunity of becoming acquainted, but amongst whom there may possibly have arisen some feeling of curiosity respecting an attempt which, whether right or wrong, has been undertaken upon a new principle, no method of distribution has appeared more obvious or less invidious than that of sending the remaining copies to be sold by a bookseller at the university to which he has the honour to belong."

In the summer of 1830 he made a yachting trip to Marseilles, in the hope of benefiting Lady Erroll's health. The following is from a letter to his brother Bartle written in September, after their return to Malta:—

"I have sent the Frogs. You have, I think, or had at Hampstead, a more complete copy of the Birds than I have here. I should be glad to have a copy of it taken, and sent out here, or the original sent out here, leaving a copy behind in case of accidents. It is not perfect, nor is the play finished, but I have done some more of it. I do not wish *any* distribution to be made of the Frogs, till I can send something by way of preface (extracted from my own review of Mitchell's translation).

"But I have never told you how we were at Marseilles on the day the ordonnance came down, and the newspapers were stopped. How afraid everybody was to say a word. This was on Saturday the 31st of July. On the Sunday and Monday it was known that there was resistance; so, on the Monday, the 'jeunes gens' of the Athenæum and the merchants' clerks, &c., were in meeting against the prefect, but the common people took no part. Why should they? On the Tuesday the telegraph proclamation (of the Duke of Orleans as Lieutenant-General) which had arrived the evening before, was published, and we set sail for Malta. Last time it took nine years for the Revolution to reach Malta from Paris. How long will it take this time?"

Later in the year his sister describes him as enjoying, as usual, the society of his friends Dr. Davy and Mr. Nugent, and much interested in the accounts he had received of the extraordinary talent developed by a brother of Mrs. Davy's who had been brought up to the law, but who had shown an irresistible bent for the fine arts, especially sculpture. He had again become seriously alarmed at the state of his wife's health, and in December he writes to his brother Bartle:—

> "I have no notes to Frogs to send you this time. My lady's illness has in fact quite unhinged me. She is now out of immediate danger, but deplorably and distressingly weak. Will you send me a copy of the *Birds?* I have almost finished them, but I have no copy of the part which is in England.
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> "I am so pressed for time that I must desire you to thank George for his letter. I perfectly agree with his view of the state of things. The burthen of taxation must be shifted on to the shoulders of the proprietors. Till that is done, we have no right to tax the necessities of the commonalty."

In January, 1831, his anxieties regarding his wife were terminated; Lady Erroll passed away after a brief interval of sufferings hardly more acute than those to which she had been long subject. The removal of one who had been for so many years the object of constant affectionate thought and devoted care, left a terrible void. He had injured his back by a fall a few days before, and could only attend the funeral by being carried in a chair to the boat which took him across the Quarantine Harbour. The letters of those around him give a vivid picture of his mental agony, aggravated by severe bodily pain. The grave was in the old garrison burial-ground, in a bastion of the outworks of Valetta, overlooking the Quarantine Harbour, and in sight of Mr. Frere's residence at the Pieta. He had desired that the funeral should be as private as possible, and his wishes were respected, his sister and his two nieces being his only companions; but an old priest relates how 6000 of the poor Maltese, to whom Lady Erroll had been greatly endeared by her charities, came to visit the grave as a mark of respect, retiring to a distance as the funeral approached.

His sister, writing a fortnight afterwards to his brother Bartle, tells him that a copy he had made of some portion of the Aristophanes which had been left in England, had arrived most opportunely to divert Mr. Frere's mind from dwelling on his own grief.

"He is more and more in admiration of your work. "'Not less than 1,300 lines written out in his own hand— "'that is something like a brother!' said he to me this "morning, and I set about reckoning for him what he had "done in addition, and find there are near 900 lines which "he says shall be copied out from the margin of the copy "of Aristophanes which you gave him."

Three months later he writes to his brother—

"In the list of Leipsic publications I see 'De Babyloniis Aristophanis Commentatis.' I should wish very much to have it, in order to see whether it agrees with my own conjecture, viz., that it was a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the Athenian schemes of imperial policy exemplified in the supposed case of their utmost possible or impossible success.

"With respect to the Frogs, I wish to have the text printed now that the types are set up, and not to be at the expense of keeping them standing. The notes will follow, and be printed separately at the end.

"I want to say a word about our nephew George. He said to me (in a postscript) that he should like to emigrate. If it is a fixed and serious wish, and one which his father would approve of, I should be willing to contribute to it to the best of my ability, since no one can tell what the state of Europe or of England may be. I should not be sorry to see one of the family established with a house and a barn, and a few hundred acres, in a quiet quarter of the globe, and he might find recruits to accompany him from Roydon and Finningham. In his office,[1] it occurs to me that by an effort he might distinguish himself and become indispensable.

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[1] The Foreign Office.

There is no one there now who can translate a Russian Gazette. If he could acquire this accomplishment, it would make him known and talked of as a Frere ought to be, and might lead to other things as being sent out secretary to an ambassador there. It is a language which will ultimately be considered as indispensable in that office, and the first (whoever he is) that acquires it, will be thought to have great merit. I am sorry to see by the paper so poor an account of Lord Holland. I hear nothing else of him, but the symptoms seem very fearful ones."

The subject of emigration still continued to occupy much of his thoughts; his sister writes of him, "It is very strange "that my brother in the midst of his first grief, looking "over a book of Mr. Wilmot Horton's, which he sent out "to him here, in which there is much of attack of Mr. "Sadler upon the subject of emigration, set about writing "some remarks which are very forcible in his peculiar style "of grave irony and humour, they are scratched at the end "of the book, and in return for my reading to him one "night the 'Remedies of Pauperism,' in hopes of putting "him to sleep, he made me laugh afterwards with his "observations."

In May she describes him as "very busy studying He-"brew. When he has tried his eyes over much with the "vowel points, he learns some by heart. This keeps him "in cheerful, even spirits."

On the 5th of August, 1831, he wrote to his brother Bartle:—

"Malta, August 5, 1831.

"My dear Bartle,—

"I send an advertisement to be prefixed to the Frogs, which I hope you will not object to; I send a title-page also, which I do not like so well. Perhaps it would be better to put the Frogs of Aristophanes, translated in English verse, adding the motto from Virgil's 'Catalecta.'

"We are very well here, but hotter than anything ever was. Our Governor has left us on leave, which is a great loss to us.

"Being rather out of the reach of moral volcanoes, we are occupied with a natural unmetaphorical one in the neighbourhood, *i. e.* about 120 miles off,[1] which I think too far for visiting distance—as little am I disposed to visit the moral volcanoes. Have you seen what Niebuhr says? I believe it has been the feeling and apprehension of great numbers. It is one of the subjects which I can hardly bear to think of; therefore, the less is said about it the better."

The "advertisement" inclosed in the above letter was as follows. It is slightly altered from that given at p. ccx.:—

"The first forty pages of the following translation having been printed above ten years ago, had remained since that time as an incumbrance in the printer's warehouse. It became necessary therefore either to condemn them at once as waste paper, or to distribute them in an imperfect state to those friends to whom complete copies had been promised; or finally (under the disadvantages of absence and distance, and a growing indifference to the task) to finish the printing of the entire play. This has been done, and in addition to the narrowed circle of the author's private friends, copies will be presented to those learned persons, whose advice and assistance, if it had been attainable at an earlier period, might perhaps have justified a more extended publication. With respect to the rising race of scholars with whom he has had no opportunity of being acquainted, no method of distribution has appeared more obvious or less invidious, than that of sending the remaining copies to be disposed of by a bookseller at the University to which he has the honour to belong.

"This play was exhibited during the last crisis of Athenian power and ascendancy (at a time when peace upon equal and honourable terms was still attainable) after the victory at Arginusæ and before the final and irrevocable defeat at Ægospotamos."

"Title page:—

"The Frogs of Aristophanes, being an attempt to convey to the English reader, some notion of the comic design and characteristic humour of the original. '*Si patrio Graios carmine adire sales Possumus, optatis plus jam processimus ipsis.*'—VIRGIL."

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[1] Graham's Island, which rose from the sea between Malta and Sicily, and after a few months sank again. A description of it by Sir Walter Scott, who landed on it in Nov. 1831, will be found in "Lockhart's Life," chap. lxxxi.

Later in the year he was much occupied by a reference from Mr. Bandinell on the choice of an epitaph on Mr. Canning; with what result has been already described.[1]

On November 3rd, 1831, he wrote to his brother Bartle in reply to a question as to the proper time for a young man to go to college:—

"I do not know what opinion you expected me to give about ——, or why I should give an opinion, when others as well able to judge are on the spot. I only think, in general, that the longer a man's education lasts, and consequently the later he goes to college, the better chance he has of distinguishing himself, both at college or afterwards, therefore I am very well satisfied with hearing that his father has decided on his passing a year at the King's College.

"I will send you positively by the next packet, either by notes or by an extract from my review of Mitchell's 'Aristophanes,' enough to fill up the sheet. For it must be very hard to keep the printer so long with his press standing.

"The letter (which I thank you for having managed with your usual diplomacy) was to show the true grounds of the present discontents which are wholly fiscal, the removal of them would, I am persuaded, have obviated any call for Reform, and would now obviate, as I conceive, any dangerous discontent at its rejection. I have been writing by candle-light, and it is now sunrise. So good morning."

In November of this year he had the melancholy pleasure of welcoming Sir Walter Scott to Malta.

They had been friends since their first meeting in 1806, when Scott wrote from London to Ellis, "I met with your " friend Mr. Canning in town, and claimed his acquaintance " as a friend of yours, and had my claim allowed; also Mr. " Frere,—both delightful companions, far too good for

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[1] *Vide ante*, p. cxc.

" politics and for winning and losing places. When I say " I was more pleased with their society than I thought had " been possible on so short an acquaintance, I pay them " a very trifling compliment and myself a very great one." Similarity of tastes and feelings, and of opinions on many important questions of public policy, had made them closer friends than might have been expected from the infrequency of their personal intercourse.

Many anecdotes of this their last meeting are to be found in Lockhart's " Life of Scott," and in the quotations from Mrs. Davy's journals, which relate to Sir Walter's stay at Malta.

After describing her first visit to Sir Walter in Quarantine, Mrs. Davy says, " our visit was short, and we left Mr. " Frere with him at the bar on our departure. He came " daily to see his friend, and passed more of his quarantine " time with him than any one else. We were told that between Mr. Frere's habitual absence of mind, and Sir " Walter's natural Scotch desire to shake hands with him at " every meeting, it required all the vigilance of the attendant genii of the place to prevent Mr. F. from being put " into quarantine along with him."

Mrs. Davy describes the sad change which had come over Sir Walter's appearance since his paralytic attack in the preceding April, but he was " astonished" we are told, in a letter from Mr. Frere's niece, " at his old friend looking " so well and appearing so strong."

Miss Frere writes on the 3rd December :—

" My brother has been taking Sir W. Scott out to drive, " to effect which he had to come back to St. Antonio in the " rain. He tells me Sir W. appeared very comfortable, not " fatigued by the honour and attentions paid him here. " You would not perhaps guess, that the United service, " army and navy, devised giving a ball on Thursday to " Sir Walter. He attended, and had the good nature to "stay three hours, and leave a general persuasion that he "was very much amused. Some of the performance was "indeed laughable enough. . . . Sir Walter's going was "as great a compliment as he could pay the good people "concerned in this ball, for he had a flight of many stairs to "ascend, and to sit up long after his usual hour, which is "from eight to nine o'clock, and his strength is so fluctuating that he sometimes is quite wearied with conversing or being in company half an hour; so says his "daughter; I think however he must be improved in this "respect, since he has been in Malta, for he has been "dining out three times in the course of this week—that is, "since he has been out of Quarantine. He had apartments at Fort Manuel, instead of the usual Lazaretto, "where the view is more open and cheerful, and the weather was perfection, and he said he felt the good effects of "the climate so much he was inclined to stay the winter "instead of going to Naples."

The Reform Bill was, at this time, the general topic of greatest interest in the news from England. Some one asked Mr. Frere his opinion of the political banquets, Reform and Anti-Reform, which the newspapers were discussing, "would they do any real good?" He was not at the moment inclined for any serious political discussion, and replied, "I have no doubt that it would do great good, "if every man in England would ask himself to dinner, "drink his own health, and resolve to reform himself."

On the 4th December, Mrs. Davy writes, "on joining us "in the drawing-room after dinner, Sir Walter was very "animated, spoke much of Mr. Frere, and of his remarkable success, when quite a boy, in the translation of a "Saxon ballad. This led him to ballads in general, and "he gravely lamented his friend Mr. Frere's heresy in not "esteeming highly enough that of 'Hardyknute.' He admitted that it was not a veritable old ballad, but 'just old "enough,' and a noble imitation of the best style. In "speaking of Mr. Frere's translations, he repeated a pretty "long passage from his version of one of the 'Romances of "the Cid,' and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the "knights therein described as much as he could have done "in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest like a "lance, to 'suit the action to the word.'"

Miss Scott says, she has not seen "him so animated, so "like himself since he came to Malta."

On the 9th, Mrs. Davy describes a drive she took with Sir Walter "to St. Antonio, a garden residence of the "Governor's, about two miles from Valetta, then occupied "by Mr. Frere." . . . Sir Walter "snuffed with great "delight the perfume of the new oranges, which hung "thickly on each side as we drove up the long avenue to "the court-yard, or stable-yard rather, of St. Antonio— "and was amused at the Maltese untidiness of two or three "pigs running at large under the trees. 'That's just like "my friend Frere,' he said, 'quite content to let pigs "run about in his orange-groves.' We did not find Mr. "Frere at home, and therefore drove back without waiting. ". . . . On Friday, December 10th, he went in company with Mr. Frere, to see Cittavecchia. I drove over "with a lady friend to meet them at the church there. "Sir Walter seemed pleased with what was shown him, "but was not animated."

An anecdote connected with this last drive illustrates Sir Walter's habitual kindliness. When they called at the Pieta, Mr. Frere's young midshipman nephew, John,[1] who was in the house slowly recovering from a Morea fever, had begged to be carried from his bed to the window that he might see Sir Walter as he stopped in the carriage. Sir Walter, on being afterwards told of this, expressed great regret that he had not heard it sooner: "If I had

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[1] See p. ccxxx, note 1.

"known in time I would have tried to hobble up stairs to "see him."

Sir Walter re-embarked on board the Barham on the 14th of December, and sailed for Naples. On the 3rd of January following (1832) Miss Frere writes:—

"The dull, rainy, chilly weather is not enlivening, we are "here without society, and the season brings with it some "depressing recollections. My brother however is well, "and when we move, as I hope we shall do next week to "warmer quarters, and more within reach of the inhabitants "of Valetta, we shall proceed as usual." . . . . "Sir "Walter Scott got pratique at Naples on Christmas Day, "after only a few days quarantine, the Barham is returned "this morning. It was expected there would be long "quarantine, thirty days at least, and in that case he "would probably have returned here. My brother enjoyed "much his being here, and scarcely missed going in daily "to Valetta, to take him out to drive."

On the 2nd February, 1832, he wrote to his brother Bartle:—

"I must again forfeit my word to you, and the printer, though you might, I think, taking the Review of Mitchell's 'Aristophanes,' pick out enough to fill the miserable imperfect sheets. There are one or two precious pieces of pedantic pleasantry (such as *probo aliter*) in conformity with the common style of Reviews, which of course you would strike out, as also all criticism in disparagement (there is as little as I could put in conscience), of Mr. Mitchell's performance; if you do not, I must, between the time of the arrival of the next packet and its departure, do the thing myself.

"The fact is, my dear Bartle, that I am so immersed in Hebrew, and find so much exertion and time necessary, to keep up what I have already, and to acquire daily a little more, and having got a slight hold upon the language, I am so apprehensive that if I were to leave go of it for a short time it would escape me altogether, that I allow myself no other pursuit or amusement or avocation that I can possibly avoid. You would therefore do me a great kindness if you could save me this trouble, and you, who were a Reviewer yourself so many years ago, could not fail to do it well.

"I hope I am not invading your province in providing for the outfit of your godson, but I shall be ready to give way to you; or admit you into a partnership in the speculation if you express a wish to that effect."

"P.S.—I have opened my letter again for a commission with which I must trouble you, it is to send me half-a-dozen handsomely bound classics as presents for lads here, who have been writing complimentary Latin verses to Sir W. Scott, at my instigation. Two of them or three should be handsomer than the others. Horaces would do. The whole not to exceed £20."

In March, 1832, his sister wrote, referring to his Hebrew studies:—

"I meant to have copied out and sent you an essay of "my brother's upon the song of Deborah, but it is not "quite finished.[1] He talks of publishing it in the 'Cam- "bridge Miscellany.' *You* will be pleased with it, and a "few others, but the world in general will judge of it, as of "poor Rossetti's explanation of Dante. I say nothing of "this to Bartle, who must be in no disposition to be pleased "with hearing of any studies which interfere with the com- "pletion of the 'Frogs,' to which indeed I wish my brother "would give the necessary attention; but I find he fears "breaking in upon the train of thought with which his mind "is at present occupied, he thinks he might not be able to "recover it again."

Visitors of distinction, political, literary, or social, were not very numerous in Malta in those days; but few of them arrived without bringing or obtaining during their stay an introduction to Mr. Frere. Sometimes these introductions led to laughable mistakes, one of which is described in the following letter from Miss Frere to her brother Bartle:—

"There have been several interruptions, and I could "have wished you were present at the interview of one "visitor who came with a letter from Cavaliere Landalina

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[1] Vide vol. ii. p. 494.

"of Syracuse; I was making the civil to him in the drawing-"room, trying to make out what he was. He spoke "French, his dress was studied, and ornamented down the "front of his shirt with very splendid coloured stones, a "brooch and buttons. I was thinking how I should get to "give notice to my brother, for Lady Georgina Wolffe "being with me, I did not like to leave the person on her "hands, when in walked my brother, as he had been sitting "in his arm-chair; his velvet cap on, and a dressing-"gown all covered with snuff in the front, and bearing "marks of it in various parts. After a little while, the "gentleman explained that the design of his visit was to "give my brother an opportunity of possessing himself of "some blacking, excellent for shoes and harness, the in-"vention of his late father, and that he had five bottles "with him in the calesse, value 72 francs, which he should "be happy to leave with him."

In December Mr. Frere wrote to his brother George:—

"For an account of ourselves, let me refer you to a long letter which Susan has written to Lizzy, though how she can have filled it with anything this place affords I cannot imagine. Let me also thank you for Sir George Rose's book, which I was really pleased with, and like his solution of some difficulties better than others that had occurred to me upon the same points. I speak only of the beginning, and exclusive of the geology of which I know next to nothing, and suspect that he does not know much. This, however, I know, that both Moses and Solomon must have known more of that science than was known in Europe thirty years ago. The rest of his volume I have got to read, for it was snatched from me by a lady who has not yet returned it.

"Do you see anything of Rossetti? I feel very anxious about him, and should be glad to know if he has not worked himself into ill health. I have sent presents of his books to some gentlemen in Italy. He is prohibited in the highest degree, and one of his old acquaintances knew nothing, or did not feel it safe to confess that he knew anything even of his Dante. In Malta I think that the English are upon honour with respect to Catholicity, and therefore I have not communicated it. . . .

"Susan has been occupying herself in a very good work, the superintendence of a soup kitchen, in which the ladies are the managers and directors. She is just come to call for my letter. We are both well. Have you heard that Lord —— has become very serious in point of religion? His sister told me so—regretting it."

About the same time he wrote to his brother Bartle:—

"I am ashamed of writing to you without saying something about what has given you so much trouble, viz., those same Frogs. I must publish them, but cannot find myself in the vein for writing the notes which, unluckily, are promised in the marginal references, perhaps when the weather changes I may succeed. At present we are drowned with rain, and notes are dry work.

"With respect to our individual selves, we are all very well.

"The rain has filled all the tanks. In September they were all dry but one, and that had only two feet of water.

"Susan is very busy at this moment with an old ebony cabinet, which she has persuaded me to buy a bargain. But there is some little disappointment I believe about the drawers which, upon examination, are found to be cedar, and hence a doubt arises as to the propriety of painting them. How it will be settled it is impossible to foresee. In the mean time believe me, &c. &c."

Two months later, 11th February, 1833, his sister wrote:—

"My brother is much better than he was during the time "he shut himself up entirely. The dismal weather con"tinues, but he usually takes some little exercise, upon "the roof of the house at least, and he has had company, "and joined in dinner parties given to some strangers who "came with letters addressed to almost every house in "Malta, and one to Sir John Richardson. They went on "in the packet to see Corfu and Zante, and then after their "quarantine was over, they remained a little more than a "fortnight, going for Sicily and Naples in a steamer which "brought a party of seventy visitors from Naples. They "were chiefly Poles and Russians with hard names and titles,

" some few French, and fewer English. Lady Georgina " Wolffe found a cousin among the latter. . . . She was " pleased to learn from him that some of her Whig relations " think the reform has gone too far, especially General " W——, who, from being a very vehement partisan is " become a decided Tory or Conservative. H—— dis- " covered two former intimate acquaintances in the Prince " de L—— and Compte C—— de R——, brothers of Car- " dinal R——. Being royalists of the old stamp, they have " no satisfaction in living in France. The Prince has " declined taking the peerage for life, and the brothers are " settled at present with their families at Naples. He told " my brother, that of the number of those in France of the " same sentiments as himself, the greater part choose to live " in perfect retirement, neither meddling with politics nor " mixing in general society; but there is a strong party in " favour of the Duchesse de Berri, who has displayed a " resolution and courage, generous regard for others, to- " gether with a disregard to danger as affecting her own " person, which would be sufficient to furnish out half-a- " dozen heroines of romance. Her strength of constitution " is no less extraordinary than the firmness and energy of " her spirit. These two Frenchmen, of finished manners, like " the very best style of English breeding, made a pleasant " contrast with our three English strangers, Archdeacon " ——, his son, and another clergyman their friend, who " have a becoming simplicity and placidity of deportment " very agreeable also. We were sorry at their going just as " when we found out that we liked them. The son, on " whose account they are travelling is quite well; but the " friend, Mr. Newman, of Oriel, was confined with some " ailment of his chest. My brother had some good talk " with him one morning, and would have liked to introduce " his Aristophanes to him had there been fair opportunity. " The brother of this Mr. Newman is a young man of great "promise, who has left the fairest prospect of advancement "in England, to go as missionary to Persia. Mr. Wolffe "we expect daily, having heard of his arrival at the "Himalayan Mountains, and meeting there with Mr. Horace "Churchill and Lord and Lady William Bentinck, with "whom he was to stay a fortnight, and then proceed south. "William Edward,[1] in his last letter, of the 17th of August, "mentions Mr. Wolffe, and Lord Clare's kindly disposition "towards this most extraordinary man. I shall be glad "when he returns in safety, though I do not expect to "enjoy his being in such close neighbourhood, for the rest-"less energy which actuates him, regardless of time and "common conveniences, is not suited to every day life."

On March 21st, 1833, Mr. Frere wrote to his brother Bartle:—

"As you were kind enough to advance me a letter on the credit of my good intention, I now send you not only a letter for yourself, but another for Hamilton, which as you will see refers to matters likely to fall within your local and personal knowledge.

"I am also precisely in the same situation with the Antiquarian Society, except that I have no arrears to pay (having compounded for them by a single payment at my admission) but there also all the volumes of Archæologia which are my due, with prints and other publications of the Society, lie accumulated. Now if at any time you should be seized by a paroxysm of activity, Gurney or W. Hamilton himself would assist you to get them. I do not, as you see, mention this to Hamilton, but the other point, my dues from the Dillettanti, as connected naturally with the correspondent payment of my own arrears to that eminent society.

"Pray send to me any remaining copies of the twenty of Rossetti's last book.[2] I have sent away in different directions all that I had here. One this morning to Algiers. The Hats are arrived, and are exquisite. I am so delighted with them that I can hardly keep them off my head. I almost expected to have found Theognis at the bottom of the box, but the contents were all for the outside of the head.

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[1] Their nephew, third son of their brother Edward, had then recently joined the Indian Civil Service, in which he rose to be senior judge of the Sudr Court and Member of Council at Bombay. He was expecting Mr. Wolffe at Bombay on his return from his first visit to Bokhara.

[2] Spirito Antipapali.

I am anxious about Temple.[1] I think he might make a good sermon on the duties and character of a preacher before the House in times such as were formerly and are now returned, when the Commons were, as they are now, a perfect representation of the will and spirit of the people. The preachers were then for the most part extraordinary men for learning, activity and austerity of life and manners. The audience, with whatever shade of opinion, zealous believers. I think George with his original good sense would be able to help him, if he could get half an hour of Coleridge.

"Pray let me know what you hear of poor Lord Dudley? Is there any chance of his being restored to Society? I have been very sincerely grieved for him. Your neighbour's funeral was precisely such a one as she would have directed. I cannot say that I am very sorry for her, she made her husband's house very disagreeable to all his friends, and I found it so among the rest.

"Do not omit to tell me what you hear of Lord Dudley."

The following remarks on social and political prospects in England are contained in a letter to his brother Edward, dated the 14th May, 1833, and were elicited by his hearing that his nephew Richard wished to enter the Army:—

"I could for a moment delude myself by imagining that things were getting right, and arrived at a fixed point at which they would rest; but I remember how during the progress of the French Revolution there were intervals of calm, and a seeming stability of things under a new form, and how often these hopes were disappointed. It is as people, who are standing on the sea shore, and who because the last wave does not reach so far upon the beach as the one before, take it for granted that the tide is turned. I could contrive too, to flatter myself in this way; but there are other more certain tokens which mark that it is setting in. I tell my friends, and I am convinced of it, that it is in vain to think, that we can continue to have an Almack's administration. They have insisted upon letting the ruffians into the House, and now they call upon their old opponents to assist them in defending the dining-room, but it will not do, at least not beyond this Parliament at the utmost; the next will be the pendent to the legislative assembly, and then welcome 20ths of June and 10ths of August and 2nds of September, and 21sts of January and all the Fructidors, and Messidors, and Thermidors. Such being, in my estimation, the prospect before us, I should have been well pleased if George and Richard (*vis unita fortior*) had been inclined to settle themselves out of the reach of mischief; I should willingly have made any necessary sacrifice for the purpose. If however Richard's mind is fixed upon heroic achievements and triumphant laurels, and such branches of learning, I suppose I must purchase him his commission, but I would much rather give much more to place him in a more hopeful and happy situation."

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[1] His youngest brother had been appointed Speaker's Chaplain.

In a letter dated the 8th June, 1833, Miss Frere writes:—

"My brother says he is going to write and ask himself "manfully for Niebuhr and the Parkhurst Hebrew Lexicon "in a good type; but whether he actually will, I doubt, for "there are Galignanis come in of as late date as the 29th "May from Marseilles, which he is reading. He says you "do very prudently in requiring great precision about commissions, otherwise we should plague you unmercifully. ". . . He believes he did leave some of his copies of the "'Spirito Antipapali' in Rossetti's hands, to be distributed, and the rest to be sent here, whether there are "more to come. . . . . I suppose he will ascertain from "Rossetti himself, to whom he says he means to write to-"day. I wish there may be a reserve, for he is very "desirous of making the book known; and I have had first "the copy Rossetti himself sent me taken, to be given to "a gentleman going to Rome; and again, when possessed "of another, that went to Sicily."

After describing various improvements in the garden:—

"My brother has made himself a very broad strait walk "along a north wall, where from noon till near sunset there

" is shade. He never took any concern in the garden " before, but the having this length of about 150 yards to " pace up and down he enjoys; and by dint of watering, " we have already a pretty little collection of shrubs and " plants, looking fresh and growing fast, in a broad border " that goes parallel with the wall."

He had also been much interested in promoting the emigration of the poorer classes of Maltese, who had suffered much from the extensive reductions of establishments. "He has assisted a good many in getting to the " African coast,—to Tunis, to Tripoli, and Alexandria, " where the Maltese Arabic is readily understood, and at " the latter place good workmen get profitable employment " in the Pacha's establishments. At Algiers no one is " allowed to land unless they have money to spend. At " first the French were well content to receive any artificer " who went to exercise his trade, and the having the place " open was a great resource."

The following is to his brother George, dated June 30th, 1833:—

" I believe I must mark this secret.

" It is so long since I have written to you that I cannot omit the opportunity (not of answering it) of acknowledging your last letter. The fact is that somehow or other the attitude of writing has become so uneasy to me that it has taken me the whole morning to write a letter of three sheets and a half, not a very usual thing with me; but it was addressed to Rossetti, who by mere accident has escaped publishing a work, which would have done neither him nor anybody else any good. In the course of his researches he has fallen in with some discoveries as I conceive of partially conceived truths or opinions, the publication of which in his opinion (much more I suppose in mine) would be productive of infinite mischief. Upon this subject I had to write to him to exhort and dehort. He is an excellent, honest man, but exposed I am afraid to the suggestions of advisers who have not so much good principle. I wish that some of the family would . . . . look after him a little. It may be the means of doing a great deal of good or preventing a great deal of harm. He has a great respect for the good opinion of good people.

"Do you hear anything of this new church,[1] and what does Hatley say of it? It is, I apprehend, a delusion; but even in this view it is a most awful characteristic of the times."

In 1834 another link with his early literary associations was broken by the death of Coleridge, for whom he had the warmest personal regard, joined to the highest admiration for his learning, and critical, as well as poetical powers. Coleridge was not only, in his estimation, the parent of all that is soundest and most acute in modern English philosophy, but of much that is most beautiful in modern English poetry. "Coleridge's waste thoughts," he said, "would have set up a dozen of your modern poets." In reply to a question as to how they first became acquainted, he said:—"I remember seeing some verses in a newspaper " signed S. T. C., and being very anxious to find out and " make the acquaintance of the author; but it was not till " fifteen years afterwards that I made his acquaintance. I " went up and introduced myself to him after one of his " lectures."

Coleridge, in that most touching record of his feelings and wishes preserved in his will, written in Sept., 1829, said:—"Further to Mr. Gillman, as the most expressive " way in which I can only mark my relation to him, and, in " remembrance of a great and good man, revered by us " both, I leave the manuscript volume lettered 'Arist. " Manuscript—Birds, Acharnians, Knights,' presented to " me by my dear friend and patron, the Rt. Hon. John " Hookham Frere, who of all the men that I have had the " means of knowing during my life, appears to me eminently " to deserve to be characterized as ὁ καλοκᾄγαθος ὁ φιλόκαλος.

" To Mr. Frere himself I can only bequeath my assurance,

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[1] Irvingites.

" grounded on a faith equally precious to him as to me, of
" a continuance of those prayers which I have for many
" years offered for his temporal and spiritual well-being.
" And further, in remembrance that it was under his (Mr.
" Gillman's) roof I enjoyed so many hours of delightful and
" profitable communion with Mr. J. H. Frere, it is my wish
" that this volume should, after the demise of James Gill-
" man senior belong, and I do hereby bequeath the same to
" James Gillman junior, in the hope that it will remain an
" heir-loom in the Gillman family."

The following is from Mr. Frere to his niece, who had greatly endeared herself to him, during a prolonged stay at Malta:—

"My dear Jane, "*April 8th*, 1834.

"It seems to me I am chargeable with a long arrear of unanswered letters. I will therefore strike off something from that account by replying to your last. You think that John[1] will have written to me. Much you know of Mr. John! But, however, he is going on well, I have no doubt; and as our name is to be spread over land and sea (as the poet says) I trust he will spread it over the sea in a creditable manner. You give a pleasing picture of Mr. and Mrs. H——'s establishment, concluding (like a wise old gentleman) with a general remark that a few young men of family living in the country in the way that he does would do a great deal of good. Nothing can be more true, and I am pleased that you remember my inveteracy against living genteel on a small income. It is my principle, though I sometimes take a fancy to indulge myself in a shilling's worth of magnificence; accordingly I have laid out to the amount of 16 dollars in an old-new looking-glass frame for the old dining-room, just like the old ones, and 100, I am ashamed to say, in another, uncouther, and larger, of ebony and figures, and what not. Where we are to put it is not decided. Some are for the dining-room, and over the chimney-piece; others again propose substituting it for that which is in the old dining-room, and placing that which it supplants in the new dining-room. My own opinion (I confess it) is unfixed and wavering with opposite suggestions. Perhaps if Bartle would chaperone you, you might be able to give a casting vote on the question. . . . Colonel Campbell, from Cairo, tells us that a steamer will start from *Calcutta*[1] on the 25th of April, and another on the 15th of July for Suez, and on their return will touch at the Island of Socatra, where it is arranged with the Governor of Bombay that a vessel is to be waiting to convey letters and passengers to Bombay. Will this suit Bartle better than his earlier plan, or is he anxious to get a start? I send it as I received it."

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[1] His nephew, who was in the navy. He was afterwards, when a lieutenant on board the "Carysfort," appointed commissioner for the Sandwich Islands, when they were provisionally ceded to Lord George Paulet in 1844; after having distinguished himself in the Crimea under Lord Lyons, he died a post-captain in 1864.

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"Wolffe is returned, and is now in quarantine. I believe he means to remain and put the account of his journey in order for publication; but I expect he will be sick of a calm before long. I have seen him, and did not find him at all altered, or looking the worse for all his fatigues and hardships."

In this year (1834) he received from his friend William Stewart Rose the first edition of a poetic epistle, inciting him to join Mr. Rose in the retreat he then occupied near Brighton. The epistle has been twice privately printed, but never, I believe, published entire.[2] Some of the most beautiful passages were given to the public in an article on Townsend's "Miscellanies" in the "Quarterly Review" for July, 1836. But the reviewer naturally quoted most frequently from those portions which described the poet's friend, the Rev. Charles Townsend, and the Sussex coast scenery, and people among whom they lived at Brighton, and the then quiet village of Preston. No apology will be needed, even to those few who have access to the original, for here quoting the passages which have more special reference to Mr. Frere, and to the circumstances which surrounded him in Malta. The epistle is addressed

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[1] This refers to the first attempts to establish a steam communication overland *viâ* Egypt. His nephew, Bartle Edward, had just got the permission of the Court of Directors to go to Bombay overland, in hopes of meeting this experimental steamer.

[2] The first edition, 8vo. was privately printed at Brighton, without title, in 1834. It was reprinted with considerable additions and alterations in 1837. Brighton, 12mo. The quotations here given are from the later edition.

"To the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere, in Malta.

" William Stewart Rose presents with such kind cheer
And health as he can give John Hookham Frere.
" *Brighton*, MDCCCXXXIV."

" That bound like bold Prometheus on a rock,
Self-banished man, you boil in a *Scirocco*,
Save when a *Maëstrale* makes you shiver,
While worse than vulture pecks and pines your liver;—
Where neither lake nor river glads the eye
Seared with the glare of 'hot and copper sky;'
Where dwindled tree o'ershadows withered sward,
Where green blade grows not; where the ground is charred :—
Where, if from withered turf and dwindled tree
You turn to look upon a summer sea,
And *Speronaro's* sail of snowy hue,
Whitening and brightening on that field of blue;
Or eye the palace, rich in tapestried hall,
The Moorish window and the massive wall;
Or mark the many loitering in its shade,
In many-coloured garb and guise array'd;
Long-haired Sclavonian skipper, with the red
And scanty cap, which ill protects his head;
White-kilted Suliot, gay and gilded Greek,
Grave, turbanned Turk, and Moor of swarthy cheek;—
Or sainted John's contiguous pile explore,
Gemmed altar, gilded beam, and gorgeous floor,
Where you imblazoned in mosaic see
Memorials of a monkish chivalry;
The vaulted roof, impervious to the bomb,
The votive tablet, and the victor's tomb,
Where vanquished Moslem, captive to his sword,
Upholds the trophies of his conquering lord;
Where if, while clouds from hallowed censer steam,
You muse, and fall into a mid-day dream,

And hear the pealing chaunt, and sacring bell,
Amid loud 'larum and the burst of shell,
Short time to mark those many sights, which I
Have sung, short time to dream of days gone-by,
Forced alms must purchase from a greedy crowd,
Of lazy beggars, filthy, fierce, and loud,
Who landing-place, street, stair, and temple crowd :—
Where on the sultry wind for ever swells
The jangle of ten thousand tuneless bells,[1]
While priestly drones in hourly pageant pass,
Hived in their several cells by sound of brass ;—
Where merry England's merriest month looks sorry,
And your waste island seems but one wide quarry ;—
I muse :—and think you might prefer my town,
Its pensile pier, dry beach, and breezy down."

After a description of the Downs and their scenery, which is worthy the best masters of English pastoral poetry, Mr. Rose paints the little hamlet of Preston, the ancient frescoes of Becket's murder in the church, and his friend, its then curate-pastor, their walks and rides by down and valley, and their after-dinner colloquies :—

"When rambling table-talk, not tuned to one key,
Runs on chace, race, horse, mare ; fair, bear and monkey ;
Or shifts from field and pheasant, fens and snipes,
To the wise Samians' world of antitypes ;
And when my friend's in his Platonic lunes,
Although I lose his words I like his tunes ;
And sometimes think I must have ass's ears,
Who cannot learn the music of the spheres.
But oft we pass to Epicurean theme
Waking from mystic Plato's morning dream,
And prosing o'er some Greek or Gascon wine,
Praise the rich vintage of the Rhone or Rhine."

Their potations, however, were, as the valetudinarian poet confesses, more suited to a couple of anchorites than to genuine votaries of Bacchus:—

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[1] "The bells in Malta are rattled, not rung, and almost incessantly, on account of religious festivals, in honour of innumerable processions of monks who are always

Hived in their several cells by sound of brass." W. S. R.

"But that old saw, *great talkers do the least,*
Is verified in me and in my priest." * *
"They, 'seldom drain withal the wine-cup dry.'"

Then addressing his exiled friend:—

"Would *you* were here! we might fulfil our task;
Faith! we might fathom Plato and the flask.[1]
Or we—would you not help us to unsphere
His spirit to unfold new worlds—might hear
That rampant strain you were the first to raise,
Whereof another bears away the praise,
Who (let me not his better nature wrong)
Confess'd you father of his final song;[2]
That rhyme which ranks you with immortal Berni;
Which treats of giant, monk, knight, tilt and tourney;
And tells how Anak's race, detesting bells,
Besieged the men that rang them, in their cells;
With whom they justly warr'd as deadly foes
For breaking their sequester'd seat's repose.
(Strange siege, unquestion'd by misdoubting Bryant!)
And how in that long war, a young sick giant
Was taken, christen'd, and became a friar;
And how he roar'd, and what he did, i'the quire.[3]
Or, if, like that rare bard who left half-told
Of yore the story of Cambuscan bold,
You will not tell the sequel of your tale
Of cavern, keep, and studious cloister's pale,

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[1] "His ability to sound the depths of Plato is perhaps warranted by the testamentary honour paid by that distinguished Platonist, Mr. Coleridge, to the person who is addressed." W. S. R.

[2] "Lord Byron is usually considered as the naturalizer of this species of poetry, but he had seen Mr. Frere's work before the publication of 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan.' He made this avowal to me at Venice, and said he should have inscribed 'Beppo' to him that had served him as a model, if he had been sure it would not have been disagreeable, supposing (as I conclude) that some passages in it might have offended him." W. S. R.

[3] "This part of the story, showing the development of the *green mind* of a giant under monkish discipline, was never printed." W. S. R.

Sing (what you verse in veriest English vein)
Some snatches of his merriest, maddest strain,
Who in wild masque upon Athenian stage
Held up to scorn the follies of the sage
Famed for vain wisdom, that in Cecrops' town
Would fain have pull'd time-honour'd custom down;
Or, sparing the blind guides of Greece and Rome,
Yourself may scourge our blinder guides at home;
You have crush'd reptiles. 'Rise and grasp,' (I say
In your own words) 'a more reluctant prey.'[1]
But anxious fear and angry feeling square
Ill with the pleasures I would have you share.
So gladly I return to down and dale,
And sea, though sadden'd now by wintry gale."

To this succeed a charming series of sea and land painting, and inimitable sketches of the winter frequenters of Brighton, which the "Quarterly Reviewer" justly styles Horatian, but which are too long to quote here. The epistle ends,

"Sometimes ('tis strange; and I'm at my wit's end
To find the cause) things please us which offend;

* * * * *

And thus at strife with the retreat he chose
Here dwells your invalided William Rose;
Who sings the pleasures and the pains—as best
He can—of his selected place of rest.
Nor think it strange if he that home commend
For pains as well as pleasures to his friend,
A preacher[2] (and he like a saint of old,
Deserves the title of *the mouth of gold*)
Says that it steads not body more than soul
To infuse some bitter in the festive bowl;
Which makes the cup so season'd, when 'tis quaff'd,
A sounder and more salutary draught;
Thus I, the beverage which I mingle, stir
Like that brave prelate, with a branch of myrrh.
Join me, dear Frere, and be, if you can swallow
This wine and wormwood draught, my great Apollo."

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[1] "See the poem entitled 'New Morality' in the Antijacobin." W. S. R.

[2] "Jeremy Taylor." W. S. R.

The light in which Mr. Rose regarded his friend's voluntary exile and protracted residence at Malta was very much that in which it appeared to all Mr. Frere's English relatives, and, in which I was prepared to view it, when in May, 1834, he invited me to visit him on my way to India. But one result of my stay for some weeks under his roof was, while deepening regret at his continued separation from so many who loved and honoured him, and who would have been in every way benefited by his society, to make me feel that it would be a very hazardous experiment for him to uproot himself from a position, which, in many respects, suited him better than almost any life I could imagine for him in England.

He had remained so long in the genial and equable climate of Malta, that his constitution and habits had become accustomed to a temperature which probably tried him less than the chills and constant variations of an English winter would have done.

If in Malta he was cut off from the literary and political society of London, he would, on the other hand, had he returned to England, have missed from the circle of his early associates most of the friends of his youth and manhood whose society he valued. In the perfect quiet and uninterrupted leisure of his life at Malta, he enjoyed, to an extent rarely attainable elsewhere, that intellectual communion with the great authors of other times and countries which has been so often described as the peculiar privilege and consolation of scholars in their old age; and he lived, among a simple and grateful people, a life of singular ease and dignity, rendered conspicuously useful by his large-hearted liberality and intelligent benevolence.

The following extracts, which have been kindly placed at my disposal from the letters and journals of a valued friend,[1] who stayed with Mr. Frere a few years afterwards, will show the impressions left on an acute and impartial observer, who saw him then for the first time. They relate to a period rather later than my own visit, but Malta had been little changed in the interval, and Mr. Frere's mode of life was still the same as when I was with him. There were then few steamers among the men of war or merchant ships in the Mediterranean, save the monthly mail packets, which looked into Valetta Harbour every fortnight, to and fro between Corfu and England. All the inlets which indent the rocky shore round Valetta, are now crowded with steamers of every nation which possesses a mercantile marine, carrying half the commerce of India and the Levant, of Australia and China; but in 1834 the Quarantine Harbour was rarely tenanted by more than two or three small sailing vessels, Greek or Italian, with corn from Odessa, or pulse from Alexandria. There were few signs of life, except perhaps an occasional shore boat of quaint form and brightly painted, with two huge eyes on the prow, and rowed by a couple of Maltese fishermen in red pendent caps. The blue waters rippled clear and undefiled against the white retaining wall of the roadway which separated Mr. Frere's house at the Pieta from the harbour. The building itself, originally two or three separate houses which had been thrown into one, extended for some distance along the road, at the foot of a rocky hill, rising steeply from the waterside. It was a good specimen of a Maltese residence of former times, such as the knights built for themselves in their later and more luxurious days, when, though the galleys of St. John were still the terror of the Barbary Rovers, the Order thought less of fighting Saracen or Turk, than of enjoying the good things earned for its members by the great soldiers of its earlier years.

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[1] Mr. G. T. Clark of Dowlais House and Talygar, Glamorganshire.

A massive portal admitted the visitor to a large hall with a stone arched roof, supported by colossal caryatides of Giants and Titans at the angles, rather dimly lighted by windows high up in the walls, while a cistern of clear cool water in the centre surrounded by strange semi-tropical plants, and enlivened by a macaw of magnificent plumage, helped to remind the English visitor that he had reached a southern climate. The house itself is thus described by Mr. Clark:—

"The house stands near the head of the Quarantine "Harbour, with only a road between it and the sea. It is of "considerable extent, has an upper floor, and a flat roof. "The ground floor is occupied by the servants and as offices, "and on the upper and principal floor are the sitting rooms "and bed-rooms of the family. A double staircase, winding "round a small open court with a fountain, leads from the "entrance-hall, into a long picture gallery, into which open "the principal rooms. These are lofty, spacious, and well-"proportioned. The walls are painted, as are the joists of "the open ceiling. A row of small holes, near the cornice, "open into the external air. The doors and windows are "large, and the latter open with folding-doors into large "balconies, parts of which are covered in and shaded. "The floors are of stone, polished and stained in various "patterns, and the rooms are well furnished with tables, "sofas, easy chairs, ottomans, a profusion of carved cabinets, "and mirrors in heavy Venetian gilt frames, according to "the prevailing Italian taste. Behind the house rises a "steep hill of rock, and this which at considerable labour "has been converted into a garden, forms, to an English eye, "the principal curiosity of the place. The whole rock, up to "the summit, is cut into terraces and platforms, parts of "which are hollowed out into rock basins, which are filled "with earth brought from a distance. Many of these ter-"races are enclosed by walls, and upon others are double "rows of columns, supporting a trellis work covered with "creepers, so as to protect the walks below from the rays "of the sun. The different stages are approached by flights "of steps, and the whole hill is excavated into tanks, con-"taining a sufficient supply of water.

"The view of the whole from a temple at its summit is "very singular. The garden looks like a collection of "sheep folds or paper boxes, but nothing can be richer than "the heavy ornate staircases, temples, seats, and benches, "lines of arches and balustrades, Gothic and Moorish tur"rets, and the gibbets for raising water from the tanks, all "carved in the fine white Maltese stone, after bold and "flowing patterns, and in excellent taste.

"As to trees and shrubs, all kinds from the cedar to the "hyssop are there. The fig, palm, banana, orange, lemon, "tamarind, vine, pomegranate, and olive; magnificent "geraniums as big as that at Warwick, legions of roses, "and carnations that would do credit to Chiswick.

"The customs of the house are luxurious. Nobody is "visible before eleven or twelve, at which hours a sort of "breakfast goes forward, which you may or may not attend. "Before this, coffee is brought, if you wish, to your bed"room, and if you are disposed for an early walk, there is "the garden with its pleasant alleys and trellised paths, or "if you prefer the sea, it flows clear and bright before the "very doors. Between eleven and seven people do what "they please. Mr. Frere is reading or writing in his own "apartment. At seven dinner goes forward. Covers are "laid for a table full, and usually some privileged and plea"sant guests drop in. The charm of the party is the master "of the house, who though infirm in body, is not materially "injured in mind or memory, and receives all with a fine "old-fashioned courtesy that puts all at their ease. Other "visitors come in the evening, usually good talkers, and "the conversation becomes general. Mr. Frere however "sees few strangers. After coffee comes a drive in the cool "evening, perhaps from ten to midnight or even later, when "the air is delightful."

The garden here described was then, and continued to the end of his life, a great source of interest to Mr. Frere, and afforded him almost his only means of outdoor exercise and amusement. It had been commenced with no further object than that of bringing into some kind of order the wilderness of stone walls, and prickly pears, and carruba trees which overspread the hill behind the house, but Mr. Frere soon found in it a ready means of giving employment to the poor.[1] There were no poor laws then in Malta. A population denser, in proportion to the area it occupied, than any other in Europe, pressed at all times closely on its means of subsistence, which were greatly affected by every fluctuation in the Government military and naval establishments; for the rocky island then produced no more corn than sufficed for about six weeks' consumption in every year, and any reduction in the numbers of workmen employed in the port and dockyard was sure to be felt in many a poor Maltese family already sorely straitened for daily food.

From the earliest years of his residence Mr. Frere had been a great advocate for emigration, and his arguments, backed, as was his wont, by liberal assistance from his own purse, had a great effect in overcoming the prejudices of the Maltese, who are a very home-loving people, and in promoting that extensive emigration which of late years has planted large communities of industrious Maltese in Algeria, Egypt, and Syria; and even carried numbers to distant settlements in South America and the West Indies. But the old, the lame, the halt, and the blind remained behind, and when the master of the house at the Pietà went out for his evening drive, a crowd of these would usually collect at the door to beg for alms, which were never withheld from the helpless, or to ask for aid to get employment for the able-bodied. The conversion of the rocky hill-side into a garden was made to supply work when other means failed. The Maltese is born a builder and carver in stone; and the result was the labyrinth of flights of stone steps, terraces, walls, and carved balustrades which Mr. Clark describes.

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[1] Vide his letter to Dr. Davy, vol. i. p. 303.

Political economists might shake their heads at what they would consider a very imperfect palliative of a general evil. But Mr. Frere had his reward in the gratitude of every class of the Maltese population, for while the better informed fully appreciated his efforts to promote emigration, the poor knew him as one who was not content to answer a starving fellow-creature's appeal for aid, by an able exposition of the laws of supply and demand.

In a letter written several years after the extracts just quoted, Mr. Clark writes:—

"You asked me what impression Mr. Frere produced "upon me, and to describe him to you as he appeared to me "during my stay under his roof at Malta in 1845. This is "not an easy task, for his character was anything rather "than commonplace.

"What first struck me was his grand personal appearance. "He was a very tall and altogether a large man, for his age "very upright, with bold, commanding features, a good nose "and brow, and a peculiar expression perhaps of sarcasm "with a touch of hauteur about the curves of his mouth and "nostrils. I have heard that Mr. Temple Frere was once "spoken to for him by the Duke of Wellington; but neither "Mr. Temple Frere nor Mr. Edward Frere, two of his "brothers, though both grandly built men, had anything "of the expression to which I refer. Hoppner's picture, "however, an excellent representation of him, gives this "expression, which is also preserved in the engraving of it "by ——.

"I was told that he saw few strangers, and was, therefore, "the more pleased when I found that he did not treat me "as a stranger. I had not been an hour at the Valetta "Hotel before he sent for me, and lodged me in his house, "then the Pièta.

"At dinner he said little, but later in the evening some"body used the phrase, '*toot* him soundly,' for 'whip him,'

" and he at once noticed the word, quoted an instance of its " use, and continued a conversation till the small hours, " upon old and quaint books and phrases of the sixteenth " and seventeenth centuries, displaying quietly a wonderful " acquaintance with half-forgotten literature, useless, as he " called it. I was told that, though he sat up late, he did " not often remain in company.

" At breakfast he never appeared, and I rarely saw him " much before dinner. At that meal and at tea he was " accustomed to meet the few people whom he knew intimately, but he did not visit, and did not usually care for new " faces. However, on one occasion, I remember, he received " Bishop Alexander and his sister, and nothing could exceed " his kindness to them. I think the bishop was introduced " by Wolff, in whom Mr. Frere much delighted, and concerning whose sayings and doings, when he stayed at the " Piètá, there were many droll stories.

" Though he talked well, and was both a full and a ready " man, he was never overbearing, and always willing to " hear others. I remember his showing a good deal of " knowledge on scientific military subjects, followed by a " present of his copy of Jomini's works, to a young soldier " then on his way to join his regiment.

" Of early English literature he talked, as was to be expected, and of the *Anti-Jacobin* and its poetry. But he " said little of his own share in it, or of his own writings " generally; nor did I think it polite to lead the conversation to them.

" He was full of anecdotes about Pitt, and Canning, and " Wyndham—with whom, I think, he had some county " connection.[1] One of his anecdotes was, that when canvassing, together with Wyndham, a fish wife opened upon

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[1] Mr. Wyndham was his father's colleague in representing Norwich, and always a warm personal friend of Mr. Frere.

"them with a torrent of abuse. When she had done, "Wyndham responded in her own strain, and fairly beat "her down with his superior flow of the coarse vernacular "of the 'tyo cyownties.' It was very pleasant thus to meet "a man who had moved on equal terms with the great "political and literary leaders at the commencement of the "present century; who knew Holland House in its early "days, and had been intimate with George Ellis and the "founders of the *Quarterly Review,* and with Coleridge; for "Canning his affection was very great.

"He had the good breeding of a past school, with little "or nothing of its stiffness or formality. In his comments "upon public events and business, there was a very remarkable high-minded and very upright way of forming an "opinion, and a marked contempt for anything mean or "tortuous. In this, as in the kindliness of his disposition, he "appeared to me much to resemble his brother, Mr. Bartle "Frere, also a diplomatist of the old school."

Malta in 1834 was still looked on as one of our most important foreign possessions. Its English official society comprised many men of family and education, and the military and naval command were always confided to veterans of the great war, for the companions of Nelson and Wellington had not yet disappeared from the lists of those fit for active service. Among the younger naval and military officers there were always some connections of Mr. Frere's early friends who had introductions to him, and who found the Piètá ever open to them, and a host who could always thoroughly enjoy the high spirits and unaffected frankness of a well-bred young Englishman.

He found, too, in those days, much pleasure in the society of many of the Maltese and Italian inhabitants of the island, who mixed with the English on terms of greater intimacy and cordiality than is, perhaps, possible in these times of comparative unrest and ceaseless change. The last surviving knight of the Order, who had seen a Grand Master in the Palace at Valetta, was still an occasional guest of the English Governor. And there were many other relics of a picturesque and historical past, which gave interest and variety even to the very retired life which Mr. Frere led.

Few months passed without his interchanging a visit with Caruana, the Roman Catholic bishop—a fine specimen of a learned, high-minded, and courteous ecclesiastic of the old school; who, if he was little prepared to make concessions to the demands of modern liberalism, was still less inclined to seek compensation for the loss of political influence by submission to ultramontane ecclesiastical rule.

Another frequent visitor was Sir Vincent Borg, also a Maltese gentleman of the old school. To these two men, he was wont to say, the English in a great measure owed the possession of the island.

The following is from a note of a description of the rising against the French, as he related it to me one day after a visit from Borg:—

"The insurrection against the French began by their "attempting to rob some of the churches; they were taking "down some of the damask hangings in the great church "at Birchircara, near the Piètá, when the people who were "looking on, and could not stand such a sacrilege, tripped "up the ladder of the men employed and killed them. "They then went to Borg, who was not a man of noble "family, and begged him to lead them and ring the bells "of the church as an alarm. He said, 'The bells are neither "yours nor mine, they belong to the Præposito, let us ask "him.' This he said to gain time to consult the Præposito, "an old man, of whose sagacity Borg had a high opinion. "He then took the Præposito aside, and asked him, 'What "he thought should be done?' The old Præposito answered, "'The thing is done now, and either they or we must go to

" the wall, so we must do our best to beat them.' Borg " then went back to the Maltese crowd and agreed to lead " them, rang the bells, and, setting two little boys on the " top of the church tower at Birchircara to watch—one " towards Valetta, the other towards Civita Vecchia—he " took a muster of the people and their fire-arms; they had " thirty stand of the latter, and the rest of the multitude " were armed with sticks. At length a re-inforcement of " the French, about three hundred in number, was seen " issuing from the Floriana Gate; Borg led his men to " attack them just where the Vignacourt Aqueduct crosses " the road to Civita Vecchia. He placed his musketeers " in ambush, and they fired from behind the stone walls, " killed the officers, and then all closed in upon the men of " the French detachment, who fairly turned and retreated " to Valetta. He got the bishop, who was then a young " priest, to join him, and the Maltese next attacked a small " sea battery towards St. Juliens, and, killing the guard, " took the guns, which they dragged with the bell ropes " into a battery erected on this (the Pìetá) side. They had " another against the Floriana Gate. And, after raising " the whole Maltese population of the island, they blockaded the French in Valetta. As the French were not " strong enough to attempt sallies in force, the Maltese " got to entertain a great contempt for them, and used to " harass them in every kind of way, preventing their fishing " in the harbour, getting down at night (for they can climb " like cats) into the gardens which the French had made in " the Ditches, and destroying them till they made the " French give up attempting to cultivate. On a small scale " it was just like the insurrection in Spain; when the province of Biscay, with a few hundred dollars in its treasury, " formally declared war against the Emperor Napoleon " (who had then Austria, Russia, and Prussia prostrate) and " sent Biscayan dignitaries to England as ambassadors, who "arrived simultaneously with the other envoys from the "other provinces, sent without any previous concert. I "remember Romana telling me he was once talking to "some officers who said they feared the expulsion of the "French would be a tedious business. 'Are you Spaniards,' "he said, 'and do you forget that we were four hundred "years in turning out the Moors? But we did it at "last!'"[1]

Among Mr. Frere's constant visitors at the Piètá in those days Father Marmora must not be omitted. He was very learned in Hebrew, and all its cognate languages. He had collected every word and inscription which was then known to exist in Phœnician; and had written a treatise to prove that Maltese was a dialect of Phœnician, and retained more of the old Punic element than any other language. He had for many years read Hebrew with Mr. Frere, who highly esteemed him, not only for his learning, but for his amiability and gentle manners. He rarely left his study in one of the religious houses at Floriana, except to visit the Piètá, and always dined with Mr. Frere on Sundays; when the conversation would occasionally—especially when Mr. Joseph Wolff was present—get so Semitic that it was not easy for an unlearned bystander to follow.

The following are a few fragmentary recollections of some of these Sunday evening conversations, when Mr. Frere was incited by the worthy priest to enlarge on subjects connected with Phœnician antiquities:—

J. H. F. "All the sites of Grecian colonies in Sicily were "once possessed by the Phœnicians, and we have no record "when or how they are transferred to the Greeks without,

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[1] Borg was knighted a few years before his death, in 1837. He is buried in the church at Birchircara, partly built by him, and a characteristic epitaph by Mr. Frere (vide vol. i. p. 310) records his many public services and private virtues.

"as far as we know, any contest; possibly it was when "Tyre was exhausted by Nebuchadnezzar's attacks. Many "of the Greco-Sicilian coins bear Phœnician legends. Syra- "cuse still retains its Phœnician name, it is 'Marsa Sirocco,' "*i.e.* the S. E. Port. There is a port still so called in Malta. "So Marseilles, originally a Phœnician, and subsequently a "Greek emporium, retains its Phœnician name, it is "'Marsa,' *the* port. So port Mahon, 'Mago,' or Maho, is "Phœnician for 'refuge.' This explains Hannibal's remark, "when, by detaching his general Mago, he had completed "his combinations for defeating the Romans at Thrasimenæ; "it was, in fact, a Punic pun; he said, 'He was sure of "them, because they had no Mago" (*i.e.* refuge).

"It is very possible that the Giant's Tower at Gozo, and "the similar remains which are found elsewhere in Malta "and, I believe, in Sardinia also, may be Phœnician. They "certainly do not belong to the Greek or Roman, or any "later age, and are quite different in style from any of the "remains which are called Cyclopean or Etruscan in Italy."

J. H. F. "I take it the real history of the siege of "Syracuse was, that the Athenians having been successful "in the East, by leading the patriotic spirit of the Greeks "in opposing the Persians, thought to play the same game "over again in the West against the Phœnicians and "Tuscans; but they forgot that all the Sicilian colonies were "Doric, and that no man can play the same game in "politics twice. Your throws are not the same; and, if "they are the same, your adversary knows how you played "last time, and takes care to play differently himself."

In reply to a question, Are there any remains of the Osci still to be traced?

J. H. F. "The radical letters (S. C.) of the name Osci, "are found in the names of a vast number of neighbouring "nations—Siculi, Sicani, Susci, Cyclopes (query Syclops)— "a compound national name, the result of the union of two "tribes (like Celtiberi, Gallogreci). Another nation, of "whose name P. S. C. were the radical letters, is traced in "Dolo-Pisci, or Dolopes. Etrusci is also a compound "national name; the Etri, or Atri, being a tribe who gave "their name to the Adriatic. Pelasci, or Pelasgi, another "compound (query, were the Pels, or Beels, your Indian "Bheels?) Fe/S/ Cinnini and Vi/S/ caë ni or Biscayeni, "are also names which it is possible are compound names "from two tribes, one of which were Osci. There may "possibly yet be found traces of some of the languages of "these old nations in the patois of some of the remote "mountains in Italy or Greece."

J. H. F. "The several labours of Hercules were each "the extinction of some form of heresy or superstition; "thus the destruction of the Mares of Diomedes was the "eradication of some Molochian superstition. Possibly so "were the labours of Perseus. Medusa was the moon; the "sword (harpe, which, by the way is Hebrew) forms the "crescent moon, and the sack to hold the head is the "interlunium. A head referred by some authors to the "moon, and by others to the Medusa (probably, as just "observed, both being the same) is borne on the coins of "Camarina in Sicily; *Camar* in Maltese (probably in "Phœnician also) signifies the moon."

I will now resume the extracts from his letters. To his brother George he wrote, on the 31st January, 1835:—

"I was very much pleased with Anne's and Susan's verses. They are really singularly good. The description of Coleridge is perfect. Did you show them to Rogers? No, you were afraid he would think you an old fool of a father. If you have an opportunity, show them to him upon my recommendation. I will incur the responsibility as an uncle."

In a letter dated the 9th of April, 1835, he writes to his brother Edward, who was in the habit of using a style, and carbonized copying paper, which often tired the eyesight of his correspondents, but who had written him one letter with ordinary pen and ink :—

"MY DEAR NED, "MALTA, *August 6th*, 1835.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 2nd March, written with a 'real pen, real ink, and real paper.' What is the nonsense which that puts me in mind of? Do you recollect? It was something of poor Bob Clive's at Putney" [where they had been at school together], "and his writing-master at home, Mr. Skelton by name, whose figure he used to draw on the blank pages of his books. . . It is not the less true that the sight of your real ink was a great refreshment to my eyes. So much for the form and material characters of your letter. For the substance, I am truly glad that your bargain for Turton[1] is approaching to a satisfactory termination, the more so as I trust it will enable you to inspect us here. Do not be afraid of the summer, it is all nonsense. Ask William! he will tell you; and I can tell you that I am never so well here as in the height of summer, and our constitutions, I take it, are not much unlike. Take example by the old Welsh mules which are sent over to the West Indies, where they are found to grow young again. You will see how I am ruining myself with building (I dare say you will be told so, if you remain in England). I built my first piece of wall simply by the Lesbian rule, as Aristotle describes it; but I have since made a discovery of the true Pelasgic method, and am finishing the other end of it like a perfect Cyclops, such as Neptune employed in building the walls of Troy. I have not time to explain this, so you must come and judge for yourself on the spot, and stop my hand if you think I am likely to do myself any real injury by the expense, for my architect is persuading me to build a small Doric temple, though the cost, even according to his own statement, will not be less than fifteen pounds; and it will cost me, I believe, seven or eight to finish my wall in a way that Sir W. Gell would approve.

"I have been running on with nonsense (from which you will only collect that I am well, and that I shall be very glad to see you), while you are looking for some account of dear S—" [a niece who had gone out to Malta for her health]. "She is the most cheerful creature under suffering that ever was, and the delight of everybody, including even that old uncle of hers. You know 'she is living with an old uncle.'"

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[1] Turton Tower, near Bolton, in Lancashire, which his brother was about to sell.

Speaking of a young couple who were about to marry on very narrow means, he adds :—

"With respect to means, if they will be content to live like poor gentle folks like —— and ——, they may do very well. The opposite line, that of *living genteel* upon a small income, is the vilest slavery, and never answers."

"My dear Bartle, Malta, *August 6th*, 1835.

"Badinell has met with some difficulties at the Treasury, the nature of which I do not very well understand. It seems that I am 'to state the period during which I have been free from office, and from which I claim the pension.' Now these two periods are not the same, for my pension was granted on my first return from Spain, and on my being sent there again, my pension was not stopped, and I had no fixed allowance as a minister (as in so confused a state of things it was hardly possible to fix on any amount which might not be extravagant or insufficient); but I was left at liberty to draw for necessary expenses, a liberty which you know I used with great moderation, conceiving, as I did, that anything like the usual display of foreign ministers would appear offensive, in the midst of the general distress.

"Such is the history of my pension; but having no papers or memoranda to which I can refer, it is impossible for me to make it strictly chronological. If this should be required, you, perhaps, would assist, and you and Badinell together would draw up a certificate in the form in which I ought to send it. I am now two quarters in arrear, and should be very glad of a little money.

"I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken about Theognis. I flatter myself it will shew the Germans that an Englishman can do something, though not exactly in their way.

"Pray thank Hamilton for his care about my *Diletantti* books, and tell him that I shall be anxious to show every civility to his friend, Captain Stodart."[1]

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[1] The unfortunate traveller who, afterwards with Arthur Conolly, perished in captivity at Bokhara.

"MALTA, *May 5th*, 1836.

"The same packet by which my brother Edward arrived here on the 19th of last month brought me your letter recommending Mr. W——, who arrived here afterwards in the 'Manchester' steamer, and is now on his way home with four giraffes, and Mr. and Mrs. B—— on board. I have been as civil to them all (the giraffes included, for I called upon them—the giraffes—twice) as I could possibly be, and if you see them they will, I trust (with the exception of the giraffes), make a favourable report of their reception here. I liked Mr. W—— very much, and was delighted (as everybody else was) with Mrs. B——. They are roaming in quest of health for him, and have already passed two winters in Madeira. I am in hopes that they may be persuaded to pass the next winter here. I have promised to be 'as obliging and attentive as possible.' It would be a great thing for the island if some real gentlemen of fortune would take to living here, and it would be a great boon to

"Your scrubby but affectionate brother,

"J. H. FRERE."

"I wish some morning, when you are in good spirits, that you would call on Mrs. B——."

To his sister-in-law, he wrote, November 8th, 1836:—

"Pray thank my brother for the trouble he has taken in writing to Chantrey. I have sent a part of his letter to Lord Holland. Poor John is in quarantine within sight of this window, and in quarantine he must remain, oscillating between this place and Alexandria, till his friends are able to clap an epaulette on his shoulders. . . We have all kinds of people here: the Prince de Joinville, Louis Philippe's younger son, and the Principe de Capua, the King of Naples' younger brother, with the Irish lady whom he has married. Count Matutiwitz is just gone, and John will have to convey Lord and Lady Brudenell to Alexandria, from whence they proceed to Bombay with a letter of recommendation to Mr. William Frere, of the Sudder Adawlut, after which they are to go to Delhi or Meerut, where they will have the advantage, probably, of seeing Mr. Richard Frere. Nonsense!"

In 1836 Lord Melbourne's Government appointed a Commission to examine into a vast number of complaints received by the Colonial-office regarding the administration of the laws, and of public affairs generally, in Malta. Many of the abuses and evils—political, economical, and social—to be investigated and reported upon, seemed to Mr. Frere beyond the reach of any remedy which such a commission could recommend, or any government apply; and he had some fears of the effects on the island population of the exaggerated expectations raised by what the Duke of Wellington is said to have likened to "an attempt to frame "a constitution on the British model for a line-of-battle "ship."

But the Commissioners were all men of distinguished ability and literary mark, comprising Mr. Austen, the celebrated jurist, who was accompanied by his wife, already well known as an accomplished authoress. The junior member was Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Cornewall Lewis, whose death in 1863, after he had filled the offices of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Home Secretary, and Secretary of State for War, in Lord Palmerston's administrations from 1855, has not yet ceased to be regretted by contemporary statesmen of all parties.

Notwithstanding the difference of their ages—for Mr. Lewis was then barely thirty—and, in many respects, of their political views, Mr. Frere formed the highest opinion of him as a politician, as well as a man of letters. Speaking of him, he said, "Lewis is one of the very few really "learned Englishmen I have met of late years, and his "fairness is as remarkable as his learning. It is a great "pity he is such a desperate Whig; but I think, if we "could have kept him in Malta a little longer, we might "have made a very decent Tory of him. I do not think "he was very well pleased with his first essay in consti-"tution-making." It is fair to add, however, that the constitution, and the reforms generally, which the Commission recommended, seem to have answered most of the purposes for which they were designed, even if they did not fulfil the somewhat extravagant expectations of those who called for the Commission. Writing to Sir Edmund Head soon after arriving in Malta, Mr. Lewis said:—"The "two main evils of Malta are—for the upper classes practical exclusion from office, and brutal treatment by the "English in society; and for the lower classes, over-population. . . Already carubas have become an article of "food; and if the increase goes much further, the people "must starve if they are not fed by English charity. I "have seen Hookham Frere, who found himself in Malta "sixteen years ago, at his wife's death, and has forgotten "to return to England. He has translated four plays of "Aristophanes, and will, I imagine, publish them."

Mr. Lewis appears, from his subsequent letters, to have been at first much disappointed in what he saw of Mr. Frere, who, he thought, had completely rusted in his long exile. Probably Mr. Frere had expressed to him his own doubts of the Commission being able to effect all that the sanguine young Liberal thought possible; and it is not unlikely that, as time proved the task to be more difficult and tedious than it had at first appeared, Mr. Lewis got to entertain more respect for what he had previously regarded as Mr. Frere's antiquated notions.

In the summer of 1837, while the Commission was still at Malta, the island was visited by a frightful epidemic of cholera, which carried off 2,000 people in five weeks, and Mr. Frere suffered in many ways from the strain which his exertions to mitigate the general distress and alarm imposed on him. His sister, writing in September, after the disease had somewhat abated, describes the effect as having been so great as to make her fear that he was suddenly falling into old age. She speaks gratefully of the relief he had found in Mr. Lewis's society, and in the revived interest with which her brother had returned to his Translations, consequent on his young friend having volunteered to superintend their being printed at the Maltese Government press, though she says she has not yet been able quite to forgive the Commission for having abolished the House of Industry, the place of refuge for poor girls, and the Ospizio for old people, and fears that "all our charitable institutions will be absorbed into a hateful sort of "general poor-rate."

Mr. Bartle Frere refers to the aid thus tendered by Mr. Lewis, in several letters written in 1837, in one of which, after saying that two London publishers had declined to undertake to print the translation of Aristophanes at their own risk, he urges his brother to publish it himself, "even "if it cost him fifty pounds," reminding him of the consolation which a friend of theirs had found in paying a heavy printer's bill for her son's unsaleable publications, "that it was a very creditable way of spending one's "money!"

In a subsequent letter he adds:—"In my opinion, you "had better accept at once Mr. Lewis's offer, and print at "the Government press. You will be then laying out your "money, not only for a creditable purpose (as I suggested "in my last), but will be doing something for the good of "the island, whose export trade in this article of books, I "suppose, is far overbalanced by those which you import. "By the bye, if I was not enjoined to send no books but "what are *ordered* by you, I should have told Rodwell to "forward to you the two first volumes of Lockhart's 'Life "'of Scott;' the second only comes out to-day, and I see "your name frequently mentioned in it, in conjunction with "G. Ellis and Canning, in terms in which one might not "complain of being handed down to posterity; for this is a "book which *will* go to posterity, and also, I suppose, have

" a more extensive sale at its first appearance than any " other modern work."

With the help which Mr. Lewis had thus kindly offered, the translation of four plays of Aristophanes was at length put through the press at Malta, though without the marking of the dominant accents, or other indications of the rythm, which Mr. Frere had contemplated as aids to a better understanding of the effect of the original. He found that, with the limited resources of the local press, the correction of typographical errors in the accents would have involved a greater amount of labour than, at his age, it was possible to give to such a task; and he somewhat reluctantly yielded to the advice of Mr. Lewis, who judged that, though careful scholars would appreciate the assistance to be derived from an accentuated text, readers in general would be more likely to be deterred from perusal by the unusual aspect of the page, than to be aided by the additional labour bestowed on it.

But, though printed, the work was not published, and was consequently inaccessible to the public, and its merits were very imperfectly appreciated by the world of scholars, till Mr. Lewis, some years afterwards (1847), gave, in the "Classical Museum,"[1] very ample extracts, accompanied by much kindly and judicious criticism. In his introductory remarks, he says:—"The reproduction of " the comedies of Aristophanes in a modern language " seems almost a hopeless task. The endless variety " of his style and metres, the exuberance of his witty " imagination, the richness and flexibility of the Attic " language in which he wrote, and the perpetual byeplay of " allusions, often intimated merely by a pun, a metaphor, " or a strange new compound, to the statesmen, poets, " political events and institutions, manners and domestic

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[1] No. ii. p. 238. Parkers, London.

"history of his times, appear to make it equally difficult to "execute a poetical version which shall adhere to the letter "or render the spirit of the original." After noticing the imperfections of Mitchell's translation, he adds:—"Mr. "Frere (who had many years ago exercised his poetical "powers upon Aristophanes, and who wrote a fair and, "indeed, favourable critique of the first volume of Mr. "Mitchell's translation, in the 'Quarterly Review') judged "rightly that the success of previous translators had not "rendered his efforts superfluous. He has accordingly "been induced to print, for private distribution, his versions of the 'Acharnians,' the 'Knights,' the 'Birds,' and "the 'Frogs.' If anybody was likely to meet with success "in this undertaking, it was the author of the admirable "imitation of Darwin in the 'Antijacobin'—an imitation "which bids fair to be much more long-lived than its "original—and of the excellent poem of Whistlecraft, the "model on which Lord Byron wrote his 'Beppo,' but "which, by some accident of popular taste, has never obtained a reputation equal to its merits. And, in our "opinion, Mr. Frere's success as a translator of Aristophanes has been greater than might have been reasonably "anticipated. Of the plays which he has selected, three, "the 'Knights,' the 'Birds,' and the 'Frogs,' are certainly "the most difficult which a translator could deal with. "Moreover, what he has undertaken he has performed; "the entire play is rendered, so that the merely English "reader can form a complete judgment of the original: no "scenes are omitted as unmanageable. Of the four plays, "the translations of the 'Frogs' and 'Knights' appear to "us to be the best: the latter, in particular, gives an excellent idea of this masterpiece of comic invective; the "δεινότης of which was never exceeded by any of the vituperative effusions of those great masters of the art, the "Attic orators.

"As the work is not published for sale, we propose to "give such full selections as will enable the reader to judge "for himself of the goodness of the translation. Before, "however, we proceed to do so, we repeat that the difficulty "of worthily representing Aristophanes in a modern language can scarcely be over-estimated, and it can only be "appreciated by one who is acquainted with the original. "The Germans, as far as we know, are almost the only "continental nation who have attempted any other translation of Aristophanes than a literal prose version for the "use of school-boys.[1] All poetical translations from the "ancient classical languages are difficult; as the failure of "great poets (such as Dryden and Pope), and the rarity of "even tolerable success, evince. But a poetical translation "of Aristophanes is peculiarly difficult. Comedy is harder "of translation than tragedy; it is easier to copy the lofty "and serious than the ridiculous and familiar. That Menander's grace and elegance was not easily transferred "into another language is proved by the comparative failure "of Terence, whom Julius Cæsar, doubtless disposed to "speak of him as highly as he could, only ventured to call "*half a Menander*. If, however, the equable flow and "domestic plots of Menander were hard to imitate, what is "to be thought of the grotesque, fantastic, and local humour "of Aristophanes? The translation of Goethe's 'Faust' is "no easy task, as many modern poets have found. It has "not, we believe, been attempted in French or Italian "verse. But 'Faust' is far less obscure, and less tinged "with the colours of time and place, than the 'Knights' or "the 'Frogs.' Moreover, there is an affinity in modern

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[1] The "Biographie Universelle," tom. ii. p. 455, states that in the complete translation of the plays of Aristophanes by Poinsinet de Sivry, some plays are translated in verse, and others in prose: and that the translation of Brottier (the nephew of the translator of Tacitus) is entirely in prose. We have not seen either translation.

" metres and forms of words which renders the transfusion " of a poem from one living language to another easier than " the transfusion from a dead language."

After giving copious extracts from the four plays, the article concludes with some criticism on Mr. Frere's translation of Theognis, which was printed some years after the Aristophanes.

In August, 1837, while the cholera was still devastating the island, Mr. Frere wrote to his brother Bartle:—

"Not having been able to sleep, and having laboured under a paroxysm of laziness all yesterday, and it being now light enough to enable me to see what I am writing, and owing to Susan's inflammation in her eyes, devolving upon me the task of writing to everybody who may be supposed to care about us, I sit down with pleasure (or more properly stand up at my desk) to inform you that we are hitherto alive and well, except as above excepted, namely, Susan's inflammation in her eyes. The cholera is on the decline in point of numbers, but within these few days has been more frequent among the higher class of Maltese, and among the English. As for myself, when a disorder is going about, I rarely get it till everybody else has done with it. Susan has had her equivalent in the influenza, which prevailed as unaccountably as the cholera during all the singular cold, wet weather which we experienced this spring. It was with a sudden burst of extreme heat on the 9th of June that the cholera first broke out, and (as is usual with epidemics on their first appearance) was rapidly fatal. It is strange that (as if it had introduced itself into a new region) the same rapidity of execution is visible in the class into which it has now found its way. I take what care I can of myself, and some care of others. My only method is to be very moderate in everything, so here is a *very moderate* letter."

His sister never entirely recovered from the effects of the illness here mentioned, and in 1838 he became much alarmed by her failing health. Her home had been in his house since their mother's death, twenty-five years previous. A great part of the few letters he now wrote was devoted to allaying in others the anxiety which he could not himself cease to feel on her account. After dwelling on this subject in a letter to his brother George, dated November 15, 1838, he writes :—

"According to your desire, I return Dr. Wordsworth's, and beg you to return my thanks to his son[1] for his obliging present of the 'Pompeian Inscriptions,' which have amused me a good deal, though some of them are puzzles to me.

"I was glad to hear of our cousin Watlington's[2] prosperity. I had not been aware that there were any ties of consanguinity between us.

"I remember a Mrs. Flowerdew, my mother's great aunt, a tall, very old lady, dressed in black, whom I used to like, partly, perhaps, because she used to regale me with savoury biscuits; but my recollection of her is as of a very nice old person, who was exceedingly fond of my mother, and always delighted to see us. She was unmarried; the daughter of a Mr. Flowerdew, who had married a Miss Dee, a descendant (I do not know in what degree) of the mathematician and hermatic philosopher. There are some verses of his on her separation from her intended husband, Mr. Flowerdew, who, upon some mercantile emergency (the seizure, I think, of English property by the Spanish Government), had been called away to Cadiz. The verses are in the cabinet at Roydon.

"Mrs. Flowerdew, whom I recollect, was old enough to recollect the *alarm* of the Irish massacre—not the real massacre, but the strange alarm spread through the city by the Whigs, to try the temper of the people, and to ascertain the extent of their gullibility.

"There was a story of poor Mrs. F.'s absence of mind; how, having been down into the kitchen on a Sunday morning, she was seen proceeding to church with a knife in her hand instead of a fan.

"This is all I can recollect at present, and with it I return Mr.

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[1] Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, now Bishop of Lincoln. He had lately married Mr. Frere's niece.

[2] A connection of their family, who had applied to Mr. G. Frere for some information regarding their common descent from Dr. Dee, Queen Elizabeth's astrologer. Dr. Dee's great granddaughter, Margery Dee, married Mr. Flowerdew, and had two daughters; Jane, who married Mr. Hookham, and was Mr. Frere's grandmother, on his mother's side; and Elizabeth, who married Mr. Watlington.

Watlington's letter, in order that the two documents, if you think them worth preserving, may repose together."

"MALTA, *January* 11*th*, 1839.

"A hard wind blowing into the mouth of the harbour detained the packet, and allows me time to thank you for your almanack, and to request you to send a duplicate for a purpose which, as before in my letter to my sister, I shall leave her to guess.

"I do not exactly recollect what I wrote upon occasion of our cousin Watlington's genealogical communications. I think it related chiefly to the Dees and the Flowerdews; but I believe I omitted to mention one fact, harsh-sounding and unwelcome to the genealogical ear—one of the Flowerdews was *hanged—durum verbum.* You will say, 'What is to be done with him?' But, ho! we ought to endeavour, if possible, to trace our lineage to him, and hitch him in as a collateral; for it was, in fact, a most creditable occurrence, and one upon which (since he would undoubtedly have been dead before this time) we ought rather to congratulate ourselves. He was, in fact, hanged (I dislike the word as applied to an ancestor); but it was by the rebels in the time of Kett the Tanner—the *Furor Norvicensis*, as it was called by the learned.[1]

"It is wrong, however, to be singular in any way; and since candour towards rebels is so much in fashion, I must not omit to state a probability in their behalf, implying that the family were not very liberal or popular, their house, standing at some distance from the road, on the right hand as you go from Hetherset to Norwich, was, as it is now, known by the name of 'Mock-beggar Hall.'

"The question, then, to be determined, in behalf of omnipotent candour, on the one hand, and family honour on the other, reduces itself to a question of time: 'Is the name ancient? Can it be traced to a period anterior to the time of Kett the Tanner?' In that case the presumed illiberality of the owner might be pleaded in palliation of the violence of which he was the victim. Or was it imposed at a time immediately subsequent, when the resentment of the family, and their disgust against the lower orders (arising from the incident before mentioned), might have rendered them less charitable and hospitable than we find that people's ancestors were. Or, lastly, was the name given when it was reduced to a farm-house (retaining, as it does, the appearance of a gentleman's mansion, as was before observed) at a distance from the road, and consequently alluring vagrants to a fruitless application? These are the points which can never be cleared up, unless by the investigation of some local antiquary, whose great ability has manifested itself chiefly in the elucidation of similar difficulties. And though we may delight to indulge our fancy in the contemplation of those comfortable old times, yet, situated as we are, certainty is in most instances unattainable.

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[1] Temp. Edw. VI.

"I must now conclude, for the wind that detained this packet is also detaining one for Alexandria, by which I have more than one letter which I ought to write."

A few days after this letter was written, his anxieties regarding his sister were terminated by her death, on the 18th January, 1839. She died, as she had lived, a bright example of every Christian and domestic virtue. Her brother laid her near his wife, and close to the spot which he had long before marked as that where he wished himself to rest. None were now left near him of his own family or generation; and for some months after her death there were many duties connected with her letters, her property, and the poor around, to whom she had long been his willing and most judicious almoner, which made him feel his loss very acutely.

About a year before this time, Lady Erroll's niece, Miss Blake, who had always lived with her aunt from her childhood, and had been to Mr. Frere as a daughter, had married Lord Hamilton Chichester, for whom Mr. Frere had the warmest regard. They were able to live much with him at Malta, and nothing was ever wanting to his comfort which their perfectly filial affection and constant watchful attention could ensure to him.

On February 21st, 1839, he wrote to his brother George—

"I have again to perform the melancholy task of sending back the letters addressed to my poor sister. The papers which you mention as having been sent from Hampton Court in 1831, I should wish to be sent out here by some safe conveyance. Pray, my dear George, thank Lizzy for her kind letter, though it made me very sad to see the hopes and expectation under which it was written. . .

"Except that we are tolerably well, I do not know anything that remains for me to say, unless I were to send you the news of this place, which, of a sudden, is become a very bustling one."

"My dear Bartle, *March 20th*, 1839.

"I am not very well able to write, having been suffering for these three days with a pain in my face—a pain which of all incapacitates me the most for any exertion. I mention this lest you should hear that I had been ill and confined to my room, which is true, to this extent, but no further. In other respects, I think I have passed through this winter better than the last. Accordingly I have exhorted Lord and Lady Hamilton to go to Rome to see Lady Cadogan, who had wished to see us there. I would not venture to go myself, for March is the worst month here, and, I should imagine, not at all better at Rome.

"It was otherwise in the times of the Cid—'El *invierno* es exido, que el marze quiere entrar.'

"And now, my dear Bartle (after a very disagreeable interruption, which has occupied me upwards of an hour), I return to conclude with a subject with which I ought to have begun. I ought to have begun to thank you for the admirable lines[1] which you have sent me. I conclude them to be your own, though you do not say so distinctly, and there is a great deal of poetry in the family. Whosoever they are, they are excellent, and (to use a phrase which I am not fond of) *appropriate.* This mind, in this respect, is singular." . .

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[1] Inscribed on his sister's tomb with her epitaph:—

"Susanna Frere
Joannis Frere et Joannæ Hookham filia
nata d. conv. S. Pauli, 1777,
cum plures annos in hâc insulâ commorans
pietatis et caritatis singulare exemplum præbuisset,
ad meliorem vitam transiit
d. Jan: 18: anno 1839.
J: H: Frere defunctæ Frater mœrens posuit."

"Farewell blessed spirit, not for thee the tear
Steals down this furrowed cheek—unscathed hast thou
Life's thorny path of sin and sorrow trod;
But well may they who to thy heart were dear
Mourn for themselves, unblamed, yet mourning bow
With humble resignation to the rod.

To his sister-in-law, he wrote, on May 2nd, 1839:—

"It is very kind of you to grant me an exemption from the task of writing, which has been occasionally, though not so much of late, physically distressing to me—I mean the posture and the act of writing.

"You have, I hope, by this time received the Aristophanes. Having a very sudden and unexpected opportunity, I was obliged to send them in sheets as they were, and to trouble my brothers Bartle and Temple to get them stitched in a presentable form. A copy is directed to Dr. Wordsworth, and I should have liked to have sent more, in case he should so far approve of it as to wish to present copies to any of his scholars. . . .

"John is still here. Lord and Lady Hamilton not yet returned. * * "I am afraid that I shall not have time to write to George, therefore you must thank him for his letter. It would be endless to write politics, but the prospect of things getting worse would not afford me any consolation from the anticipated expectation of their getting better. In the year '92 I remember to have heard people in France administering to themselves the same sort of consolation."

"MY DEAR BARTLE, "MALTA, *Oct.* 17*th*, 1839.

"I feel much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken about the last sheet of the 'Frogs,' which I return here-

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Thy birth befell upon that hallowed day
When burst the ineffable light upon the Jew
Of Tarsus, and affirmed the call divine.
Upon that rock is cast thy coil of clay
Where from his arm the great Apostle threw
Unharmed the venemous beast—What fitter shrine
For her whose course thro' life was ever true
To the aspiration which the zeal accords
Of the new convert—those heart-breathing words—
'Who art thou, Lord? What wouldst thou have me do?'"

with, with a single correction in page 76, and my full assent to your suggestion.

"I should like to have 100 copies sent out here, but how I cannot tell; the steam conveyance is the worst possible for the transmission of parcels. Oh! here is Honoria, as usual full of resources; she says the imperials of a carriage which is coming out here for her and Lord Hamilton may be filled with them, and anything you may wish to send. Said carriage is to be found at Adams and Hooper's, Haymarket, who will be able to notify the last hour of its departure.[1]

"Did I write to you some time ago about a Dr. Mill,[2] a very learned orientalist, who passed through here many months ago, on his return from India? he seemed much interested in my views for establishing the study of Hebrew, and its cognate dialects, which (as the Maltese is one) the natives have a peculiar facility for acquiring. He took charge of a commission for procuring books for the scholars, and, now that their long vacation is over, the poor young men are looking to me for the fulfilment of my promise. In the meantime I have heard nothing from Dr. Mill, and do not know where to write to him.

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[1] The following "Apology for the Translation of Aristophanes" seems to have been written with a view to its being prefixed to these copies; a different preface was subsequently added (vide *supra*, pp. ccx. and ccxv.) "The appearance of a publication so little suited to the period of age, at which the writer has arrived, seems to require explanation on his part. The fact is, a strong persuasion had, from a very early time, been impressed upon his mind, that the English language was possessed of capabilities [for such a purpose] which had never hitherto been systematically studied, or sufficiently developed. To attempt such a task was beyond his powers; indeed, without a knowledge of music, (which he never possessed, and for which he felt no talent or inclination,) it would have been impossible; but the persuasion above mentioned gave rise to a habit of endeavouring to express in English any passage which had struck him as remarkable in any foreign or ancient language. It happened, owing to circumstances in which the public can have no interest, that some passages longer than usual were translated from Aristophanes; but the possibility of producing an adequate translation of an entire play never would have entered into his mind but from the example of his friend Mr. W. Hamilton, who had himself completed a translation of almost the whole of Aristophanes."

[2] Formerly Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, and, subsequently Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, and Canon of Ely.

"Speak you of young Master G——? Well, my dear brother, I shall be willing to go you halves. Mrs. G—— applied to me for her rent, and I sent her £12. She says that she could get a better house for £100; and I would do it for her, but, I fear, when people have once got to depend upon the power and efficacy of (what is called) 'making a poor month,' they never thrive.

"I wish some one branch of our families were settled in one of the colonies, where industry and regularity can hardly fail to succeed. If the ——s like to go, and you think them capable of it, their outfit would not require me to sell a farm in order to make them landed proprietors in the antipodes."

His brother had no difficulty in finding Dr. Mill, and a list of the books which he recommended for the use of the Maltese Hebrew scholars was made and sent out. But, on looking over the list with Father Marmora, an unexpected difficulty presented itself, as described in the following letter to his brother:—

"MALTA, *January* 9, 1840.

"I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have already taken, but at the same time sorry to tell you that your trouble is not entirely over, at least if the books are not already sent; in which case, you may be able, either by yourself or by Dr. Mill, to save me the sum of £22 17*s*., being the amount of those books upon the list, which Mr. Marmora considers as useless. I enclose the list, with observations to which I do not think it necessary to add anything; the fact is, that the students are all of the clergy, actual or intended, and among the clergy a knowledge of English is a most rare acquirement.

"My chief inducement for urging the establishment of lectures on Hebrew in this university arose from the consideration that the natives possessed a grammar in their own language, which, with some insignificant variations, is applicable to Hebrew: to teach it through the medium of English would be *ignotum per ignotius*. I hope, therefore, that I may be spared the mortification of receiving so large a lot of books, which I should not be able to apply to any useful purpose, not to mention the £22 17*s*. before alluded to, which, I am thinking, at this time of the year, would be a very acceptable present to poor Madam G——, and as an act of charity will be a stimulus to your exertions, you may think yourself at liberty so to apply it.

"Dr. Mill will probably have greater authority over his bookseller; and if you should find it necessary, you may send this to him, with the accompanying list. The difficulty of intercourse betwixt this place and England, except for letters, is such that I flatter myself the package may still have been detained.

"I have not been able to find a conveyance for any additional copies of Aristophanes. Pray, when the 'Frogs' are finished, send a copy, with my best respects, to Dr. Mill."[1]

"MALTA, *August 22nd*, 1839.

"I thank you for your very detailed account of family matters. The very elements seem to have conspired auspiciously to honour John's nuptials.[2] In the first place a downpour of rain to put the bishop's zeal and good-will to the proof; and secondly, as Lizzy affirms, a most beautiful fine day, to do honour to the wedding itself.

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[1] The following memorandum seems to have been drawn up by Mr. Frere, and submitted to the Council of the University at Malta, embodying his views on the subject of teaching Hebrew as a branch of higher education. The remarks on the office and powers of such an university, on the affinities of Maltese, and the value of grammar taught through a cognate language, will justify the insertion of the paper. It shows, moreover, how little the lapse of years had diminished the interest he felt in his favourite studies :—

"*Reflections on the Studies which may be cultivated in the University of Malta, respectfully submitted to the consideration of the Members of the Counsel.*

"There are two points of view under which an University may be considered. First, as a place of education for the superior classes of the rising generation instituted and organized for the purpose of qualifying them for the due performance of their civil and professional duties. The utility and necessity of an institution for these purposes is too obvious to require to be supported or confirmed by an unnecessary length of argument.

"But the Universities of Europe from their first institution have

[2] His nephew, the late Rev. John Frere, rector of Cottenham and chaplain to Dr. Blomfield, when Bishop of London. He died in 1851, just as he was fulfilling the early promise he had given of a useful as well as brilliant career.

"With respect to copies of Aristophanes, I have not been able as yet to find any opportunity; for anything except letters, the

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supported another and a higher character; and if they had not, the mere process of education according to the degree of knowledge and acquirements possessed at the time of their establishment, continued to the present time, would have left mankind in a state very little advanced from what it was four hundred years ago.

"The Universities, as I said before, had a higher character, like separate states combined in political union; they were, it may be said, federal members of the Great Republic of Letters, engaged in a mutual commerce of science and literature: the whole present stock of our literary wealth may be said to have been accumulated by this commerce, exclusive at least of that portion of it, which has been contributed during the last century, by voluntary associations of learned and scientific persons.

"This duty of contributing their efforts towards the general advancement of knowledge, constitutes the peculiar dignity of an University; and unless it is in some degree maintained, we may rest assured that the subordinate but obviously useful objects will never be accomplished in a satisfactory manner.

"It is an universal truth, that subordinate advantages arise from the pursuit of those which are of a more general and elevated character; and that if the subordinate are pursued, separately, exclusively, and solely for their own sake, we shall generally be baffled in our attempt to secure them.

"If, for instance, the establishment of Religion is attended to, solely with a view to its civil influence in the maintenance of social subordination, religion will be degraded, its degradation will bring on hypocrisy with its attendant infidelity, and ultimately anarchy, the very evil against which it was considered as the best security. If the fine arts are cultivated solely with a view to the profit to be derived from improved taste in the patterns of our manufactures, we may be assured (as Sir J. Reynolds justly observes, upon this very subject, in his lectures to the artists of the Academy), that they will never accomplish even this subordinate and paltry purpose.

"Thus in everything, if a noble and superior object is pursued for its own sake with zeal and generosity, all the inferior advantages which are connected with it, will follow naturally and of their own accord.

"Let us apply this principle to the conduct of an University and particularly of an University situated as that of Malta is. If we suppose an University incapable of producing anything which communication between this place and England is, I think, worse than ever."

"*November 28th*, 1839.

"I thank you for Mr. Maurice's book, and will be obliged to you to let me keep it, and procure another for John. I spent all

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can be generally interesting to the learned world, which should be unable to quote the name of a professor whose reputation had extended beyond the limits of his native country, such an University (whatever diligence it might apply to the just execution of its ordinary duties in assisting and directing the studies of the pupils) would labour under great disadvantages—First, from the want of that authority and reputation on the part of its seniors, which can only be confirmed in its highest degree, by the testimony of foreign literati, and the applause of other countries; and, again, because the younger students, seeing their horizon bounded by a narrow circuit, and having no examples immediately before their eyes, of scholars who by their own merits and exertions had extended their reputation to a wider sphere, would confine their efforts to the attainment of a local superiority, considering their own countrymen as their only competitors, and that degree of excellence which would be sufficient to surpass them, as the just limit of their own exertions. But, it may be asked, what hopes are there for an University, situated as that of Malta is (locally insulated, and with the poorest endowment possible) to produce anything which can be considered as a contribution to the general mass of science and knowledge? In regard to those pursuits which are followed with the eagerness of fashion in other parts of Europe, the want of communication, and the difficulty of intercourse, would perpetually throw us in the back-ground. A professor at Malta might waste a year in the solution of a difficulty, which had been already solved at Paris or London, and the same discoveries, even when published and printed, might in many instances escape his notice. Not to mention that for those pursuits which require an expensive apparatus, astronomy, for instance, or chemistry, the establishment of an observatory, or of a scientific laboratory would be wholly out of the question.

"Under these circumstances it is consolatory to reflect that we possess within ourselves the materials for a branch of literary industry, which, if properly employed, would enable us to enter with advantage into the general commerce of literature: the example of the University of Corfu, and the expectation of new improvements and discoveries likely to arise in the study of Greek literature, when cultivated by those to whom a dialect of the same language is familiar from their the morning yesterday upon it, which has obliged me to abridge my correspondence this packet. . .

"We have here a Mr. B——, a friend and adherent of the Oxonian divines. I shall lend him Maurice.

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infancy, may suggest to us the adoption of a similar course, and it would not be presumptuous to anticipate that an equally favourable expectation would be excited, of new illustrations, likely to arise in the cultivation of a very extensive branch of Oriental literature, if zealously pursued and candidly encouraged in the University of Malta.

"The native language of Malta is an Oriental dialect, intimately connected with Arabic, Hebrew, and Syriac; with respect to the first, the fact is notorious, that a Maltese finds no difficulty in making himself understood anywhere in the Mediterranean coasts of Africa and Asia, a circumstance which is of no small convenience in commercial intercourse, and which might be improved to great advantage in that respect. In Casal Zeitun the boys actually learn to write their own language in the Arabic character, and as the language itself is intelligible in all the countries before mentioned, it is obvious that the inhabitants of that place would possess great advantages, if a change of circumstances reanimating commerce and directing it to Africa, and the Levant, should enable them to develope again the commercial industry which they exhibited, not long ago, on the northern and western coasts of the Mediterranean. But perhaps it may be said that this is foreign to the proper pursuits of an University, and particularly to those higher ones on which I have chiefly insisted. It may be so; but it is an acquirement very easily attained, which may possibly be of real utility to many, who receive their education in the University, and it would be discreditable if its scholars were deficient in an accomplishment possessed by the sons of the poorest peasants, in another part of the island. Besides, with respect to the attainment of proficiency in a branch of literature, for which we have such peculiar advantages (which is so extensive and interesting in itself, and which to all other Europeans presents such uncommon difficulties) as the Arabic, it would be no slight step to be able to read and write with ease in a cognate dialect, and this step is one, which is now actually acquired by boys of seven or eight years old in a few weeks.

"The direct practical utility of being able to write and read their own language in the Arabic character, is evidently the object proposed in the method adopted at Zeitun, where the boys learn at once their own grammar and the Italian, declining and conjugating in both languages together, with great facility at a very early age.

"I should apprehend that any person, himself a native of Malta, and possessing a knowledge of the literal and classical Arabic, would

"Can you send the three numbers of 'Primitive Christianity?" It was to have been published the 28th of August."

To his brother George, Mr. Frere wrote, May 14, 1840:—

"First let me thank you for Lord Wellesley's verses. I have desired Bartle to send him in return my plays, and also to Lord

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(if desirous of instructing a countryman of his own in the same studies) begin the course of instruction by the process which I have already described, and of which we have an actual example before us—we see then that the same method which is usefully employed, for subordinate purposes, may be made an elementary foundation for higher literary attainments: to understand the grammar of his own language in conjunction with Italian, and to be able to read and write it with facility in the Arabic character may be the means of profit and advancement to the poorest natives of the island if possessed of industry and talents; his own language and the Italian enable him to traffic in the whole of the Mediterranean, and if he is able to read and write in both languages, the advantage which he has in this respect will be greatly increased. But if fortune or profession should destine a youth to higher and literary pursuits, the same elementary rudiments which would be practically useful to the mercantile adventurer, will afford to the Maltese scholar an advantage which would enable him to outstrip the competition of any other European scholar, in a branch of study highly interesting in itself, and which has been hitherto little explored by European literati.

"The same observations (at least as far as the scholar is concerned) will apply to the study of Hebrew. I conceive that a Maltese master with a Maltese pupil would find great advantage in beginning with a short preliminary course, in which he would point out to him the grammatical rules existing in his own language, and which he had been in the practice of following from habit and imitation, without being aware of their principles or nature.

"These rules are totally different from those which exist in any of the modern European languages, or in Greek or Latin, but they have a direct analogy with, and are in many instances identical, with the rules of the Hebrew language.

"And here an observation occurs, which ought not to be omitted. To speak one's own language without a knowledge of its grammar and construction, is the true characteristic of ignorance in an individual, or of barbarism in a people. A native of any other country in Europe, by acquiring any other of the languages which are usually learnt, acquires at the same time the grammar of his own. Thus an Englishman learning French, or an Italian learning Latin, cannot fail to observe, that the rules which guide him in the acquisition of the new

Burghersh; perhaps he may set some of the choruses to music. *A propos* to this I have also desired him to send one to Dr. Crotch."

In the same year he visited the Ionian Islands, Trieste, and

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language, are equally applicable to his own, and it is a common observation that those persons who have learnt another language, are usually the most correct and perfect in speaking their own. This is the result of the analogy subsisting between them; but where this analogy does not exist, as for instance between the Maltese language and any one of those which are usually acquired by the inhabitants of the island (as English, for instance, Italian, or Latin), it is possible, and I believe not unfrequent, for a native to acquire another language, without deriving from it any very correct notion of the nature and construction of his own. If, therefore, it is desirable that a man should speak his own language correctly, and not merely as a parrot, or a barbarian, an attainment, which is so easily acquired, and which may be made by boys of seven years old, ought not to be omitted in the course of Maltese education.

"It has been shown already that the Maltese language may be usefully employed if written in the Arabic character, and that this is an acquirement within the reach of mere children, who ought not to be left in ignorance of the grammar of the language which they habitually speak. I should, therefore, venture with submission to propose that the grammar of the Maltese language, combined with the Italian, and the practice of writing it in the Arabic, and perhaps also in the common alphabet, should be introduced in the lower school, and taught at the same time with the rudiments of Latin to boys of ten years old and under. Those who are obliged to discontinue these studies, will in this way have acquired an accomplishment which may be of profit and advantage to them in foreign commerce, and facilitate their intercourse with those countries to which our trade in future seems most likely to be directed. Those who continue to pursue their studies, will possess an advantage peculiar to themselves, in entering upon a vast field of literature hitherto very imperfectly explored in those languages which are cognate dialects of the Native Maltese, the Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, and Ethiopic. In all of these, the University of Malta might obtain a decided pre-eminence over the other Universities and learned bodies in Europe—and pre-eminence in one species of knowledge would (as has been before observed) be attended with advantages in others. It would be contrary to experience to suppose that a University pre-eminent in one point would at the same time be deficient in others.

"These are the reflections which I venture to submit, thus hastily, to the judgment of those who are fully capable of estimating them (if

Rome, in company with Lord and Lady Hamilton Chichester. While at Rome he had a threatening of paralysis. The following letter is undated, but appears to have been written while still confined to his room. It shows that the attack, though very alarming at the time, had not in any way affected his mental powers:—

"My dear Bartle,

"I think it is better that you should have an account immediately from myself, as probably, from among the many English here, some incorrect ones may reach England—vague and exaggerated, which it may be better to rectify. The case is this. On Saturday last (it is now Tuesday) I perceived a weakness and want of command in the fingers of my left hand, and upon rising I perceived that my gait and footing was very much like that of a drunken man. I accordingly lost no time in sending for doctors, and in a short time had two of them (English) at my elbow; they unanimously bled and blistered, and purged, and put me to bed, where, for the present, they have advised me to remain, and avoid all exertion or excitation. I cannot guess what their real opinions are, but they talk confidently and cheerfully to others.

"Mr. Hay is a joint inmate of this hotel, and is a great comfort.

"I have not been able to see Mr. D——. He called at this hotel and left a letter, but no card of his address. I now hear that he has gone to Naples; but as the letter which he brought from you was intended to be delivered at Malta, I conclude that he will proceed there, and that we shall meet. I shall be happy to show him any civilities in my power, an attention due, I think, to a person who, as I see, calls you *uncle.*

"My doctors forbid my reading, and, *à fortiori*, would forbid my writing; so I conclude, dear Bartle,

"Affectionately yours,

"J. H. Frere."

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they should be deemed worthy of any consideration), and who possess a practical and local knowledge of the means by which such a plan might be effectually realized.

"It would be too presumptuous in me to venture in this stage, to enter into a detail of arrangements: it would, moreover, be premature, unless the principles and views, which have been generally stated, should be sanctioned by the previous approbation of the Council."

To his brother George, after his return to Malta, he wrote:—

"*April 28th*, 1841.

"I had begun a note something like this by the last packet, the purport of which was to thank you for your kind annual present, which I found here on my return, together with numbers 5 and 6 of the work on 'Antient Christianity.' It is a great pity that the subject should have been stirred, but I think it is treated temperately enough, and above all with great decency. I do not see any such great advantage in the revival of the study of the old ecclesiastical writers. They seem to me like the furniture in the shop of Romeo's apothecary, very curious, but not fit to be prescribed as remedies. I have not any duplicates here, but I think there is at Roydon a copy of the 'Scriptores Ecclesiastici' in three volumes folio, which Temple would send to you or to the Rector of Cottenham. I have also to thank you for poor Lord Dudley's letters. I have not yet told you that our nephew William, with his wife and two children, have been with us since their release from quarantine, about ten days ago. I flatter myself that all her new relations will be as much pleased with her as I have been.

"Read Ranke's 'History of the latter Popes.'"

His nephew William, whose return from India is mentioned in this letter, availed himself of the opportunities which his stay with Mr. Frere afforded to induce him to put the finishing strokes to his translation of "Theognis,"[1] and to take it to the printers. Of this translation Mr. Norton, his American critic, observes:—"His 'Theognis "'Restitutus' affords another instance of his success in con-"veying 'to the English reader a complete notion of the "'intention of the original, and a clear impression of the "'temper, character, and style which it exhibits.' His ob-"ject was not to give a literal and verbally exact rendering, "which might often puzzle the modern reader, but to trans-"late in such a manner as to present clearly the essential "meaning of the poet. 'It might not be difficult,' he says, "'to crowd into a given number of lines or words an exact

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[1] See vol. ii. pp. 311 to 408.

" 'verbal interpretation, but this verbal interpretation would " 'convey almost in every instance either an imperfect " 'meaning or a false character; the relative and collateral " 'ideas, and the associations which served as stepping- " 'stones to transitions apparently incongruous and abrupt, " 'would still be wanting; and the author whose elliptical " 'familiar phraseology was a mere transcript of the lan- " 'guage of daily life, would have the appearance of a " 'pedantic composer studiously obscure and enigmatic.' " Such versions as Mr. Frere's become a component part of " the literature of the language in which they are made. " They do not exclude the literal and precise translations " which are intended to exhibit, not merely the permanent " and universal elements of the original, but also its local " and personal peculiarities, and the exact forms of its ex- " pression. These, too, are required, and have their value. " Only the man of genius can venture to adopt such a " method as Mr. Frere's, and how few translators are men " of genius!

" From the confused mass of fragments which form the " existing remains of 'Theognis'—some fourteen hundred " lines in all—Mr. Frere endeavoured to reconstruct a " biography of the poet about whose life very little is ab- " solutely known, and to indicate the successive changes of " circumstance and situation under which his verses were " composed. The ingenuity and learning displayed in it, " the acuteness of interpretation, and the interest of the " mode in which the subject is developed and illustrated, " give to this little book a great charm as a work of deli- " cate and thorough scholarship, and of imaginative recon- " struction. How far the author is correct in his inferences " and conclusions must be left to the determination of " critics not less learned than himself."[1]

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[1] "North American Review" for July 1868, p. 165.

A very favourable review of this translation appeared in the "Quarterly Review" in 1843,[1] of which Sir Cornewall Lewis said, in the "Classical Museum" for October, 1843 (No. II.) :—"We had intended to append to this article" (on Aristophanes) "some specimens of Mr. Frere's translation "of parts of 'Theognis;' but the very complete account of "this work given in the last number of the 'Quarterly Review' has rendered this a superfluous task. We will only "express our admiration of the facility with which Mr. Frere "has passed from the wild grotesque and ever varying language and metres of Aristophanes to the sedate admonitions and reflexions of the gnomic poet, and the fidelity "with which he has represented both sorts of diction in "English, always pure, terse, and idiomatic."

Both critics thought he had built upon the fragments of "Theognis" a superstructure of supposed facts which the foundation of materials was hardly wide enough to support; and Sir Cornewall Lewis held that sometimes, by combining separate fragments, a meaning had been obtained for which no evidence beyond conjecture could be produced. But he added, "These objections to his arrangement, however, rarely affect the success of the translations."

To his brother George, Mr. Frere wrote:—

"*August* 18*th*, 1841.

"There is no chance, I fear, of my acquitting my debt to you as a correspondent otherwise than by beginning when a mail is *not* going, having always at those times letters which absolutely required to be answered, and the very posture and act of writing being somewhat fatiguing to me. Otherwise, if I had found it on my arrival here, your kind and considerate letter would have been acknowledged before; but it so happened that it, with two or three others (amongst them one from Hatley on the same subject, that of my illness at Rome), had been huddled away separately, and were not discovered till some time after.

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[1] No. 144, p. 452.

"I thank you for explaining to me what I could not well explain to myself, namely the nature of my dislike to these temperance societies.

"*August 27th.*

"I had, as you see, begun, but had not succeeded in finishing, ten days ago.

"I agree with you perfectly as to what you say, that our only chance of safety consists in reforming and extending the church; but we must be content to do it by great sacrifice, of self-denial of our own, not by votes of parliament with our new majority. Now it was said in old time that we should give 'the devil his due;' and without entering into the question of their respective merits (for there is another old saying, that 'comparisons are odious'), it cannot surely be contended that the Whigs are so much worse, that in the present age, distinguished as it is by candour and liberality, the same equitable consideration should not be extended to them. Therefore I laud them for two things—first, for having stopped the translation of bishops; and secondly, for having established a commutation of tithes. *A propos* of these questions, I have contributed to the *building* of the church at Harlow. Has the question of endowment been thought of, or is it to be left *entirely* to the *voluntary system?* I have no objection to a *partial* dependence on the good-will of the parishioners; but, without some endowment, in fifty years our church may be turned into a malt-house.

"I am tolerably well, and the day before yesterday read over 'Spiritual Despotism' a second time. Have you read a 'Voice 'from America?' What are we about? and how is it to end?"

The early agitation of questions, the discussions on which have since led to what is now known as Ritualism, had extended to Malta. With all his reverence for ancient uninterrupted usage, Mr. Frere had little sympathy with the revival of forms long obsolete. Commenting on some innovations in music and vestments which had troubled an Anglican congregation in the See of Gibraltar, he said, in reply to the argument that the change was justified by the custom in Edward the Sixth's time,—"But if I were to "appear at church in the costume of Queen Elizabeth's "time, would the clergyman consider it a sufficient justification for my disturbing the gravity of the congregation "that I could prove the dress to be in strict accordance "with the usages and sumptuary laws of three hundred "years back?"

Still less sympathy had he with the custom of discussing the gravest questions of theology as subjects of merely ordinary table-talk. But he complained that he sometimes found it difficult to evade such discussion, or to turn the conversation. One very enthusiastic lady, who had repeatedly pressed him for his opinions on purgatory, declared, sitting next him at dinner, that she *must* know what he thought on the subject,—"I told her," he said, "that I "really knew very little about it, except what I had learned "from the church in the Floriana, which I pass on my way "into Valetta. The church, you remember, is surrounded "with groups of figures carved in stone, and rising out of "stone flames, and I told her that, if the reality were at all "like that, I was clearly of opinion that the flames were "necessary for the decent clothing of the figures. After "that she managed to talk about something else."

September 18th, 1842, he wrote to his brother Bartle:—

"I am afraid you have had a good deal of trouble about 'Theognis.' One part of it, viz. the table of errata, I shall be much obliged to you if you will undertake; and, in addition, there are one or two gross errata, destructive of the metre and sense, which I would wish corrected by hand in any copies you may give away . . . for the fact is that hardly anybody ever looks to a table of errata.

"It is odd that I should since have found the initial lines of the poem to which Fragment C. P. 103 belongs, and another fastens on to F. LXXXIV.; so that it should seem, after all, that I ought to have bestowed another year upon it, instead of Horace's nine!

"For the rest, you cannot do amiss in distributing them to any person whom you think capable of enjoying, and whom you may wish to oblige.

"Pray send the four plays and 'Theognis' to Mr. Lyell, junior. If Mr. Lyell, senior, has not the 'Theognis,' it ought to be sent to him at 'Kinnordie Kirrie muir, N.B.' I send the direction, lest you should be at a loss for it; and, as I know you hate postage, I do not return it.

"Pray send two copies to Lord Holland and to the Bishop of London, and any other bishops, Llandaff, for instance, and Monk."

"MALTA, *March 23rd*, 1843.

(After telling him of the dispatch of a box of ilex seed for distribution to several friends.)

"I have also sent fourteen copies of 'Theognis,' in one of which I have marked and corrected the *errata majora*, such, I mean, as confuse the metre and the sense; so that, if you have a mind to show a *particular attention* to any one of your friends, you may do it at the cost of the trouble of correcting the errata. There are, I think, some other points on which I had meant to write to you, but which I do not immediately recollect. One of them I have recollected. It is to know whether Mrs. G—— has profited by the sale of the Aristophanes, of which (*i.e.* of the three plays) 170 copies were sent to Pickering almost as soon as they were printed? If it were not out of your way some morning, I should be glad if you would make enquiry of him."

"MY DEAR GEORGE, "*April 5th*, 1843.

"I am sorry that the few words in which I mentioned the affair should have given you the trouble of writing a long letter. D—— has so little regard to truth that I believe he has finally lost the perception of it, and really imagines himself to have a case; an imagination from which, I believe, he is not to be driven, even by the sentence of a court, but will continue to his life's end to believe and repeat the same stories which he has told hitherto. I really believe, as you say, that he is now got entirely out of your reach, and equally beyond the fear of exposure for dishonourable conduct; but to find that he has acted foolishly and unsuccessfully will, I conceive, be some mortification to him."

"*May 15th*, 1843.

"The few lines which I have time to write will serve to thank you for your letter with the amusing tale of 'Miss Margaret 'Catchpole.'[1] I think she is an honour to the county. So this comes of emigration—that they come in another generation and are able to bid for the estates of foolish squires; why should not you, who have a son already an emigrant at the Cape, enable him to purchase land there? Poor —— writes to tell me that his doctor prescribes him wine, which he cannot afford to purchase; it would be a great charity if you would advance him a few bottles on my account.

"I have not time for more, or I would say something about Welcker's 'Theognis;' he has hacked and minced his author most unmercifully, and not having formed a true judgment of the time in which he lived, has *obelized* passages for no other reason than that they did not square with his preconceived chronology. The account which Brunck gives of the Parisian MSS. shows that he has taken a most unwarrantable licence in making mincemeat of his author in the way he has done.

"I have no letter of Southey here."

"MY DEAR BARTLE, "MALTA, *October 14th*, 1843.

"Your letter of the 29th ultimo was lying open on my table all yesterday morning, waiting to be answered by the English packet; but the other letters which I had to write turned out to be so long and rambling, and I was so tired with standing at the desk, that it was left to stand over till to-day, to be answered per favour of the French steamer to Marseilles. This, I fear, will aggravate the charge for postage, but, in point of time, may turn out to be rather an economy than otherwise.

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[1] "Margaret Catchpole," by the Rev. Richard Cobbold, of Wortham. The tale was founded on the history of a servant girl in Suffolk, who carried off a horse to enable her to rescue her sweetheart. She was tried and convicted, and only saved from the death which was then the penalty of her offence by great interest made for her by her employers. She was one of the first female convicts transported to New South Wales, and having, by her good behaviour, obtained a pardon, she distinguished herself by the ability and energy with which she devoted herself to good works during a long and useful life. Her story, as told by Mr. Cobbold, is a very interesting one; but it is to be regretted that the series of very remarkable letters, written by her in her banishment, are not printed in the very idiomatic Suffolk dialect in which they were written.

"I thank you for your offer of going halves with me in our relations of consanguinity to Mrs. G——. I have had a letter which I took to be hers, lying unopened, but which, upon opening it preparatory to writing to you, proves to be from a person whom you have occasionally assisted, though he has had no ground of claim upon you, viz. —— ——. I shall send him something by this post, which, I hope, will prevent him from troubling you. As he never bullied you at Eton, he has no right to make you his tributary now. Poor fellow! I could not help thinking of him as I was doing the 98th Fragment of 'Theognis,' 'watching and importuning 'every friend.' Talking of 'Theognis,' I am told from a person likely to know, that the critique is by Hallam. I have not yet seen it, for my periodicals come in very irregularly, and I rarely go to the garrison library. Whoever the writer may be, I think, as you say, it is rather cool and easy to affix my name to an anonymous work privately distributed.

"This laborious epistle has again been delayed to this day, Oct. 25. In the meantime, I have received the Review. It is not uncivil, but my name is repeated *ad nauseam* thirty times, altogether one would imagine that I was a candidate for fame!"

"MY DEAR GEORGE, "*Malta, May 29th*, 1844.

"Though I have many letters clamouring for their respective answers, I must not omit to thank you for your green morocco present. First of the preface. It is, I think, excellent in point of feeling.

"I am like the man in the old 'Kitchen Almanac' with all the constellations poking at him, so that the utmost I can do is to distribute a line or two apiece, in answer to my pocketful of letters. * * "For the present I am tolerably well, though somewhat weak on my legs, and as Master Waters used to say "numb" in my hearing; but he used also to say 'numb in my understanding," which perhaps also may be my case; but I put it to the test from time to time with bits of translation.

"I am sorry to have received a bad report of the condition in which the Ilex acorns arrived. You were to have had a share, and shall, please God, this year, if I live to see them ripen."

Towards the end of this year, and in 1845, I had again the happiness of being for some weeks under his roof, on my way home from India. The lapse of ten years had greatly impaired his bodily vigour, but not the clearness and activity of his mind, nor was there any change in the warmth of his affection for all who had once been dear to him. The filial care of Lord and Lady Hamilton Chichester had preserved all the arrangements which, in earlier years, his wife and sister had devised for his comfort in his lonely island life, and had added much that his advancing age needed. His eyesight was nearly as good as of old, and so were his extraordinary powers of reading continuously for many hours at a stretch, and the wonderful tenacity and accuracy of his memory for what he read or composed. He went less abroad than formerly, partly owing to increasing bodily infirmity, partly to the loss of old friends, and his dislike to the task of making new ones. There were also many changes in the island which were distasteful to him. It had become a bustling place, full of commercial activity, and of people always in a hurry. The old order of things had been replaced by a new Constitution, better adapted, no doubt, to the altered circumstances of the place, and to the political activity awakened among the people, but little in accordance with that quiet once the peculiar charm of Malta, which, like everything Maltese, used to have a character of its own, equally removed from the luxurious idleness of Naples, and from the oriental torpor which, before the days of steam navigation, infected most places further-east. With the new order of political ideas had come in many religious innovations which, though they little affected him personally, he thought likely to work ill for those around him and after him. The Roman Catholic Church in Malta had for centuries been strongly national, if the word can be used where the area is so limited. The clergy, who, in old times, seldom went further afield for their education or for travel than to the great monasteries in Sicily, were the recognized guardians of insular rights and privileges; to such an extent was this carried, that Mr. Frere told me he had found instances of the Dominicans arrayed as the champions of popular right, to protect the Maltese from the illegal exactions of the ruling order; and the servants of the Inquisition engaged in escorting market carts through the gates of Valetta, to protect the poor peasantry from the extortionate demands of retainers requiring more than the customary toll for the Grand Master and the Knights of St. John. These island clergy had always, from the first rising against the French invaders, been loyal in their advocacy of British rule, and they had enjoyed in return, from the English Government, a degree of consideration for all their customary rights and privileges which sometimes occasioned murmurs in Exeter Hall, when it was thought to exceed the limits of reasonable toleration. But with the advent of reforms in the political administration, a considerable change was observable in the disposition of those who had the direction of popular opinion in ecclesiastical affairs. Ultramontane preachers, themselves foreigners to the island, were charged with denouncing from the pulpit what they considered the infidel tendencies of the English Government; and Mr. Frere found that the universal affection with which he was regarded among all orders of Maltese did not protect him from being sometimes held up as an object for popular aversion, because he was an Englishman, and a member of the English Church.

Nor did he find much to console him in the general aspect of political affairs, of which he was to the last a careful student. Of many of the measures of the various administrations after the Reform Bill, he very cordially approved. The best of them were, he said, the same measures which Pitt would have brought forward, had breathing time been allowed him; and which Canning, but for the desertion of those who ought to have supported him, might have carried. But he viewed with alarm the growing tendency of statesmen of all parties to follow, instead of aspiring to lead and direct, public opinion—a tendency which he foresaw must often transfer the initiation of great measures from the wisest and best informed to those who were simply discontented with the existing order of things. He especially disliked the new name under which the broken ranks of the Tories had been rallied after the Reform Bill. "Why do you talk of Conservatives?" he asked; "a Conservative is only a Tory who is ashamed of "himself;" and he was especially indignant with men who, knowing better than the unreflecting rank and file of their party, attempted to defend any abuse long after they knew it to be indefensible, and thus left the correction of such abuse to violent or, at best, unfriendly hands. He was habitually inclined to take a very gloomy view of the political future; but he never ceased to urge on younger men the duty of hoping the best for the state. "It is the "privilege as well as the duty of your age to hope," he said.

Many of the fragments of his "Table Talk," have found insertion in the foregoing pages. The following, which have for the most part no special reference to any particular period of his life, were noted, some at this time, others in various earlier years, and by different persons:—

"It is clear Cervantes quite changed his plan after he had written the first part of 'Don Quixote.' He begins with fights with the flocks of sheep and windmills, and other practical jokes; but after he had published it, an author whom he mentions in the second part[1] wrote a continuation of 'Don Quixote,' in which the knight was made to fall among people who understand and honour him. This struck Cervantes as affording a much finer field for fancy and humour, than the accidents which happened to the Don among ignorant boors, and he adopted the idea in the second part in all the scenes relating to the Duke and Duchess, which are infinitely the best."

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[1] The author is not named. Cervantes only mentions his birthplace, Tarragona.

"Every original author paints himself in some character in his works, as Cervantes in the latter part of 'Don Quixote,' Molière in the 'Humoriste,' Smollett in 'Roderick Random,' and afterwards in 'Matthew Bramble.' I have no doubt that in 'Hamlet' Shakespeare was describing himself. No man imagines himself in a lower situation than he actually fills, and Hamlet is, what Shakespeare imagines he would have been, had he been a prince. His advice to the players, and his morbid love of contemplating the relics of mortality, and their constant association with terms relating to the law, which Whiter observed upon, are all characteristic. I have no doubt if one knew where Shakespeare had served his apprenticeship in a scrivener's office, we should find it looked out on a graveyard. 'Hamlet' falls off at the end, 'Macbeth' (and two others) are the only plays where the end is equal to the beginning. It is the same with Aristophanes, the 'Frogs,' 'Knights,' and 'Birds' are the only perfect plays of his; this is not to be wondered at, considering in what haste they must have been written. I dare say Shakespeare often wrote with the prompter's boy sitting on the stairs waiting for 'copy.' Lopes de Vega wrote plays as fast as he could put pen to paper, and you always find that the first two or three hundred lines are good."

"At one time I used to read every novel that came out, and seldom found one which had not some chapters very good. They are those parts where the writer is describing what he has himself seen; and every man has seen something which, if he would describe it exactly, would make a good scene in a novel.

"A really good novel one can read quite as often as a good play. There are some of Scott's which I read almost every year, and some of Galt's. It was a great misfortune for him that he lived in the same age as Scott. I remember the 'Trials of Margaret Lindsay' striking me when I first read it, quite as much as some of the Waverley novels did.

"Have you read Lady Duff Gordon's translation of the 'Amber Witch?'[1] It is quite the best thing of the kind I have read for a long time; at first I could hardly believe it was not a genuine chronicle of the time, and the translation seems admirably done. I can think of nothing so nearly approaching 'Robinson Crusoe,' unless it be 'Penrose's Journal.' I was so taken with Penrose when I first read it, that I used to buy up all the copies I found on the bookstalls, and give them to my friends. I could never understand why it did not become more popular with boys and with old people too, and I never could learn who wrote it, or whether it was, or was not a genuine journal of a castaway."

"I am surprised to find how few young men of the present day know anything of Swift. He is quite one of our best models of racy forcible idiomatic prose. He is sometimes savagely coarse and indecent, but there is less danger of corruption of morals or opinions in the whole of Swift's works than in almost any one volume of any modern French writer of fiction. No man was ever attracted to, or made tolerant of vice by reading Swift; but it is not easy to find any modern French work which is at once witty, and free from all apology for or incentive to evil. I suspect it is because the materials of modern French fiction are usually drawn from the more corrupt classes of society, and their authors neglect much in ordinary French life which is not only excellent in itself morally, but really better adapted for dramatic purposes, than the common run of French heroes and heroines."

"One of the best pictures of modern French manners I know, and one quite free from all that is objectionable, is 'Leclerq's Proverbes Dramatiques.' They are very slight sketches, but full of wit and humour, and I should think depict French society in the middle ranks very truly."

Speaking of "Leclerq's Proverbes" to Mr. Nugent, he said, "If I were obliged to give up either Molière or Leclerq, I am not sure that I should not surrender Molière." To which Mr. Nugent observed that "Mr. Frere was hardly a fair judge, as he knew Molière by heart, and would not, therefore, be the worse for giving him up."

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[1] In "Murray's Home and Colonial Library."

In reply to a lament on the disuse of the old custom, common formerly in England, as it is now in Malta, and in many southern countries, of addressing the wayfarer in inscriptions of more permanent interest than the merits of "Warren's Blacking," or the number of miles to the next village, he said:—

"When I lived at Roydon, I used to think I would celebrate my churchwardenship by putting up a few such inscriptions. But it was difficult to decide what language to choose. If you wrote in Latin no one but the Parson would understand you; and in English it was not easy to write on the topics most interesting to the country traveller, in terms befitting the dignity of a churchwarden. Here are some verses for a bridge I intended to have built across the Waveney below Roydon.

"The Parish vestry, persons of much taste,
Permit me to enclose this piece of waste;
I gave them in return the field called Darrers,
Let this preserve my fame from censure's arrers (East
Anglian for 'arrows').
And further, to accommodate all people,
I built this bridge and beautified the steeple.

"I thought they were in the proper churchwarden style; and so was the motto for the White Hart at Roydon, when the road was altered.

"Stranger, be not offended or concern'd
If you discover that this road is turn'd.
A bowl of punch, or shilling's worth of porter,
I'll bet you, that the present road is shorter.

"That would have been intelligible and interesting to most of the people who would have read it. But then some of my travelled neighbours would have thought it very vulgar. So, you see, here (at the Pieta) I have stuck to Latin."

"I suspect that Tacitus' ignorance and mistakes about the Christians were partly affected—it seems to have been the established fashionable rule to know nothing about them—the same tone continued very late, indeed, as long as Paganism subsisted, or a Pagan writer was left. It is most absurdly remarkable n Zosimus."

Captain Basil Hall remarked (1834) that "he had met with more intentional incivility in a fortnight in France than during all his long stay in America."

Mr. Frere observed:—

"I think the tone adopted by Englishmen generally towards America is very much to be deplored. We have numbers of American travellers here in Malta, and I never met one who had not some very good points. We should try to promote that kind of feeling which should lead to a union between the two nations for establishing the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race over the whole of the western continent. At the end of the American war, if we had not been so utterly exhausted, it was a scheme of Fox's, and some of his party to have promoted an union between England and the United States, to assist an insurrection which then raged in Peru."

Speaking of some American review on English politics, he said:—

"The tone is particularly good, especially where they notice the vulgar abuse heaped on them as a nation, by ———

"As regards our own English politics, if we go on as we do now, there will be little chance of any really impartial judgments of our public men among ourselves; and future historians may have to go to American writers for all really unbiassed contemporary criticism."

"I wish you young gentlemen would not talk so much of 'our Indian Empire'—An Empire is a very good thing in its way, but we are in danger of forgetting the thrift and other homely commercial virtues which helped us to that Empire. When I lived in the country, I used to observe that there was no fool like a fool in a ring fence—the man who was always telling you 'his property was in a ring fence,' till he got to pride himself on having as little as possible in common with his poorer neighbours. I am sometimes afraid of that kind of spirit infecting us in India. That was not Malcolm's nor Munro's way, nor Elphinstone's, who, I take it, was the greatest man you have ever had in our days."

In answer to a remark, that the French seemed able to make but little out of Algiers, he said, "Your Frenchman is always trying to be *imposing*, and to make an *impression;* there are some people who don't like that, and I fancy the Arabs don't."

In reply to a question why, with his opinions regarding the Spanish insurrection against the French, he did not feel more sympathy with the cause of liberty in Greece, he said:—

"There was no kind of similarity between the two cases. I was sorry the insurrection in Greece broke out when it did. The Greeks had the commerce, the diplomacy, the education, in short every branch of the internal administration of Turkey, and much of the external, in their own hands, and, had the outbreak been delayed for ten years, they would have expelled the Turks from the whole of their European possessions. I do not see what we have to do meddling in Greece at this present time (1844-5) or why we should trouble ourselves with what the French are doing there. If we act *with* them we may be drawn into a contest with Russia; if against them, we shall be fighting the battles of Russia."

"It is a pity when all Europe was eager to go to war, fourteen years ago, we did not let them, and keep ourselves quiet the while. Had we done so we should not now have been complaining of commercial combinations against us. We never got any thanks from Europe, though we have three times saved it from becoming subject to one power. We saved them from the Spaniards in Philip II.'s time, and from the French in Marlborough's and again in Napoleon's, and we never got any thanks for it."

In answer to a remark that it was strange a mind like Milton's should have been blind to the advantages of a monarchical form of government for England, he observed:—

"It was no wonder all the ardent imaginative spirits of the time of the Great Rebellion were led away into republicanism; they had before their eyes the example of the Dutch, bearding such a power as the Spaniards then were, and naturally attributed all to the republican form of their government."

"But then the republics they imagined were something widely different from the democracies of modern days."

Talking of recent improvements in agriculture :—

"There is nothing of such real permanent value to a nation. How little remains of the vast wealth acquired by Florence or the Netherlands which can be compared, as a permanent source of national riches, with their improved agriculture."

The following is one of the latest letters from him which has been preserved. It is addressed to Mr. G. T. Clark, at Bombay.

"MALTA, *March* 31*st*, 1845.

"I was much gratified by your obliging letter, shewing you were aware how much I feel interested in your proceedings; and, if Providence is pleased to prolong our domain in India, will, I am persuaded, be one of the chief means employed for its maintenance, and ultimately change the condition of the country; and the rupee will then be enabled to find its way back to the Ryot, out of whose fist it has been wrenched by the collector; and our troops . . . . . will no longer—I should hope—be of necessity disabled from moving with their artillery, etc. . . . . . I often used to wonder how the Romans contrived to keep the whole world in order, with a force—such as Gibbon enumerates, apparently so inadequate; the secret lay, I am persuaded, in their system of roads, which enabled them to bring an overwhelming force upon any point where insubordination manifested itself. They did not allow time for the *Ragojées*,[1] whom we hear of, to grow up to be Sivajees, and to found a predatory empire like the original Maharattas. However, this fear, I hope, is got over for the present.

"Surely it should be thought a shame for Englishmen that the Spaniards should have outrun us in the race of improvement, yet so it is; they have already established railroads in the island of Cuba, and this they have done under all the disadvantages of having to execute great public works by slave labour; but they had the advantage of a man of talent and energy in the person of their Governor, and I suppose also of some clever able engineer like ——. Why then should Bombay be behindhand? I should wish to see a line to Nagpoor; if that were once done, the great Zemindars and capitalists of Calcutta will feel obliged to meet you half way; the disadvantage of position, which they now endeavour to elude by expensive and clumsy contrivances, will then be reduced to the difference of not many hours. While our communication continues through Egypt, the priority of intelligence cannot by any contrivance be long witheld from Bombay; the wisest then, as well as the fairest way, is to endeavour to reduce that difference to a minimum by the utmost rapidity of communication. It was the maxim of some great eastern conqueror, that 'the world should always be kept in astonishment and expectation,' and this, though a work of peace, would have that effect. 'What a strange people these Ingilesi are, that enable us to fly over the country like birds.' Half a dozen battles and sieges would not, I believe, excite the same impression of our superiority.[1] I say *Ingilesi*, for we ought never to allow ourselves to be called *Feringhes*. No! The *Feringhes* were the allies of *Tippo Saib* the *Ingilesi* subdued Tippo, and drove the *Feringhes* out of India.

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[1] A freebooting Maharatta, whose exploits about this time caused some anxiety to our political officers in the Deccan.

"This is the way that it all happened:—'In the beginning, 100 years ago, the *Feringhes* and the *Ingilesi* had each a trading company, but as the *Ingilesi* had more success in trade, the *Feringhes* endeavoured to gain the advantage in war and politics; and in this way they succeeded for a time, and had nearly driven out the *Ingilesi;* but at last the *Ingilesi* got the better of them in war, as they had before in commerce.

"This is an abregé of the modern history of India *in usum scholarum.*

"But I have not time to go on rambling at this rate; only believe that I shall feel most interested in your proceedings, and grateful for any account of your progress which you may at any time find leisure to send me. I cannot promise for my own part to be a very regular correspondent; the posture and act of writing being at times very irksome to me, and obliging me to set pen to paper by fits and snatches, as you may perceive by the date of this. I am at a loss how to direct this; and I believe I must take the liberty of sending it under cover to Sir George Arthur."

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[1] The railway here referred to, the first defined railway project in India, was a line from Bombay to Callian, proposed by Mr. Clark in 1843, whilst on a visit to Sir George Arthur, then Governor of Bombay, who warmly encouraged it. It ultimately formed the first section of the present Great Indian Peninsula Railway from Bombay to Calcutta.

During the whole of 1845 he continued to enjoy his usual health, and, beyond a slight increase of feebleness in movement, those around him could detect no mark of the increasing infirmities of age. But, in the first days of January, 1846, he had a repetition of the paralytic attack, partly due to suppressed gout, which had alarmed his friends at Rome five years before. Every remedy which the best medical skill, and the ever watchful affection of Lord and Lady Hamilton Chichester could suggest, was tried, but without effect; he never recovered speech or consciousness, and passed away without apparent suffering on the 7th January. He was laid beside his wife in the English burial-ground, in one of the Floriana outworks overlooking the Quarantine Harbour, where a sarcophagus bears the following inscription to his memory:—

PRÆHONORABILIS VIR JOANNES HOOKHAM FRERE
Ab ingenuâ stirpe in agro Britannorum Norfolciensi oriundus
Regii ablegati Munere in Lusitaniâ,
Eodemque unâ et alterâ vice in Hispaniâ, egregiè perfunctus,
Melitam denique, uxoris suæ valetudinis causâ, se recepit, atque ibi 25 annos commoratus est.
Hîc cultu Literarum quas semper ab adolescentiâ in deliciis habuit senectutem oblectans,
(Minime interea suorum immemor)
Eruditos Commercio Studiorum Familiares verò et Advenas Comitate & Hospitalitate
Pauperes etiam largissimâ Munificentiâ ita sibi devinxerat,
Ut interitus ejus publica quædam Calamitas fuisse videretur,
Et nomen post se reliquerit pio omnium amore prosequendum
Quod faxit Deus ut Vitæ quoque sempiternæ Libro
Ob Christi merita inscriptum reperiatur—
Natus est Londini 21° Mens. Maii 1769—Obiit 7° Mens. Jan^{ii} 1846.

On the spot where he had so long lived the general grief of all classes, but especially of the poor, was his best epitaph; and, even now, when the generation of those who were the objects of his active sympathy has passed away, there are Maltese who will point out his tomb as the grave of the noble-hearted Englishman, known in his day, as the best friend of their fellow islanders in want or distress.

In his own land, he has left behind him a better and more enduring monument, and it is possible that some trace of his labours, if not of his name, may survive in our literature, long after the institutions which he loved so well have undergone the changes, which, in the latter years of his life, he thought so imminent.

It is still, perhaps, too early to judge of the place he will permanently occupy among his literary contemporaries, for much of what he wrote is but now published, and he has been hitherto known chiefly by the estimation in which he was held by a comparatively small circle of personal friends.

The American critic, from whom I have already quoted, notices the "curiously scanty and barren" sources of information regarding one whose name is so frequently met with in the Memoirs of Scott, of Byron, of Southey, and of Moore, but "of whose character, genius, and literary "performances," "few, even among the professed lovers of "literature have more than an indistinct impression;" and yet, he adds, "there was no one among his cotemporaries "whose intellectual gifts were more original, more various, "or of a rarer quality."

"It is not wholly to the freak of fortune, or the malicious "blindness of fame that the limited reputation of Mr. Frere "is to be charged. He cared nothing for vulgar applause. "He was too indolent to push his way in the long procession of aspirants to the Temple of Fame, and far too "fastidious to like the company he would have been forced "to meet at the door. His literary temper was aristocratic, and he preferred the quiet appreciation of a few "clever and congenial men of culture, to the troublesome "admiration of the great public. Writing neither for bread

" nor renown, he published but little, and only a few copies " of his books were printed, so that all of them are, bibliographically speaking, rare.

"He was one of those men, of whom there are always " too few, with ample and self-sufficing power, who can " do so easily what others find it hard to accomplish, that " they are deprived of the sting of ambition, and are content to enjoy while others are compelled to labour. His " temperament, his taste, his culture, his position, united to " make him the type of the man of literary genius, as distinguished from the professional author. His fulness of " accomplishment saved him from dissatisfaction with what " he did; and if he wrote but little, it was not that

"Toujours mécontent de ce qu'il vient de faire
Il plait à tout le monde, et ne saurait se plaire,"

" but that he had a just confidence that he could do what " would suit himself, and that no one else could do better."[1]

His politics were those of the school of Pitt. From conviction, not less than from early association, he had a rooted distrust as well as dislike of sudden revolution, which he believed generally led, through a period of anarchy, to despotism more severe than that which originally drove the oppressed to seek for change. But he had a profound abhorrence of every form of oppression, and tyranny, more especially of that which would interfere with national liberties, or allow any one nation or class to domineer over others. He looked on rank and property as held in trust, on the condition that the classes enjoying them should ever be ready to stake all they possessed to secure the freedom and happiness of their fellow countrymen.

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[1] Norton, "North American Review," vol. cvii. 1868, p. 136. Coleridge's opinion of his friend's powers has been already quoted. Lord Brougham, in a letter to Mr. Frere's nephew, the Revd. Constantine Frere, dated the 24th January, 1854, wrote:—"The pleasure I had in " seeing you was, like other sweets, mingled with bitter; for it recalled " the memory of your uncles whom we have lost, and for both of whom, " J. H. and William (Bartle I knew much less), I had a sincere regard, " for J. H. the greatest admiration."

He had little faith in those who professed themselves mere mouth-pieces of numerical majorities. He held that the English people at large were better and more truly represented by men chosen for their general character and weight in the community, and because the people knew them and liked them, and felt that they sympathised with their constituents, than by men bound to advocate particular measures. He believed that power was better exercised by those whose education, rank, and property tended to make them independent in forming, and fearless in expressing their own opinions, than by delegates pledged to express the opinions of others.

With many of the changes which he saw carried out in his later years he thoroughly sympathized; but he mistrusted the mode in which, and the motives from which they were effected, as tending to impair the stability of institutions which he wished to see reformed and perpetuated; not swept away.

Of the traits of personal character which endeared him to all who came in contact with him, some traces may be found in his literary remains and in the correspondence from which, in the preceding pages, a few extracts have been given; they bear more or less the impress of the playful humour, the kindliness, the generosity which characterized the most trivial words and actions of his every-day life.

But it is not from such evidence that a judgment can be formed of the higher qualities of the man. Those who knew him most intimately soon discovered that the largest tolerance and charity were not incompatible with a thorough contempt for all that was mean and base; among other marks of true nobility of character he possessed the royal art of never humiliating one in any way inferior to himself. Meaner natures near him, while they saw and felt his superiority, tasted the luxury of feeling their own aims elevated, and of discovering a higher standard than that by which they had been accustomed to regulate their own actions. It was this quality which secured for him, at one and the same time, the affection of the poorest and weakest and the respect of the best and noblest who knew him well enough to judge of his true character.

H. B. E. F.

THE HIGHWOOD, *September 1st*, 1871.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MICROCOSM.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1786.

> "I demens et sævas curre per Alpes,
> Ut Pueris placeas et declamatio fias."—*Juvenal.*
>
> "Climb o'er the Alps, thou rash, ambitious fool,
> To please the boys, and be a theme at school."—*Dryden.*

AS the subject of the following discourse is the examination of a passion more peculiarly prevalent in the minds of youth; and as I conceive it would be but an indifferent compliment to the talents of the younger part of my readers to consider it necessary to apologize to them for the more serious nature of it; I shall, without detaining them any further by unnecessary introduction, proceed to my subject, *the Love of Fame.* And this I consider not only as that exalted principle which has in all ages produced patriots and heroes, but when in a depraved state, contributing more perhaps to the promotion of immorality than our most violent passions and most craving appetites. For the observer will discover, that whenever this *primum mobile* of the mind is diverted from the pursuit of more laudable ambition, to the desire of false honour and criminal adulation, its tendency is *only* diverted, while its power remains unimpaired. This principle, capable of carrying us to the highest pitch of human ambition, or, on the other hand, sinking us to the lowest ebb of depravity, is implanted in our natures; it is inherent in, and inseparable from, humanity; the reins are thrown into our hands, and the rest remains with ourselves.

It should seem then, that a reasonable being, conscious that he is possessed of such an internal principle, aware of the consequences immediately attending on a proper or improper use of it, and having the direction of it in his own power, could hardly err in the application; but unfortunately it happens that the distribution of praise lies equally in the hands of all; and from hence it is that the commonalty derive a power for which they are far from being qualified by greater nicety of judgment or accuracy of observation. And these, too frequently judging more from outward appearance than an investigation of intrinsic merit, it will happen that by far the greater share of glory attends upon what are called great actions; which, by their superior splendour, attract and dazzle the eyes of the multitude more than a sober train of benevolence which passes over the mind with the smooth uniformity of a polished surface, not marked by an eminent feature, or distinguished by any leading characteristic. Hence a wide barrier is fixt between actions glorious to the individual, and such as are useful to the community; and the effects produced by it are not so much to be wondered at as lamented. The life of a man beneficial to society, is most commonly past in a continued series of benevolent actions, frequently in a circle extremely contracted; but this is not a life of glory, and though an useful uniformity may demand our praise, it lays no claim to our admiration. So unvaried indeed is the tenour of a life really useful, and not unusually charged with so little incident, that the muse, whose office it is to shed a perfunctory tear over the ashes of the deceased, has frequently been obliged, by the barrenness of the subject, to have recourse to topics of praise entirely fictitious, or relinquish a theme rendered so uninteresting by its uniformity. And if we except that of Pope on Mrs. Corbet, and the original of Crashaw, from which Pope seems to have transfused no inconsiderable part of his own performance, there does not perhaps remain in our language an elegant epitaph on any person undistinguished by military, civil, or literary exertions. I would wish, however, to except the following lines, which, in a parish in Yorkshire, cover the bones of an honest yeoman, whose merits seem to have been understood by the author, though he might have been prevented from recurring to feigned topics by the want of art evident in the construction of the lines. I shall subject them to the perusal of my reader; they are as follow:—

"John Bell Brokenbow
Laies under this stane,
Four of my eene sonnes
Laied it an my weame,
I was master of my meat,
Master of my wife,
I lived on my own lands
Without mickle strife."

How much more glorious is this simple testimony to the undistinguished merits of a private man, than if it had announced the bones of a general who, by the singular favour of fortune, had, with the loss of only twenty thousand individuals of the same country with himself, slaughtered two hundred thousand, guilty of being divided from it by a narrow sea or a chain of mountains. The merit of the former character is evidently superior, yet our admiration had undoubtedly sided with the latter.

Not that this meritorious inaction is always undistinguished by observation and applause; the character of Atticus is not perhaps less remarkable for its literary excellence than the inactive acquiescence which he betrayed at a period when any degree of eminence must have been attended with consequences more or less repugnant to the interests of his country. How different is this patriotic conquest over a desire of glory not to be obtained in a manner consistent with his country's welfare, from the obstinacy of another character equally eminent about the same time, who would have

"Blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war."

It should seem doubtful whether the poet meant this sentiment for the effect of a natural impulse on the occasion which introduces it, or the result of an affectation eminent in the original character; and which could not have escaped the author, though so much its admirer. Certain I am that it could not proceed from the feelings of nature, even admitting the possibility of any connexion subsisting between an individual and his country, which did not in a stronger manner tie him to his family. I shall not at present arraign the policy, which dictated a law to the Athenians, inflicting disgrace and ignominy on any one, who, in a public dissention, might remain inactive; however, the observer may discover in this edict the source of those disturbances which continually divided the state, and ended but in its ruin.

But to return to my subject—and perhaps it may not be entirely foreign from it to observe that, admitting the desire of glory to have so great an influence as I contend it is possessed of, the higher ranks in life may be cleared of an imputation under which they have long laboured. I allude to an opinion extremely prevalent, that all national depravity and corruption, before it descends to the lower classes, originates among their superiors. The regard paid by the lower ranks to the example and authority of their superiors has been cited, and with some degree of plausibility, to support this opinion; but is not this influence effectually and entirely counterbalanced by the distribution of censure and applause which resides entirely in the hands of the commonalty? or can anyone doubt the influence which the common people have with their superiors, when he sees the forms of government change with the disposition of the people, and the affectation of ignorance and illiberality assumed by the higher orders at home, in their dress, manners, and conversation? We readily grant a propensity in the inferior orders to imitate the actions of their superiors. But is not imitation the height of flattery? and does not a readiness to receive and copy the depraved manners of a superior order suppose a previous depravity in the people?

Perhaps the only true criterion of the utility or dangerous tendency of this passion is the disposition of the times; for the same spirit which, in a more corrupt period, carries the enthusiast for it to the height of excess and extravagance, would, in an era of more simple manners, have produced the exact reverse:—

> "Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
> Had roasted turnips in his sabine farm;"

and Cincinnatus, had he lived in a period less disposed to honour a virtuous poverty, might probably have changed the frugality of his simple meal for the luxury of the *Apollo.*

The present path to glory, and consequently that which its votaries pursue, is faction; and even in this lesser world the observer may discover a demagogue in embryo, distinguished perhaps only for stronger powers of vociferation. But here, as upon all other occasions, the MICROCOSMOPOLITAN would wish to avoid misapprehension; and while he reprobates a turbulence of behaviour, does not wish his readers entirely to discard their judgment and free will, and to degrade themselves to the rank of nonentities, or according to a more accepted phrase, *cyphers.* The great increase of the above-mentioned species calls for attention, whether it proceeds from a prevailing idea that an individual, like a numerical figure, is made of more consequence by the addition of a cypher, or from a fear in its promoters of a discovery of their own weakness; as the cruel policy of Semiramis had its origin in an apprehension, that her sex might be discovered by an unprecedented want of beard. From whatever cause the present increase of this species arises, it is now grown to so formidable a height as to require the attention of the public, and more particularly of the Microcosmopolitan.

I would wish to present to the perusal of my readers the following lines, not entirely foreign from some part of this essay; and at the same time admonish them that the smile of Melpomene at the birth of a poet is useless, without that of his readers on his publication.

* * *

I.

WITHIN the sounding quiver's hollow womb
Repose the darts of praise and harmony;
Goddess, draw forth the chosen shaft; at whom
Shall the swift arrows of the muses fly?
By the great almighty mind
For man's highly favour'd race
Various blessings were design'd,
Bounties of superior grace;
Here the fat and fertile ground
Waves the flood of harvest round;
Or fervid wine's ecstatic juice
Cluster-curved vines produce;
A sullen land of lazy lakes
Rhine slowly winding to the ocean makes,
This rescued from the eager wave
Human art has dared to save,
While o'er each foggy pool and cheerless fen
Hums the busy buzz of men.
A warlike nation bent on deathful deeds
From daring actions safety seeks, and fame,
Rush through the ranks, where'er the battle bleeds,
Or whirl their neighing coursers through the flame.
The Indian youth beneath the shade
More loves repose and peace,

And underneath his plantain laid
Sings indolence and ease.

II.

Thus far with unerring hand
All ruling providence has plann'd,
Thus far impartial to divide
Nor all to one, nor one to all denied.
But Order, heav'n-descended queen,
Where'er you deign to go,
Alone you fix the bounds between
Our happiness and woe,
Nor wealth, nor peace, nor without thee
Heav'n's first best bounty, Liberty,
Can bless our native land.
Then come, O nymph! and o'er this isle
Dispense thy soul-subduing smile,
And stretch thy lenient hand.

III.

Before time was, before the Day
Shot through the skies his golden ray,
A sightless mass, a wasteful wild
Tumultuous gulph, was all this fair creation,
Till you the shapeless chaos reconciled,
Each part commanding to its proper station:
Then hills upheaved their verdant head,
Above a purer sky was spread,
And Ocean *floated in his ample bed;*
Then first creeping *to the main*
Rivers drew their *tortuous train;*
Then from her *fertile womb the earth*
Brought forth at one *ample birth,*
All that through the waste of sky
Borne on oary pinions fly,
Or through the deep's dark caverns roam,
And wallowing dash the sea to foam.
Tutor'd by your guiding sway,
The planets trace their pathless way,
The seasons in their order'd dance
In grateful interchange advance!

But when, O Goddess, wilt thou deign
O'er favour'd man to stretch thy reign?
Then shall sedition's tempest cease,
The dashing storm be hush'd to peace,
The angry seas no longer roar,
But gently rolling kiss the shore,
While from the wave-worn rock the troubled waters pour.

IV.

When poised athwart the lurid air,
  The sword of vengeance pours a sanguine ray,
Or comets from their stream of blazing hair
  Shake the blue pestilence, and adverse sway
Of refluous battle, o'er some high-viced land;
  Through the sick air the power of poison flies,
By gentler breezes now no longer fann'd,
  Sultry and still; the native breathes and dies.
    Yet often free from selfish fear
      The son attends his father's bed,
    Nor will disdain the social tear
      In pleasing painful mood to shed.—
When chilling pine and cheerless penury,
  Stretch o'er some needy house their wither'd hand,
Where modest want alone retires to die,
  Yet social love has shed her influence bland,
To cheer the sullen gloom of poverty.
For 'tis decreed, that every social joy,
  In its partition should be multiplied,
Still be the same, nor know the least alloy,
  Though sympathy to thousands should divide
Our pleasures; but when urged by dire distress,
The grief by others felt is made the less.

V.

Not so the ills sedition sows,
Midst sever'd friends, and kindred foes;
When the horrid joy of all
Embitters ev'ry private fall.
Creeping from her secret source
Sedition holds her silent course,
With wat'ry weeds and sordid sedge
Skirting her unnoted edge,

Till scorning all her former bounds
She sweeps along the fertile grounds ;
And as in sullen solemn state she glides,
Receives into her train the tributary tides ;
Then rushing headlong from some craggy steep
She pours impetuous down and hurries to the deep.
Ah ! luckless he, who o'er the tide
Shall hope his fragile bark to guide;
While secure his sail is spread
The waves shall thunder o'er his head;
But if, long tempest-tost, once more
His crazy bark regain the shore,
There shall he sit and long lament
His youthful vigour vainly spent;
And others warn, but warn, alas ! in vain,
In unambitious safety to remain.
Then happy he who to the gale
Nor trusts too much the varying sail,
Nor rashly launching forth amain
Attempts the terrors of the wat'ry plain;
But watchful, wary, when he sees
The ocean black beneath the breeze,
The cheerless sky with clouds o'erspread,
And darkness gath'ring round his head,
Trusts not too far, but hastes to seek
The shelter of some winding creek ;
Thence sees the waves by whirlwinds tost,
And rash ambition's vessel lost;
Hears the mad pilot late deplore,
The shifting sail, the faithless oar,
And hears the shriek of death, the shriek that's heard no more.

MONDAY, JANUARY 29, 1787.

"Sit quodvis simplex duntaxat et unum."
"Be what you will so you be still the same."—Rosc.

THERE are few precepts dictated like the above by judgment and experience, which, though originally confined to a particular application (as this to the formation of dramatic character) may not be adopted with success in the several branches of the same science, and even transferred into another. The direction which the poet gives us here, to preserve a regard for simplicity and uniformity, may be applied to the general design and main structure of a poem; and if we allow them a still greater latitude of interpretation, may be found to convey a very useful rule with respect to the inferior component parts which constitute a work.

A venerable pile of Gothic architecture, viewed at a distance, or after the sober hand of time has stripped it of the false glare of meretricious ornament, communicates a sensation which the same object under a closer inspection, in its highest degree of perfection, was incapable of producing, when the attention, solicited by a thousand minutiæ with which the hand of caprice and superstition had crowded its object, was unavoidably diverted from the contemplation of the main design.

In all points which admit of hesitation, the sister sciences are found to throw a corresponding lustre on each other. The impropriety of admitting ill-judged ornament, though connected as in the above instance with all that is awful and venerable, must be evident to the most superficial observer; and this circumstance should lead us to conjecture, that the same principle existed in a similar though superior science. Originality of sentiment, vivacity of thought, and loftiness of language may conduct the reader to the end of a work, though awkwardly designed and injudiciously constructed; while the nicest adherence to poetic rule would be found insufficient to compensate for meanness of thought, or vulgarity of expression. That these two faults should infallibly destroy all title which any writer might otherwise have to the name of poet, should seem self-evident, and yet a fault which appears to be a composition of them both, has, I think, in some instances past without reprehension, I mean, allusion to local circumstance: I shall therefore make this paper the vehicle of a few observations on this practice.

Nothing can be more directly adverse to the spirit of poetry, considered under one of its definitions as an universal language, than whatever confines it to the comprehension of a single people, or a particular period of time.

Blackmore, a name now grown to a bye word in criticism, in the original structure of his poem, was little, if at all, inferior to the great prototypes of antiquity; but that simplicity and uniformity, so visible in the first design, was in every other respect conformably to the taste of his time, violated and neglected. It is said, that the most desolate deserts of Africa are distinguished by little insulated spots, cloathed with perpetual verdure; and it sometimes happens, that beautiful passages present themselves in the Prince Arthur, as in the first book:—

"The heavens serenely smiled, and every sail
Fill'd its broad bosom with the indulgent gale."

But when lines like these occur, we must consider it, to borrow an expression from a contemporary Poet,—a gift no less

"Than that of manna in the wilderness."

Scriptural allusions like the foregoing were much in fashion among the poets of that period; and in this particular, so earnest a follower of it was not to be left behind: he has accordingly introduced his enchanter, Merlin, building seven altars, offering upon each a bullock and a ram, and attempting to curse the army of the hero, in imitation of Balaam, and with the same success.

Dryden himself is strongly tinctured with the taste of the times; and those *Dalilahs of the Town*, to use his own expression, are plentifully scattered throughout his works, esteemed in the present age for those passages only in which he ventured to oppose his own taste to that of his readers, and which have already past the ordeal of unmerited censure.

Nor is that narrowness of conception, which confines a work to the comprehension of a particular portion of individuals, less reprehensible or less repugnant to the essential principles of poetry; and of this defect innumerable instances occur in both the authors above cited, with this difference, that in one instance we contemplate with regret the situation of an eminent genius constrained by his exigences to postpone the powers of his own taste, and submit his judgment to the arbitrary dominion of a prevailing mode; while in the other, we view with indifference an author, spoilt indeed by the taste of the times in which he lived, but who, had he not adopted theirs, had most probably succeeded as ill by following his own. Nothing is so common as in both these writers to meet with expressions and allusions drawn from the meanest mechanical employments; at present infinitely disgusting to the general scholar, and (a proof of the necessity of observing the rule we have endeavoured to illustrate) to a foreigner, acquainted only with the learned part of our language, entirely unintelligible.[1]

In the earlier stages of civilization, while the bonds of society hang yet loose upon the individual, before the benefits of mutual assistance and dependence are felt or understood, the savage, elate with the idea of absolute independence, and unacquainted with all the advantages which accompany the arts of society, looks down with supreme contempt on a state whose every individual is entirely dependent upon and connected with the community.[2] The wretched Esquimaux give themselves the exclusive title of *men*, and the Indian of North America, bestows on the Europeans, as compared with himself, the epithet of the *accursed race.*

In a state of absolute barbarism the arts of life are few, and agreeably to that all-sufficiency which the savage so much affects, practised and understood by each individual. The Indian unacquainted with the arts of polished life is to himself what society is to the members which compose it: he raises himself the roof of his humble hut, and ventures upon the ocean in the canoe which his own hands have hollowed; his weapons for war or for the chace are such as his own industry, or sometimes a casual intercourse with politer nations, have furnished for him.[2] The component members of barbarous societies are seldom numerous, owing to the extreme difficulty which attends the education of infancy among the hazards and hardships of savage life, and joined to it produces that extreme tenderness which all uncivilized communities entertain for the life of an individual. Where the numbers are comparatively few, the principle of patriotism is concentrated—the loss or misconduct of a North American Indian would be more sensibly felt by his tribe, than that of a thousand Englishmen by the parent country.

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[1] I would not here be understood to hint at any similarity in the original genius of these authors; were I to draw the line of affinity, I should call Blackmore the caricatura of Dryden.

[2] "Robertson's History of America," Book IV.

It remains, after a consideration of the causes, to trace their effects in the artless essays of the more remote periods. Ossian's poems, if allowed to be authentic, are the only specimen of this species generally known; Homer being, according to the testimony of Aristotle, posterior to a long line of poets, his predecessors and perhaps his patterns: the decided preference given through every poem to the nation, the family, and person of the poet, strongly mark the national character as well as that of the times. Allusions to the inferior arts are so unusual and so simple as must speak them in their first period of progression; or evince a taste and judgment in the author far beyond the times in which he is supposed to have flourished. He is himself, agreeably to that idea of self-importance, the invariable attendant on savage life, the hero of his own tale. Filial duty, and a regard to the merits of an illustrious warrior, might contribute to give Fingal a conspicuous character in poems, the productions of his son; but no other reason can be given why Ossian, the *bard of Song*, should be the hero of it. "The Battle," says Regnor Lodbrog, a prince, pirate, and poet of a succeeding age, "is grateful to me as the smile of a virgin in the bloom of youth, as the kiss of a young widow in a retired apartment." An egotism which moderns must suppose agreeable to the character of those times. The pride of family, a prevailing passion where arts and commerce have not set mankind on a level, was indulged by the poet, who comprised in his profession that of the genealogist. Homer frequently traced the descent of his heroes into remote and fabulous antiquity; probably with a view to gratify such of his patrons as piqued themselves on their pedigree.

The poetry of ruder ages is seldom distinguished for elegance of diction or variety of imagery; yet there are advantages so strongly peculiar to it, as must raise it high in the esteem of all admirers of nature, while yet simple and unsophisticated. The state of the arts, as yet rude and imperfect, renders it impossible to deviate from simplicity. The distinctions of property being as yet faintly delineated, no idea of superiority can obtain but what arises from personal qualifications; and poetic praise, unprostituted to power and wealth, must be the genuine tribute of gratitude and admiration. That property was in a very unsettled state in the days of Homer, may be gathered from numberless passages in his writings; among the calamities which awaited an aged father on the death of his only son, the plunder of his possessions is mentioned; and Achilles laments that life, unlike every other human possession, was not to be obtained by theft. Accordingly, in the epithets which accompany the name of each hero, through the Iliad and Odyssey, we see no allusions to the adventitious circumstances of wealth and power, if we except the title of *lord of rich Mycenæ* sometimes, though rarely, bestowed on Agamemnon. While the subtlety of Ulysses, the swiftness of Achilles, the courage and strength of Diomed, are mentioned as often as the names of those heroes occur.

The intermediate step between barbarity and perfection is perhaps the least favourable to the cultivation of poetry; for the *necessity* of writing with simplicity is taken away long before its *beauty* is discovered or attended to. The arts, if we may believe the picture of them, as exhibited in the shield of Achilles, had attained this intermediate stage of their progress in the days of Homer; and accordingly we find, in the works of that great master, some allusions to the meaner arts, as well as illustrations drawn from them; which, however the antiquary might regard as throwing light on so remote a period, criticism must reject as repugnant to that simplicity and universality which form the essential characteristics of poetry. When Hector tells Paris that he deserved *a coat of stone, i.e.* to be stoned to death, I cannot help suspecting it to have been a cant word of that time; and am rather disgusted than satisfied, to find the security which Neptune gives for Mars was agreeable to the form of procedure in the Athenian courts. Though in this instance a modern, and especially a modern of this country, may be easily prejudiced; the laws here, by the uncouthness of their language, and other numberless particularities, wearing an air of ridicule by no means connected with the idea of laws in general. Yet, whatever allowances we admit in consideration of the distant period which produced this patriarch of poetry and literature, and however we abstract ourselves from the prevailing prejudices of modern manners, we still find ourselves better pleased with those images which, from their simplicity in so long a period, have undergone the smallest variation. The following lines are perhaps the most pleasing to a modern reader of any in the whole Iliad:—

"What time in some sequester'd vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal;

When his tired arms refuse the axe to rear,
And claim a respite from the sylvan war;
But not till half the prostrate forest lay,
Stretch'd in long ruin, and exposed to day."—*Pope.*

And it is a curious consideration, that in a period which has exhausted the variety of wealth and vanity, the simple life of the labourer has not undergone the most trifling alteration. Milton, a strict observer, as well as a constant imitator of the antients, has adopted the same idea in the following lines :—

"What time the labour'd ox,
With loosen'd traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat."

The father of English poetry, like that of the Grecian, lived in a period little favourable to simplicity in poetry; and several meannesses occur throughout his works, which in an age more refined or more barbarous he must have avoided. We see among the *worthie* acts of *Duke* Theseus—

"How he took the nobil cite after,
And brent the walls and tore down roof and rafter."

And, among the horrid images which crowd the temple of Mars,—

"The child stranglid in the cradil,
The coke scaldid for alle his long ladil."

That state or equipoise between horror and laughter, which the mind must here experience, may be ranked among its most unpleasing sensations. The period at which the arts attain to their highest degree of perfection, may be esteemed more favourable to the productions of the muses than either of the foregoing; the mind is indulged in free retrospect of antiquity, and sometimes in conjectural glimpses of futurity; with such a field open before him, the objects which we must suppose should more immediately attract the attention of the poet, would be the failure or success of his predecessors, and the causes to which either was to be attributed. Pope has fully availed himself of the dear-bought experience of all who went before him; there is perhaps no poet more entirely free from this failing. I shall, however, only cite one instance in which he may seem to have carried his regard for simplicity so far as to show himself guilty of inaccuracy and inattention :—

"The hungry Judges now the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine."

That judges in England never *sign* a sentence is well known; and hunger, whatever effect it might have had on the jurymen of ancient days, with those of modern times, seems to operate rather as an incitement to mercy. *Clifden's proud alcove* has not at present, and probably never had, any existence; but the fault, if any there is, seems rather that of the language than of the poet; or perhaps, after all, it was mere penury of rhyme, and a distress similar to that which made him in another place hunt his poor dab-chick into a *copse* where it was never seen but in the Dunciad.

After so much said on the subject of local allusions and terms of art, it cannot but occur to me, that I have myself sometimes fallen into the error which I have here reprehended, and adopted phrases and expressions unintelligible, except to the little circle to which my labours were at first confined, an error I shall cautiously avoid for the future; for how little claim soever the lucubrations of Gregory Griffin may have to public notice, or a protracted term of existence, he is unwilling to abridge either by wilful continuance in an acknowledged error.

MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1787.

"——— Usus
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi."

"Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech."

IT is a favourite amusement with me, and one of which, in the present paper, I shall invite my readers to participate, to adopt a maxim established in any single instance, to trace its influence where it has operated undiscovered, to examine the secret springs by which it has worked, and the causes which have contributed to their concealment. In the course of this pursuit, I may boast that there is scarce one of these *miniatures* of experience and observation, from the moral maxims of Grecian philosophy, to the prudential apothegms of Poor Robin which has not been successively the object of my observation and discussion. I am, however, aware that, in the opinion of their importance, I may perhaps be singular.

That "life is short," that "the generality of mankind are vicious," seem ideas that might have suggested themselves to a mind undistinguished for peculiar sagacity, or an uncommon share of experience. But to carry further the former of these maxims, and to consider that life is short, when compared with the multiplicity of its business and the variety of its pursuits; that it is too much so for the purposes of honour and ambition; that to draw a conclusion from the attempts of men, we should imagine it longer, is an observation not so entirely unworthy of a philosopher. And by pursuing the latter of these thoughts, though on the first view it may not appear the result of any extraordinary observation, it may be found on a narrower inspection, to convey a strong argument of the impropriety of popular government.

The scrap of Latin which, in conformity to established precedent is prefixed to my paper, exhibits an example of the influence of Fashion beyond those limits, which are usually assigned to its prerogative. For were we to accept the definition of it the most usually accepted, we should consider it only as the director of diversion and dress, of unmeaning compliment and unsocial intimacy. And however evidently mistaken such an opinion might appear, we must look for its source in one of the most prevailing principles of the human mind; a principle (the excess of which we stigmatize by the name of pedantry) of deducing the illustrations of every subject of inquiry from the more immediate objects of our own pursuits, and circumscribing its bounds within the limits of our own observation. On the contrary, we shall find that all our attempts to prescribe bounds to the activity of this so powerful agent, will end only in surprise at the extent of its authority, in astonishment at the universality of its influence. Its claim to an undisputed empire over language, is asserted by the author from whom I have taken the motto of this paper, with what justice the testimony of a succeeding age may declare, when a Cæsar, who made and unmade the laws of the world at his pleasure, found the smallest innovation in language beyond the utmost limits of arbitrary power. Nothing indeed but the highest vanity, nourished by the grossest adulation, an idea of the infinitude of sovereign authority and servile obedience, could have given birth to such an attempt.

However paradoxical it may seem that, in a matter of judgment and taste, the vague arbitration of individuals should be preferable to the absolute decision of a learned body; yet the imbecility so evident in the language of a neighbouring nation, and so undoubtedly the effect of establishing such a court of criticism, leaves us little reason to regret that language with us is so entirely the child of chance and custom. The first prize of Rhetoric given to a woman was a bad omen to the future endeavours of the French Academy.

To omit the innumerable inconveniences attending on every attempt to regulate language; to judge of the possible success of such an attempt, from the abstracted probability alone, were to declare it impossible. A multitude of circumstances, equally unforeseen and unavoidable, must concur to the formation of a language. An improvement, or corruption of manners; the reduction of a foreign enemy; or an invasion from abroad, are circumstances that ultimately or immediately tend to produce some change in the language of a people. And even of these the most feeble agents have been found more efficacious than the joint-operations of power and policy.

The conquests of this nation on the continent contributed more perhaps to the naturalization of the French language amongst us than the Norman invasion and its attendant consequences—the necessity laid on every individual to acquire the use of that tongue, in which all cases of property were to be determined—and the numberless disadvantages and restrictions imposed on the study of the native language.

At a time when measures so seemingly decisive proved ineffectual, it may be curious to observe the agency of others apparently foreign from any connection with the improvement or alteration of our language. The residence of our nobility in the conquered provinces of France, the continual wars maintained against that nation, making the study of their language an indispensable qualification in all who aspired to civil or military dignities, unavoidably brought on a change in our own. The accusation, therefore, of a learned etymologist against Chaucer, of introducing into our language "*integra verborum plaustra*," "*whole cartloads of words*," however elegant in expression, is false in foundation. The language of Chaucer's poetry is that of the court in which he lived; and that it was not, no probable conclusion can be drawn from any difference of style in authors, his contemporaries. In those who writ under the same advantages no such difference is observable, and those who were excluded from them laboured under extreme disadvantages from the variations of vernacular language and the diversity of provincial dialect, which, as they have now in a great measure ceased to exist, may, together with their primary causes, furnish a subject for curious inquiry.

It appears, from the concurrence of several ingenious antiquaries, as well as from the testimony of Caxton, in one of his prefaces, that the English language was in his time diversified by innumerable provincial peculiarities. He mentions his own choice of the Kentish dialect and the success that attended it. The language of Chaucer's poetry is frequently more intelligible to a modern reader than that of such of his successors as employed themselves on popular subjects. Gawin Douglas, a poetical translator of Virgil, is now, owing to the use of a northern dialect, though a near contemporary of Spenser's, almost unintelligible.

After establishing the existence of a fact, the beaten track of transition will naturally lead us to a consideration of its causes. Among the first effects produced by an extension of empire may be reckoned a barbarous peculiarity of language in the provinces the most remote from the seat of learning and refinement. Livy is said to have had his *Patavinity*, and Claudian is accused of barbarisms, the consequence of his education in a distant province. A difficulty of conveyance, a stagnation of commercial intercourse, will produce the same effects with too wide an extension of empire; and are as effectual a barrier against a mixture of idioms and dialect as, in a more civilized state, the utmost distance of situation between the most remote provinces.

To causes seemingly so unconnected with the situation of language must we attribute the barbarity of our own during so many centuries. And those which contributed to its refinement may, at first sight, probably seem equally foreign to that effect. No nation, perhaps, contributed less to the revival of literature than our own; a circumstance which in a great measure secured it from that torrent of pedantry which overwhelmed the rest of Europe. The ignorance of our ancestors kept them unacquainted with the ancients, except through the medium of a French translation. The first labours of the English press brought to light the productions of English literature, which, how rude and barbarous soever, were not confined to the intelligence of the scholar or the libraries of the learned, but dispersed throughout the nation, and open to the inspection of all, disseminated a general taste for literature, and gave a slow gradual polish to our language; while, in every other nation of Europe, the conceits of commentators and writers of a similar stamp, whose highest ambition it was to add a Latin termination to a High Dutch name, came into the world covered with ill-sorted shreds of Cicero and Virgil, like the evil spirits which have been said to animate a cast-off carcase, previous to their ascension to the regions of light.

MONDAY, MAY 7, 1787.

"Interdum populus recte putat est ubi peccat."

"——— The people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God."—*Pope.*

PROVERBIAL expressions and received opinions have usually been considered as an abridgment of national wisdom, and are perhaps the best guides to the character or genius of a people. And it is not improbable that the extension of this method of inquiry, to the established opinions and received ideas of mankind in general, may lead us to a more perfect and general knowledge of them.

That the mind of man is not framed for happiness is a principle, of the truth of which perhaps the most certain criterion is its popularity.

At the revival of learning, the idea of gradual and progressive degeneracy obtained very strongly; and whether it contributed in any measure to the study of the ancients, or what is more probable, was derived from the inferiority visible in their imitators, its prevalence was unlimited, and its authority unquestioned. How far a servile reverence and scrupulous imitation of antiquity is compatible with the efforts of learning and genius, may be seen in the attempts of an age whose diligence was unequalled and whose genius ours has no right to suppose inferior to her own. But it may be objected, that the qualities of the heart, if not those of the head, may be improved by a converse with antiquity; that if the science of barbarous nations is rude, their morality at least is pure. To fall into errors authorized by the example of a superior, has frequently afforded a despicable gratification to men of inferior abilities; and the scrupulous stickler for obsolete antiquity may be pleased to find his error common to the ablest politicians of declining Rome. That great empire in a state of decay, has been aptly characterized by her historian, as the theatre in which the scenes of a more virtuous age were acted over again; but without the principle or spirit of the real personages. This was the error of a physician, who would treat an infirm patient as if he was in youth and health, as the only means of restoring him to both; and the only circumstances which render the former folly the more excusable are its great frequency and that appearance of earnestness which the voluntary assumption of more rigid manners carries with it. Perhaps the result of all serious inquiries on this subject will be, that in the moral, as well as the physical world, there is a correspondent propriety in every member, as far as its relation to the rest is considered; and that the manners of every age and nation have as much propriety in their designation as the passions peculiar to the different periods of life, and the instinctive qualities of the animal world.

The striking analogy which subsists between the two first may afford matter for a digression, which my readers will the more readily pardon as it arises immediately from the subject, contributes in some measure to illustrate it, and throws light on a similitude whose leading features seem to have struck every observer; but whose more minute corresponding peculiarities have never been traced with any degree of accuracy. The first attempts of a rising state, struggling into eminence and observation, the strength of an established constitution, and the weakness of declining empire, have so strong an analogy to the first efforts of infancy, the confirmed vigour of maturity, and the debility of age, that expressions adopted into one from the other are hardly considered as metaphorical; and are to be met with in styles the most unadorned, or even the flow of common conversation.

The progress of national refinement, considered as analogous to the improvement of personal taste, may perhaps furnish a less trite, and more interesting subject of discussion.

The objects with which children are most delighted, are such as strike most forcibly upon the senses; the simplest tunes, the sweetest tastes, a fanciful association of the most gaudy colours are most agreeable to our infancy; and a fondness for similar objects is a certain indication of a national taste in the first stages of cultivation; an implicit credulity in what they hear, and the utmost deference to the authority of what they read, is another leading characteristic of childhood; insomuch that a system of education which confines its pupils to ignorance, has been grounded on the fear of imbibing early and mistaken opinions. The grand and fundamental error which makes this system entirely impracticable, is the supposition, that the implicit adherence to superior authority was to be destroyed, not by the researches of learning, but the advances of age. Unprejudiced ignorance is always diffident; and to this cause are to be attributed the credulity of childhood and that readiness with which a barbarous age receives the opinions of a superior genius.

A mind too ignorant or too indolent for reflection is pleased to repose itself under the shadow of some great authority, and to adopt a set of dogmas implicitly, without hesitation or inquiry. Hence in our earliest moral writers, almost every sentence is prefaced with an authority for the sentiment it contains; and in Spain, a country some centuries behind the rest of Europe in point of taste and learning, the same species of writing still subsists.

Of all the periods of human life, the passions and opinions of youth are perhaps the most remarkable; the mind perceives a sensible dilation of its faculties, becomes jealous of an unprejudiced freedom of inquiry, and ashamed of that implicit deference it had formerly entertained for the opinions of others. New systems are daily raised, inveterate prejudices examined and rejected, and we flatter ourselves for a while with the sufficiency of private observation and unassisted endeavours, the ardour of innovation at length subsides, and we discover in time that a credulous attention to the opinions of others, and a blind confidence in our own, are equally insufficient for the pursuits of truth and wisdom.

If we should trace back the progress of natural science to the first dawn that dispelled the clouds of prejudice and error, we should discover a number of circumstances parallel to those in the improvement of personal knowledge; the immediate rejection of all received opinions, and the readiness with which a new system is embraced, are circumstances common to both and highly characteristic.

After the existence of a similitude between the progress of personal and of popular taste has been proved, it would be needless to vindicate the propriety of either; I shall therefore confine myself to an examination of the reasons from which an idea of modern inferiority has arisen.

Man, though constantly in pursuit of happiness, so seldom appears to be in possession of his object, that his constant failure of success has been attributed to a supposed defect in his formation; a principle that offers to its followers so compendious a protection from the feelings of conscious humiliation, and the agonies of conviction and remorse, could hardly fail of being popular; the invention of lenitives, similar in their effect, though not equally comprehensive in their operation, had long employed the invention of mankind. The narratives of our first adventurers were filled with descriptions of more favoured realms, where the manners of patriarchal life were supposed to exist among a people unenvied and undisturbed; in a simplicity as happy as it was innocent; while the volumes of our earliest moralists were filled with the idea of progressive degeneracy, against which as it was impossible to succeed, so was it useless to contend.

The discoveries of navigation, and the lights of reviving learning, were for a time insufficient to convince our ancestors that there had not been a period in which men were wiser, or a land in which they were happier than themselves. The visionary worlds of Bacon and Sir Thomas More have a situation assigned them, in some part of the globe then unknown; and Spenser's lines, in which he obviates any objections that might arise to the actual existence of "*his delightfull lond of Faëry,*" are so curious for the subject, and method of reasoning, as to deserve citation.

" Right-well I wote most mighty Soueraine,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some th' aboundance of an idle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of iust memory;
Sith none, that breatheth living aire, does know,
Where is this happy lond of Faëry,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where show
But vouch antiquities, which nobody can know.

" But let that man with better sense advise,
That to the world least part to vs is red:
And daily how through hardy enterprize,
Many great regions are discouered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who euer heard of the Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The Amazons huge riuer now found trew?
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did euer vew?

> "Yet all these were, when no man did them know;
> Yet haue from wisest ages hidden beene:
> And later times things more unknown shall show.
> Why then should witless man so much misweene
> That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?
> What if within the moons faire shining spheare?
> What if in every other star vnseene
> Of other worldes he happily should heare?
> He wonder would much more yet such to some appeare."

An argument of the actual existence of a country, derived from the impossibility of demonstrating the contrary was so singular, that I could not resist the temptation of offering it to my readers. These visionary obstacles to perfection did not vanish before the morning of science; on the contrary from some circumstances before observed they seem to have gained additional terrors. Milton himself was under apprehensions, that his poem was produced too late for admiration if not for excellence, and our ancestors were long content to believe themselves born in an age too late, or a climate too cold for the attainment of perfection. In the first it will be sufficient to observe, that countries the least polished by literature or civilized by commercial intercourse, have always been found the most resolute asserters of their ancient dignity, a cause to which we must attribute the prolix catalogue of Scottish monarchs, and the milesian colony of the Irish antiquaries. The second, as the malice of my inquiry does not war with the dead, I shall not examine; the very existence of such an opinion may in time become doubtful.

There are perhaps few popular opinions so repugnant as the former to truth and reason, which may not be traced to their origin, in an inventive mind, occupied rather in palliating its omissions by ingenious excuses, than in avoiding them by a determined activity; and the most specious are seldom recurred to but as the lenitives of reflection on the painful retrospect of wasted time and abilities misapplied.

MONDAY, JULY 9, 1787.

"Sed turpem putat in scriptis, metuitque lituram."

"——— I but forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot."

THERE are few instances of imperfection more mortifying to human pride than those incidental ones which occur in the most illustrious and distinguished characters. The traces of occasional oversight are most frequently discovered in those figures whose outlines have been dashed with a gigantic sublimity of the masterpieces of the most celebrated painters; few will remain which we can declare faultless, after those are excepted in which some trivial oversight has been discovered, and published with all the efforts of industrious petulance. The errors of Hannibal and Charles the Twelfth are such as an inferior genius would have been preserved from by the mere frigidity of cautious consideration, however superior the noble daring of a great mind may be to that cold and faultless mediocrity which is approved without admiration. Though the puns of "Paradise Lost," the incidental nodding of the "Iliad," and the *parties quarrées* in Somerset Place, vanish before the collected splendour of the whole design, they must be regarded as infinitely more mortifying than a series of continued dulness, or a collection of united deformity.

In such a train of reflections I was interrupted by an unexpected summons from my editor, who informed me that a stranger of a very extraordinary appearance had of late made very frequent inquiries for me, and was now at his house waiting my arrival with considerable impatience. As I am not by nature either incurious or discourteous I followed my editor, who after a walk of about a quarter of an hour introduced me to a little parlour, and a little elderly man, with a very serious countenance and exceeding foul linen. After smoothing his approaches to my acquaintance by some introductory compliments, he informed me, as indeed I might have guessed, "that he was by profession an author, that he had been for many years a literary projector; that owing to a kind of fatality which had hitherto attended his attempts, and a firm resolution on his own side never to indulge the trivial taste of an ill-judging age in which it was his misfortune to be born—but he would not trouble me with a detail of the open hostilities committed on his works by avowed criticism, or the more secret and dangerous attempts of tacit malevolence and pretended contempt—that he had lately hit upon a project which by its nature must secure to itself the attention of the public, and which, if he had not formed a very wrong estimate of its merit, would draw his former efforts from the dust of unmerited oblivion into general notice and universal approbation.

"It could not have escaped an exact observer, and such a one he might, without hazarding the imputation of flattery, pronounce Mr. Griffin" (whereupon Mr. Griffin bowed) "that the reputation of our great tragic poet was sinking apace, and that not so much from any radical or intrinsic defect in his writings, as from some venial errors and incidental omissions. Our more refined neighbours had never been able to relish the low humour which pervades every scene, or the frequent violation of those unities which they observe with so religious a regard. Mr. Voltaire, with that philosophic candour which so strongly characterised his life and writings, had abandoned his defence; and though in some instances he had deigned to borrow from him, had condemned him as the poet of a barbarous age, and the favourite of an unenlightened people. Even among a national audience, the most admired of his dramas were received at least without that enthusiastic applause they had formerly excited, and we must expect, that in another century the partiality for our favourite poet will vanish, together with our national antipathies against popery and wooden shoes, and frogs and slavery, and that a taste for French criticism will immediately follow a relish for their cookery.

"Something must be done, Mr. Griffin, and that shortly. The commentators have done little or nothing. Indeed what could be expected from such a plan? Could any thing be more ridiculous? They have absolutely confined themselves to what Shakespeare might possibly have wrote! I am fully sensible that the task of reducing to poetic rules and critical exactness, what was written in ignorance or contempt of both, requires a genius and ability little inferior to that of the original composer; yet this is my project, which however arduous in the undertaking, however difficult in execution, I am persuaded to attempt, and to whom can I with greater propriety——Mr. Griffin, who himself——so early an age——in so extraordinary a manner——&c. &c."

My friend continued, by remarking "that the people of Athens allowed to the judicious critic, who should adapt a tragedy of Æschylus to the stage, an equal proportion of credit and copy-money, with the author of an original drama. Yet he desired me to observe, that the author of Grecian tragedy was far more strictly observant of poetic discipline, than the father of the English stage. In all his tragedies, there is only one in which he has ventured to break the unity of place, an essential point, and as my friend declared, highly necessary, though it is very natural for the spectator to mistake the stage for a palace, actresses for virgin princesses, &c. yet it is impossible for him to imagine that he is in Bohemia, when but the act before he was fully convinced that he was in Sicily."

He at length concluded by drawing out of a tin box some "proposals for publication," which he desired might be communicated to the public through the medium of my paper, at the same time presenting me with a very copious specimen of the work he had undertaken. He reflected on the honour of such a distinction, "but he was naturally partial to rising merit, and Gregory Griffin might see a period when he himself should exist only in his writings."

In the course of conversation my new acquaintance became extremely communicative, desired my opinion of a preface and dedication, and whether he should prefix it to an improved edition of "Sleidan de quatuor imperiis," or "Girton's Complete Pigeon Fancier;" but, upon recollection, resolved upon an ode which he had lately composed "On the Use of Acorns in Consumptive Cases."

Having occasion, in the course of conversation, to remark the number of classical scholars produced in our public seminaries, and the comparative paucity of those who have directed their attention to the cultivation of their native language, my friend regarded the cause as extremely evident; "there were several assistances which the classical composer enjoyed, which—but all these difficulties I should see obviated in his "New Dictionary of Rhymes;" it was a work which had cost him considerable labour and study. Those of his predecessors—Bysshe, Gent, and others, were mere farragos, in which the sound only was consulted, without any nicety of taste or accuracy of selection. This chaos, this rude and undigested mass, he had reduced to order, by selecting the rhymes proper for every possible subject, and reducing them to systematical arrangement. However, as this scheme must be unavoidably retarded by the prosecution of his former project, he should be peculiarly happy to see his system familiarly explained and illustrated in some of my future lucubrations." This request, from an earnest desire I entertained of assisting young practitioners in the pleasing art of poetry, I immediately complied with; however, as I did not fully comprehend his system, I took the liberty of transcribing the following passages from my author's manuscript.

"For the eclogue, or pastoral dialogue, let the student conclude his lines with the rhymes underwritten, always taking care to finish his sense with the second rhyme, and at no time to suffer his verse to exceed the just measure of ten syllables. The rhymes for this purpose be these:

" ——— shady brake
——— Licidas awake.
——— careless rove
——— leafy grove.
——— fruitful field
——— harvest yield.
——— tuneful measures,
——— harmless pleasures.
——— nymphs and swains,
——— flowery plains.
&c.

"Should our student turn his thoughts to panegyric, we would advise that he adhere to the endings we have here prescribed, as

" ——— The muse
——— A tributary —— refuse
——— good and great
——— ordained by fate
——— noble line
——— race divine
——— great —— heir
——— peculiar care
&c.

"If my practitioner should, perchance, be possessed of a great fund of humour, and be inclined to employ his wicked wit in ridiculing the clergy, we would admonish him to adhere to the following terminations, in order as they are appointed, being careful only to confine his lines to eight syllables:

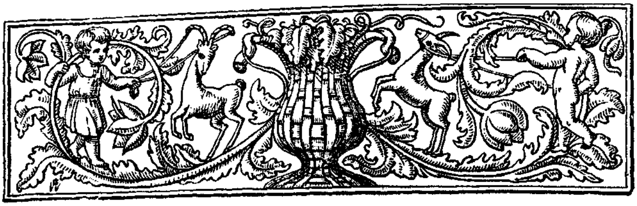
" ——— musty
——— rusty
——— college
——— knowledge

——— Farce on
——— Parson
——— vicar
——— liquor
——— ease
——— fees
——— fire
——— squire
——— tale
——— ale
——— spouse
——— carouse
——— breed
——— feed.”

Should the public approve of this specimen of my friend's abilities, I may perhaps, in some future paper, present them with a sample of his projected publication.

MISCELLANIES.

1785—1792.



VERSES WRITTEN AT SIXTEEN.

"*Ingenium ingens inculto latet hoc sub corpore.*"

PHILOSOPHERS of old dispute ye
Whether mere virtue without beauty,
Unhewn, unpolish'd, better is
Than *vitium cum illecebris.*
The man who, twenty years undusted,
In books and single life has rusted,
Contemns the world, commends his college,
And talks of solid sense and knowledge.
For through a medium form'd by reading,
Unrectified by sense or breeding,
Who views the world, but must despise?
Who is there will not trust his eyes?
And though ill-form'd, who will suspect
In his own judgment a defect?
A man brought hither from the moon
(For rhyme's sake) in an air balloon,
Would stare to see our people throw
Away their victuals when they sow;
But this good soul who saw corn sowing,
Yet had no notion of its growing,
Were he to laugh at us, I trust,
His censure would be thought unjust.
Who hears a story but half told,
Who knows no learning but the old,
Their judgments equally must fail
In censuring the times or tale:

The world must his contempt despise
Who looks at them with borrow'd eyes.
Now let us hear what says the beau—
"Politeness is a *passe pour tout.*
"Latin and Greek, old fogrum stuff,
"Don't signify a pinch of snuff."
Suppose a house built, if you please,
With cornice, architrave, and frieze,
Entablature of colonnade,
And knicknacks of the building trade;
Grand and complete, it draws the eye
Of passengers a-riding by;
The very connoisseurs allow
No palace makes a nobler show;
Yet you would think the man but silly
Who having built this sumptuous villa,
Had not a tolerable room
To show his friends in when they come.
This is the case of many a beau
Who gives up all for glare and show.
Outside and front all fine and burnish'd,
But the inner rooms are thinly furnish'd.
Suppose another's mind so grovelling
That a most execrable hovel in
He, strangely whimsey-struck, should like
To fix the pictures of Vandyke;
I say, if such a den he chose,
Each passer-by would turn his nose.
But should he chance to enter in,
'Twere then, indeed, another thing.
He'd talk of attitudes and contours,
Show his own taste and flatter yours;
And though a little odd your plan,
Call you a reasonable man;
But thousands that remain without
Think you a madman past all doubt.
This is the only difference on't,
To those who know you or who don't;
To seem a fool, the difference this
'Twixt pedant and 'twixt coxcomb is;
The man of real worth and merit,
The praise of either will inherit.

TRANSLATION FROM SIMONIDES.

Οτε λάρνακι, κ.τ.λ.

TWAS night, and silence and a curling breeze
Crept o'er the shuddering surface of the seas;
Closed in her chest, thus Danae begun,
With tearful eyes, and clasp'd her darling son:
"O child, what grief I suffer! You the while,
"As all regardless, sleep, and sleeping smile;
"And can you not, my infant, share my woes,
"But in this horrid mansion find repose;
"Nor heed the passing waves that, as they come,
"Dash o'er your silver locks the hoary foam,
"Nor hear the passing tempest whistle wild,
"Sunk in your purple mantle, lovely child?
"But if, my babe, perchance your little ear
"Might understand your mother's voice or hear—
"Sleep on, sweet infant—sleep the roaring sea—
"Sleep the rude tempest.—Come, sweet sleep, to me.
"And grant me, Jove, if not too great the boon,
"Speedy revenge, and that, too, from my son."

EPITAPH ON PLAUTUS.

Postquam morte datu'st, &c.

WHEN comic Plautus first departed,
The scene was left, the stage deserted;
And wit and merriment, together
With mirth and humour, fled for ever.

EPITAPH ON NÆVIUS.

Mortalis immortalis flere, &c.

IF goddesses for mortal men might weep,
A tear on Nævius should the Muse bestow;
Since Rome no longer does her language keep,
Now he is destined to the shades below.

CARMINA MARCIANA AS QUOTED BY LIVY.

L. XXV. C. 12.

Amnem Trojugena Cannam, &c.

TURNED INTO OLD ENGLISH.

O AUNCYENT Romaynes, sonnes of Troie old,
Flee fro' the fyld, the whych is Canna called,
For drede your ennemis should you constrayne
Perforce to fyght in Diomedis Playne;
But you will take no help of what I have sayin
Tyll all the fyld is covered wyth slayn,
And the ryvere shall bere down to the sea
Dead karkasses the fyshes food to be;
And vultures and birddes shall have fyll
Of mennes bodys—thys is Jove hys wyll.

Romani si expellere vultis hostem, &c.

O ROMAYNE, yffe ye wyshe fro' your domayne
To dryve awaie the nacyons forayne,
Herkinith to me, yt ys my rede,
If that ye wyshe goodhap and woldith spede,
Vowith to Phebus, yerely to fynde
Sacryfyce, and yourselffis by othe bynde.
When publickly y^e tribute ys payd
For everich one the sacryfyce shall be made,
And the Pretor that ys chyf of the cyty,
Offe the gamyn shall have y^e maistery,
And eke the decemviri shall ordere
The sportis alle after the Greke mannere—
If that ye doith this, yt ys no naye,
But ye and yere pepyl shalle rejoyce alwaie,
And the straungers w^h now hold dale and down,
That ilka daie shalle perysh everich one.

ODE FROM A FRAGMENT OF ALCÆUS, QUOTED BY ARISTIDES.

Οὐ λίθοι οὐδὲ ξύλα, κ.τ.λ.

TIS not the arch whose ample stride,
With easy sweep surmounts the tide,
Nor mole, that shouldering forth obtains
Old ocean, and his storm restrains;
While, in its arms' encircling sweep
The sullen seas in silence sleep,
And baffled ocean roars around;
Nor towering cliffs with turrets crown'd,
Nor fleets that to the stiffening gale
Unfurl the bosom of the sail;
Nor wealth acquired in busy trade,
  Nor populous cities, wall-begirt,
Can make a state, or save when made,
  From hostile arms, from hostile hurt.
But men alone, when they inherit
No other wealth than strength and spirit,
No other bulwark than their sword,
Shall never dread a foreign lord.
'Tis men alone that make a state
Or truly rich or truly great.
Why seek we wealth, then? to what end
Say, when war's tempest shall descend
Will lances innocently play
Around the crest with plumage gay?
Will not the wearer rather show
A signal to invite the blow?
Arms in an adamantine mould,
By fear and dread, were cast of old;
Now Fear is overcome by Pride—
In wealth, in grandeur they confide.
Vainly secure—do ye not know
These lures do but invite the foe.

Then hail, great Albion! for, to thee
Her choicest gifts does fate decree.
Nor are the blessings to thee shown
In grandeur or in wealth alone;
But in a manly, hardy race,
At once thy bulwark and thy grace.
In thee these double blessings end
At once to have, and to defend.

METRICAL VERSION OF AN ODE ON ATHELSTAN'S VICTORY.

From the Saxon.[1]

THE mightiest of alle manne,
Was the gude kinge Athelstan,
Alle his knytis to hir medis
Weren riche and ryal wedis.
Edmond his brother, was a Knyt
Comelich, brave, and fair to syht.
At Brunenbruc in stour they faught;
Fiercer fray was never wraught.
Maille was split, and helmis roven,
The wall of shieldis down they cloven:
The Thanis which cold with Edmond fare
To meet the fomen well were yare.
For it was comen to hem of kynde
Hir londis and tresoúrs to fend.

The kempis, whych was of Irlond,
On ilka daie, on ilka strond,
Weted with blude, and wounded, fell
Rapely smatin with the stell.
Grislich on the grund they groned;
Aboven, alle the hyls resounéd.

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[1] Ellis' "Specimens of English Poetry," Lond. 1801, vol. i. pp. 32-34. For the original see Ellis, *ubi suprà*, pp. 13-31.]

What for labour, and what for hete,
The kempis swate til they wer wete.
From morrow til the close of day,
Was the tyme of that journée.

Monie mon from Dacie sprong
The deth tholid, I underfong,
The Scottis fell in that bataille,
Whyche wer forwerid of travaille.
The West Saxonis wer ware,
When their foen away wold fare;
As they fled they did hem sewe
Wyth ghazand swerdis, that wel couth hew.
The cokins they n' olden staie,
For thir douten of that fraye.

The Mercians fought, I understond;
There was gamen of the hond.
Alle that with Anlaff hir way nom,
Over the seas in the shippes wome,
And the five sonnes of the kynge,
Fel mid dint of swerd-fightinge,
His seven erlis died alswo;
Many Scottes wer killed tho.
The Normannes, for their migty bost,
Went hame with a lytyl host.
The Kynge and frode syked sore
For hir kempis whyche wer forlore:
The Kynge and frode to schyppe gan flee,
Wyth mickel haste, but hir meguie.
Constantine gude, and Anlaff,
Lytyl bost hadde of the laif.
Maie he nat glosen, ne saie
But he was right wel appaie.
In Dacie of that gaming
Monie wemen hir hondis wring.
The Normannes passed that rivere,
Mid hevy hart, and sory chere.
The brothers to Wessex yode;
Leving the crowen, and the tode,
Hawkes, doggis, and wolves tho;

Egles, and monie other mo,
With the ded men for their mede
On hir corses for to fede.

Sen the Saxonis first come
In schippes over the sea-fome,
Of the yeres that ben forgone,
Greater bataile was never none.

ESSAY WHICH GAINED THE MEMBERS' PRIZE, CAMBRIDGE, 1792.

> "Terra salutares herbas eademque nocentes
> "Præbet, et urticæ proxima sæpe rosa est."

> "An morum emendationem et virtutis cultum in nascenti Sinûs Botanici republicâ sperare liceat?"

AUCTO indies et progrediente rei politicæ studio, haud abs re videretur, pauca quædam de coloniarum institutis dicere. Argumentum enim habemus, sive utilitatem, sive dignitatem spectes, amplissimum, tum, id quod in academicâ questione maximé observandum est, ab odio omni et contentione, quibus hæc studia abundare solent, semotum maximé et alienum. Hinc enim ab oriente profecta gens humana totum orbem terrarum sine cæde aut sanguine occupavit; et quæcunque nunc, aut opulentiâ, aut pulchritudine præstant, a feris sylvisque vindicavit.

Primum ergo ut de Græcorum coloniis loquar: nam illa nimis antiqua et ipsâ vetustate obscura prætermittenda censeo. Oriebantur hæ plerumque aut e civium copiâ, aut e seditionibus; quarum causarum, modo pace externâ civitas fruatur, necesse est ut altera quidem existat; (nisi fortè, ut Sinenses hodie, quod in civitate liberâ fieri vix posse arbitrandum est, profluentem incolarum copiam magno suo malo intrà patriæ terminos coercere velint); quâ re nihil tetrius fædiusve excogitari potest. Ut enim a peregrinantibus accepimus, iisque recentioribus, et fidei satis probatæ; adeo multitudine suâ laborat gens illa, ut humani operis pretium ad vilissimam mercedem redactum sit, quæque apud nos machinarum aut jumentorum ope fiunt, illic hominum vi omnia aguntur, quibusque alimentis cæteræ omnes gentes abstinent, iis avidissime utuntur Sinensium tenuiores; neque majore copiâ et incuriâ apud nos cadavera bestiarum projecta sunt quam illic infantium recens natorum corpora; quâ miserabili frequentiâ quæ non vastitas et solitudo potior videatur?

Ut a Sinensibus ad Græcos redeam, horum quidem coloniæ nihil aliud erant quam effusa in cæteras regiones nimia aut inquieta multitudo (quod ipsorum vocabulum ἀποικία verissime exprimit); neque in eas quicquam juris aut imperii obtinuit, quæ metropolis vocabatur, nisi si quod in honore et observantiâ positum esset. Multa tamen sunt a Græcis in coloniarum institutione commodè et sapienter excogitata; qualia sunt sacrorum consortia, et quod suprà ostensum est vocabulum maternæ caritatis inter urbes usurpatum; ut quodam parricidii crimine teneri viderentur, qui adversus sociam cognatamque urbem arma moverint; et hæc sanè, etsi levia et futilia quibusdam videantur, habent tamen mirabilem quandam vim ad pacis fideique conservationem. Quis enim non sentit apud gentes intervallo aliquo separatas odii, amicitiæque terminos tenuissimo discrimine dirimi, nosque iis constanter favere, quibus nobiscum aut linguæ aut religionis aut victûs denique communitas intercesserit.

In coloniis quidem, perinde atque aliis Græcorum institutis, omnia ad vitæ jucunditatem amœnitatemque et populare commodum conformata deprehendimus: Romani autem, quorum omnis politia paucorum dominationem quodammodo sapit, eâdem necessitate permoti fructum longè uberiorem ex eâ perceperunt; fructum illum modo (quod plerique solent) imperii magnitudine quam privatâ uniuscujusque utilitate metiri malis—neque ullâ re magis ad imperium totius orbis evecti sunt. A Romulo enim profecti eodem et instituti hujus et imperii auctore, quod Dionysius testatur, in urbes bello captas civium Romanorum colonias deducebant, quâ ex re quanta commoda profluxerint haud facile dictu erit; primum enim egenæ et inquietæ plebis quasi sentinam ex urbe exhauriebant ab urbanâ tribu sortitionem exorsi, tum stirpem Latinam patriamque augebant: Plebes enim agrorum opportunitate sustentata matrimonia libentius contraxit, prolem facilius educavit, et id quidem agresti illi et simplici more, militibus senectus in agris assignata, quinetiam subactarum gentium pervicacia quasi præsidiis impositis repressa, sæpe porro adversus hostium ferociam veteranorum coloniæ objectæ, ut Cremona et Placentia duo firmissima munimenta adversus impetum Gallorum, præcedente autem seculo per Rhenum et Istrum passim dispositæ sunt. Hanc autem progeniem suam urbs Romana adeo non manumisit, ut in eos severius imperium exercuisse videatur, pariter enim atque cives Romani, milites, conscribere, stipendia pendere tenebantur; ademtoque omni civitatis et suffragii jure dimidium capitis amiserunt. Italico quidem bello illa omnia conturbata sunt, inque municipia manavit suffragandi potestas; verum ita antiquius usitatum est de Romanis coloniis; nam de Latinis haud satis compertum habemus.

Nescio sane utrum in hac quæstione prætermittendum sit id, quod tum antiquissimis imperiis, tum etiam Romano debili jamdudum et senescenti acceptum fuisse constat; gentes enim barbaras alienigenasque sedibus suis excitas in ipsa imperii penetralia transtulerunt, cujus rei prudentissimum auctorem Darium Ioniæ Thraciæque incolis Cissæum agrum habitandum dedisse tradit. Herodotus, Ægyptique reges coloniis Græcorum Naucratim provinciam assignâsse; eorumque opera adversus civium seditiones haud rarò usos; et erat id quidem sapienter ut in tyrannide excogitatum, ne socius scilicet cognatusque populus morum aut linguæ commercio conspiraret; tum ut advenas viros summis sibi beneficiis obstrictos tanquam militem mercenarium ad omnia jussa exequenda pacatum et in procinctu haberent. Sed Romanos cum id, quod ob unius incolumitatem inventum esset, ad imperii tutamen transferre conarentur, spes fefellit; neque enim pari lege populus populo, atque homini homo, obedit; neque unquam infirmioribus et paucioribus validi et plures inserviunt.

Satis hac de antiquorum coloniis, pro questione fortasse nimia; quod si rei ipsius magnitudinem et dignitatem spectaveris, jejuna certe, et exilia: ad recentiores tandem deducenda est oratio. Atque hic ferè omnia antiquis absimilia instituerunt, et ad lucrum spectantia, neque imperii obtinendi gratiâ, neque frequentiâ civium, adducti ut in exteras regiones se conferrent; quicquid enim in hâc re profecerunt minores, ad commercii studium referamus oportet; quippe cui ipsas sedes suas et domicilia coloniæ nostræ debeant. Indiam enim per viam breviorem quærentibus primum patuit ille novus orbis, cumque vim maximam auri et argenti navigantibus offerret, coloniis deductis occupabatur, quos non tantum ulla agri ubertas impulit, ut relictâ patriâ in alias terras secederent, quantum spes divitiarum quam ex metallis conceperant, quod ex regiis diplomatibus satis constat, quibus Jacobo Primo, Henrico Quarto regnantibus, Anglis Gallisque in novum orbem migrandi jus conceditur;

his enim metallorum decimæ regi reservantur, tum Anglis præcipitur, ut si quem exitum habeat occidentem versus mare Atlanticum sedulò explorent. His consiliis fundatæ colonorum res haud ita magno tempore eò creverunt, ut mercatoribus nostris quæstuosum fore videretur, si, exclusis aliarum gentium navigiis, sibi solis liceret ad portus Americanos mercaturæ causâ commeare; petierunt ergo illi, et ab hominibus in re alienâ benignis impetrârunt, atque hujus privilegii gratiâ (quod reliquis civibus etiam obfuisse constat) imperium in colonias retentum est, maxima bella suscepta, respublica fœnore obstricta, avulsis autem a dominatione nostrâ provinciis, summæ opes, quæ prius in privatum mercatorum commodum redundârant, per patriam populumque fluxerunt. Quam enim illi sortem capitalem vix tertio quoque anno tandem receperunt, fœnore quidem satis amplo adauctam, sed reliquis ferè civibus infructuoso, ad propinquum magis commercium retulerunt, ex quo aut bis aut ter in anno reditus fiant; quâ mutatione factâ, quantis opibus artificum opificumque omne genus sustentârint, juvaverint, auxerint, incredibile ferè est et infinitum. Summas enim quibus jam floremus divitias huc oportet referamus; neque sanè mihi temperare possum, quin huic gratuler plaudamque invento; cum enim propriis bonis homines jamdudum attoniti sint, originemque eorum alii, alio derivent, primus, ni fallor, veros fontes aperui, quos valde demiror viros in re politicâ versatos latere tam diu potuisse, cum, stante adhuc et vigente in colonias imperio nostro, quæ ex commercio eorum commoda, quæque ex privilegio isto incommode fluerent, Smithius luculentè patefecerit; ita ut manifestum videretur, illo manente, sublato altero, summis opibus rempublicam auctam iri; quæ res quidem ita evenit, neque aliunde ortum trahit; ut enim summam prudentiam constantiamque regentibus nostris inesse libens fatear, errare nihilominus videntur, qui privatas, quibus floremus opes, iis attribuant, utpote quos constet in vectigalibus augendis, ære alieno sensim minuendo, per omne imperii spatium occupatos fuisse; quorum alterum singulorum civium opes augere certè nullo modo potest, alterum fœnoris pretio diminuto haud ita magnum momentum eo conferat; quod si tandem infrà quadrantem usuræ redigantur, pulcherrimam occasionem habebimus oblatam æris alieni, non carptim ut nunc, sed compendio quodam abolendi, nullâ fœneratorum injuriâ: quid vero lætius hoc feliciusve excogitari potest? Quod tamen non ità longè abesse spondere possumus, modo pace populus fruatur, et, qua ratione huc usque opulentiæ crevit, eâ augeri pergat. Quæ vero tum credendum est hanc civitatem examina missuram?

Neque jam ad metalla indaganda, sterile propositum, et vix tanto imperio dignum arbitrandum, neque ut ignota marium perscrutemur, quæ sub auspiciis regis nostri feré omnia patuerunt; sed, ubi abundantem civium copiam hæc nostra patria in se continere non poterit, usque in extrema orbis coloniæ educentur, quæque nunc inculta jacent et deserta terræ loca, incolis, artibus, opibus florere posteri nostri videbunt; neque jam ista omnia tam sedulo explorabimus; quæ commercii consuetudo cum quâque coloniâ institui possit; qui reditus ex eâ fiant; sedem tantum et habitandi locum auctæ multitudini exquiremus, quæ, si cum patriæ civitatis commodo constare poterint, ideo præferenda sunt, sin aliter, ipsâ necessitatis vi jubente prætermitti non possunt.

De novæ autem coloniæ situ, recte necne electus fuerit, omnino nihil affirmare ausim. Agitur enim de omnium, quot in orbe terrarum sunt, locorum cœlo, solo, incolis, quæ quidem majora videntur, quam ut privato judicio complecti possint. Hoc tantum contendere licet, neque lucro, neque commodo eam nobis fore, nisi si quod in exhauriendâ plebe posthac consistere potuerit. Hoc cur fiat causa in promtu èst; obvium enim cuique et manifestum, sublato, qui nunc publico sumptu facitur, commeatu, exulibus mercaturæ consortia cum hâc nostrâ patriâ nulla prorsus interfore. Quî enim merces nostras emere poterunt? "Frumento, (dicet aliquis) coriisque, et cibariis sale conditis, ut olim Americani." At hæc omnia vilia sunt molisque maximæ, neque unquam pretio vecturam vincent; præsertim cum hæc omnia minimo pretio præstent Americani, et præstabunt in multa sæcula; quod si iis in coloniæ gratiam portus nostri occluderentur nosmetipsos manifestâ injuriâ afficeremus. "Indiam vero navigabunt:" at vetat lex; aiunt enim juris-periti civem Anglicanum, ubicunque terrarum consederit, persecuturas tamen eum patriæ suæ leges et insectaturas, pariterque ac nos exules nostros ab Indorum commercio prohiberi.

Sperandum est ergo consulturos de hâc re, qui principatum gerunt, cauturosque ubi primum mercatoriæ societatis privilegia renovantur, ne coloniæ navigia Asiæ littoribus arceantur; sin aliter fiat, dubia nascentis civitatis initia, tardaque ejus incrementa auspicor. Incolæ enim ad opificia necessario se convertent, sterile genus laboris et infructuosum, si cum agri culturâ comparetur, quæque ex Asiâ fructibus prædiorum redimere possent, perfectæ artis et elegantiæ opera ipsi sibi omnis artificii rudes plerumque et indocti conficient; neque contendat aliquis in duritie ac pauperie enutritam civitatem validiorem quando evasuram. Constat enim industriam pro laboris pretio vigere, pretium autem rei cujuscumque est, quod eâ parare possis. Videant ergo qui coloniæ res gerunt, ut eam omnibus privilegii vinculis quamprimum exuant, quibusque fasciis infantem obvolvi necesse erat, puerum factum ne constringant. De illo loquor, duro et militari imperio, ut in homines improbos fortasse necessario: confido tamen moribus in melius mutatis lenius ac mitius provinciam administrari posse. Adjuvat fiduciam Americanarum coloniarum exemplum; nam hæ iisdem feré neque melioribus incolis primum concelebrabantur: quod si sanctæ illius simplicisque sectæ viros excipias quibus Pensylvania colonis condita est; quorumque nonnullos in hanc novam nostram ituros libentissimè audio; omnes ferè aut seditiosos aut criminum convictos patria expulit.

Nihil ergo videtur esse cur de nascentis reipublicæ moribus quisquam desperet, cum pro iis et amplissimum exemplum stare videtur, et ipsa ratio quandam vitæ cum virtute conjunctionem indicat; abest enim ab illâ fraus omnis et invidia; nec enim bonis alienis anguntur, nec inventa (quod alii artifices faciunt) parcè aut malignè impertire solent, sed in commune humani generis commodum benignè consulere, rarissimis inimicitiis utuntur, simulatione nullâ. Quod si huc accedant cognatæ caritatis vincula, proprietatisque dulcedo, quid sit, quod hominum mentes in deterius trahere possit, planè non video; cum absint præsertim vitiorum irritamenta, popinæ, scorta, lupanaria, cumque ipsa naturæ species animum ad numinis contemplationem virtutisque cultum conciliet; eoque magis quo rudiores illi homines sunt et indoctiores. Atque hic vereor, ne quibusdam videar præter hominum opinionem sententiam protulisse, quod si rem paulo attentius perscrutemur a rectâ eam ratione pendere deprehendemus. Bestiæ enim nonne iis rebus aguntur quæ sensibus objiciuntur et in quibus versantur? itaque homines, ut stoliditate et inscientiâ ad bestiarum naturam accedunt, externarum rerum facilius impressionem admittunt; qui vero semel rerum scientiam hausit, omnia sua (ut aiebat sapiens ille) secum portat, neque iis afficitur (ut Stoicorum sermone utar) quæ extra ipsum sunt; atque ille, si virtutis præceptis rectè imbutus est nullis vitiorum lenociniis adduci potest, ut de rectâ viâ deflectat; si autem cogitanti cuidam meditantique vitia sua non displicuerunt, nulla unquam præcepta, nulla exempla, animo inhærentem inveteratamque pravitatem avellere poterunt.

De hominibus ergo utcunque facinorosis non desperandum videtur, modo illud non accedat quod est in malis ultimum, ut volentes scientes tranquillo animo peccent. Non prætermittenda videtur in hâc disputatione recentiorum philosophorum opinio, (accurata quidem, ut mihi videtur, et experientiæ satis congrua): aiunt enim affectuum humanorum duo esse genera, quorum aliud ex naturâ, aliud ex societate, oriri, ex natura scilicet prolis curam, et in affines cognatosque benevolentiam, iram denique, et misericordiam; avaritiam vero, et invidiam, odium, ambitionem, hæc omnia à societate proficisci; quoque ea sit multiplex magis et in partes distributa, eo crescere magis et vigere.

Jam vero, si qua est hujus argumenti vis et auctoritas, (quæ mihi videtur esse maxima, neque tantum decretis philosophorum, sed et suffragiis nixa multorum hominum et experientiâ) pro nascentis coloniæ moribus facit, in quâ et societatis et vivendi rationem simplicem esse oportet; quis enim ibi relinquetur ambitioni aut contentioni locus? sit autem avaritiæ; sordidæ illi et odiosæ certè non erit. Quæ vero inimicitiæ aut nasci aut durare poterunt? quis alteri invidebit neque multo plura habenti neque ipse rei alicujus indigus?

Hæc de moribus dicta volui; nam religio, cum omnis ejus successus non ab ipsis rebus sed a paucorum ingenio et industriâ pendeat, in disputatione locum habere non potest: valdè tamen demiror, cum res ipsa tanti momenti sit, nullam ejus mentionem, neque in rerum gestarum commentariis, neque in procuratoris epistolis fuisse factam. Quod si mortis formidine exules a scelere deterreri posse putabant, manifesto errore teneri videntur. Quis enim est de illo sceleratorum grege qui mortis timorem non multoties expenderit contempseritque. Lapso scilicet effætoque animo acriores stimuli subjiciendi sunt, neque iis diutius immorandum quibus animi sensusque hominum obtorpuerunt. Sed ponamus homines in omni scelere et spurcitia volutatos ad bonos mores revocari non posse; quanquam et de iis melius et de humano ingenio arbitror. Quid est autem quod nascentem sobolem depravet, quibus, omnia illa vitiorum lenocinia nisi mentibus ipsorum ingenita esse velis, ignota sint necesse est? Quod si objiciat aliquis perpetuâ colluvie in novam civitatem effluente periculum fore ne contaminentur eorum animi; ad Americæ exemplum iterum recurramus oportet. Huc enim, donec ab imperio nostro descitum est, quot annis deportabantur criminum convicti, et in statutum servitii tempus venum dati? quos tamen civitatis mores infecisse nemo arbitrabatur. Quod contrarium ferè evenit; plerique enim ipsorum ad bonam frugem revocati sunt, ibi consederunt. Quid est ergo quod prohibeat, quo minus nova hæc proles in paupertate rusticoque labore educata simplex, et proba evadat; summis præsertim industriæ præmiis propositis, sceleri nullis. Ager enim apud nos summo pretio habitus prohibet quo minus integro laboris fructu pauperes fruantur; illic autem in tanta vilitate jacet, ut in vacuum solum venienti etiam gratia habenda sit, unde fit ut, quod apud nos in divitum vectigalia, illic in laboris pretium cedat.

Hactenus de moribus dictum volui; quin si tenue quibusdam et rarum videatur, quod de eis nominatim disputavimus; eos ita reputare velim, quicquid de industriâ, de commercio, disseruimus, a morum contemplatione non abesse: quamobrem mihi videtur summaque (?) de nascentis imperii fortunis in moribus recte esse posita; ut quæ alia omnia in se complectatur atque contineat. Si qua sint autem in hâc disputatione, quæ obscuriora aliquibus videantur; et quidem ne sint valdé metuo; veniam tamen apud æquos judices consecuturum arbitror; rem conatum arduam apprimè et difficilem, res novas antiquo sermone illustrare; tum (id quod longé gravius) excerpta quædam theoremata ex Smithii libris huic tractatui inserere, quæque ille continuâ ratiocinationis serie vincit, ab ipsis rei politicæ elementis breviter deducere. Atque hujus viri mentionem ingressus nescio sane quodnam operi meo fastigium potius imponam, quam ut laudes ejus eloquar, qui quam amplexus est, neque minimam, rei politicæ provinciam, neque infœcundam, adeo excoluit, ut quæ prius erroribus perplexa jacerent, et verborum farragine obvoluta, non solum aperta jam et purgata videantur, sed spem messis amplissimam ostenderint.

Ille, Ille vir pacis per Europam concordiæque fundamenta jecit, libero commercio viam patefecit atque munivit, plebi erudiendæ, coloniis educendis, præcepta edidit; omnia denique, quæ extrà scholas philosophorum sunt, ad benè beateque vivendum necessaria suppeditavit, effecitque, ut ad veterum opes (a quibus certè nunc absumus, neque naturæ injuriâ, sed ignorantiâ propriâ exclusi) cito perventuri videamur; modo, quod ille voluit, non per abrupta et præcipitia eniti tentemus, sed nota sequendo et lenia, quæ ipse præcepit exequamur.[1]

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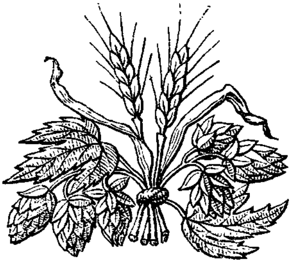
[1] This Essay, never before printed, is here given from the original manuscript. It appears to have been somewhat incorrectly written; but none save the most obvious corrections have been admitted: and one or two difficult passages are still left to exercise the ingenuity of the reader.



CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

IN 1852 Mr. Edmonds published an edition[1] of the "Poetry of the Anti-jaçobin," giving the "Contents, with the names of the Authors," as furnished by

"Canning's own copy of the poetry,"
"Lord Burghersh's copy,"
"Wright the Publisher's copy," and information derived from the amanuensis Upcott.

Lord Burghersh attributes several pieces to "Frere" which he never claimed. In the following those only have been ascribed to him, which (in memoranda given by him of the Authors) he said were his own, either wholly or in part; and wherever it was possible, (as in some places in the "Loves of the Triangles," the "Rovers," and "New Morality"), the particular lines contributed by each author, according to Mr. Frere's memoranda, have been marked.

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[1] A second edition enlarged was published in 1854.

IMITATION.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE DOOR OF THE CELL IN NEWGATE, WHERE MRS. BROWNRIGG, THE PRENTICE-CIDE, WAS CONFINED PREVIOUS TO HER EXECUTION.

November 20, 1797.

FOR one long term, or e'er her trial came,
Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cells
Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
SHE WHIPP'D TWO FEMALE 'PRENTICES TO DEATH,
AND HID THEM IN THE COAL-HOLE. For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton, when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But time shall come,
When France shall reign, and laws be all repeal'd!

Canning and Frere.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

November 27, 1797.

IN the specimen of Jacobin Poetry which we gave in our last Number, was developed a principle, perhaps one of the most universally recognised in the Jacobin creed; namely, "that the animadversion of *human laws* upon *human actions* is for the most part nothing but *gross oppression;* and that, in all cases of the administration of *criminal justice*, the truly benevolent mind will consider only the *severity of*

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[*] Of Southey's "Inscription for the apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Martin, the Regicide, was imprisoned thirty years."

the punishment, without any reference to the *malignity of the crime*." This principle has of late years been laboured with extraordinary industry, and brought forward in a variety of shapes, for the edification of the public. It has been inculcated in bulky quartos, and illustrated in popular novels. It remained only to fit it with a poetical dress, which had been attempted in the inscription for Chepstow Castle, and which (we flatter ourselves) was accomplished in that for Mrs. Brownrigg's cell.

Another principle, no less devoutly entertained, and no less sedulously disseminated, is the *natural and eternal warfare of the* POOR *and the* RICH. In those orders and gradations of society, which are the natural result of the original difference of talents and of industry among mankind, the Jacobin sees nothing but a graduated scale of violence and cruelty. He considers every rich man as an oppressor, and every person in a lower situation as the victim of avarice, and the slave of aristocratical insolence and contempt. These truths he declares loudly, not to excite compassion, or to soften the consciousness of superiority in the higher, but for the purpose of aggravating discontent in the inferior orders.

A human being, in the lowest state of penury and distress, is a treasure to a reasoner of this cast. He contemplates, he examines, he turns him in every possible light, with a view of extracting from the variety of his wretchedness, new topics of invective against the pride of property. He, indeed, (if he is a true Jacobin,) refrains from *relieving* the object of his compassionate contemplation; as well knowing, that every diminution from the general mass of human misery, must proportionably diminish the force of his argument.

This principle is treated at large by many authors. It is versified in sonnets and elegies without end. We trace it particularly in a poem by the same author from whom we borrowed our former illustration of the Jacobin doctrine of crimes and punishments. In this poem, the pathos of the matter is not a little relieved by the absurdity of the metre. We shall not think it necessary to transcribe the whole of it, as our imitation does not pretend to be so literal as in the last instance, but merely aspires to convey some idea of the manner and sentiment of the original. One stanza, however, we must give, lest we should be suspected of painting from fancy, and not from life.

The learned reader will perceive that the metre is Sapphic, and affords a fine opportunity for his *scanning* and *proving*, if he has not forgotten them.

Cōld wăs thē nīght wīnd ; drĭftĭng fāst thĕ snōws fĕll ;
Wīde wĕre thē dōwns, ānd shĕltĕrlēss ănd nākēd :
Whēn ă poōr wānd'rēr strŭgglĕd ŏn hĕr joūrnĕy,
Wēāry ănd wāy-sōre.

This is enough; unless the reader should wish to be informed how

Fāst o'ĕr thē blēāk hēāth răttlĭng drōve ă chāriōt ;

or how, not long after,

Loūd blĕw thē wīnd, ūnheărd wăs hēr cŏmplāinĭng—
Ōn wĕnt thĕ hōrsemān.

We proceed to give our imitation, which is of the *Amœbæan* or *Collocutory* kind.

IMITATION. SAPPHICS.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

"Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
-road, what hard work 'tis crying all day "Knives and
"Scissars to grind O!"

"Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the 'squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

"Was it the 'squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tythes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

" (Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

" Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

" Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
—Stocks for a vagrant.

" I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

" *I* give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

[*Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

CANNING AND FRERE.

MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

NOVEMBER 30, 1797.

The curiosity, and even anxiety, which several of our readers have expressed respecting the final declaration expected from the party, upon the subject of the events of the 18th Fructidor, have induced us to lay before them an authentic copy of a part of a future Morning Chronicle, which a correspondent of ours has had the good fortune to anticipate.

THE celebration of this great epocha of the French Revolution had excited a general enthusiasm.—The dinner-room was crowded at an early hour, and part of the company, among which was the Duke of NORFOLK, overflowed into the taproom. At about sixteen minutes after five, Mr. Fox entered the room and walked up to the end of the table amidst the universal plaudits of the company. The general appearance of his health was perfectly satisfactory; it appeared, indeed, to have been improved by his residence in the country. His hair was, as usual, without powder.

After dinner, when a few appropriate toasts had been given, Mr. Fox rose, upon his health being drank, and began by stating that he felt peculiar satisfaction in considering that the character and object of this meeting were perfectly congenial to his feelings and to those principles he had uniformly professed. What was the conclusion which the event which they were now celebrating naturally suggested to every thinking mind? It was this—that the example of one or more revolutions did not always prevent the necessity of another. There was likewise another conclusion which he trusted it would impress very forcibly on the minds of all who heard him. They would learn, he hoped, from the example of all that had passed in France, that vigorous measures were no less requisite for the support of freedom than for its original establishment; and that when these measures were once determined upon, it was mere affectation to be scrupulous or fastidious in the choice of means. Mr. Fox appealed to the whole tenour of his public life—he had acted with very different men, and upon a great variety of political principles; and if, in the course of all his experience, he had acquired any knowledge of his own character, he could declare with confidence that a squeamishness or hesitation in the choice of means, was a weakness, of all others, the most alien to his nature.

How did the case stand between the majority of the Directory (the *Triumvirate*, as some persons in this country had thought proper to style them), and that majority of the nation who were accused (and in his conscience he believed they were justly accused), of a wish to terminate the Revolution? The majority of the nation seemed to have acted pretty much in the style and temper of the minister of this country: proceeding to their ultimate object with infinite art and subtlety, they had entrenched themselves within the forms of the constitution on the one hand, while with the other they were sapping the vitals of liberty, and poisoning its very foundations. As for the Directory, the scene was fairly open before them.— On the one hand, they saw a termination to the Revolution; on the other, there were certain rights to be invaded, and certain principles to be infringed. Placed between these two alternatives, they were not long in forming their resolution, and a manly and vigorous resolution it was:—they determined to break through every obstacle of form, and to save their country in spite of precedent. The seditious journalists, with the refractory members of the two councils, and of the directorial body itself, were seized and imprisoned, or otherwise disposed of.—The vacancies thus made were supplied by other persons, appointed by the directorial majority, upon their own personal knowledge and good opinion.—He was aware, Mr. Fox said, that an objection might be raised to this species of nomination, but, for his part, he conceived that the Directory had acted well and wisely;—they were convinced that the majority of the nation were infected with the new principles of pretended order and moderation—they were aware that in this disorder of the public mind, they had nothing to expect from the re-elections—they saw the necessity and they acquiesced in it.—They inverted that order which prevails in those countries where liberty has been established by a more tedious process—they abrogated the instructions of the constituent to his representative, and they addressed their own instructions to the constituent body.—In all this there was nothing but what was perfectly just and natural; nothing inconsistent with the principles of freedom, nor with those principles which he himself had professed in the outset of his political life (Mr. Fox *here alluded to his well-known opinion on the Middlesex Election.*)[1]

With regard to the absolute abstract inviolability of the Press—Mr. Fox declared—that he considered himself as particularly fortunate in having had a very early opportunity of asserting his opinions upon that subject also; it was pretty well known, that the first ground of difference between himself and a noble lord (with whom he had originally acted, whom he had afterwards opposed, but with whom he had ultimately united, and of whom he should always speak in the language of friendship), was laid in a subject of this kind. That noble lord had refused, in spite of his remonstrances, to proceed against a printer, and upon that difference they parted, till the necessity of the times and the voice of the country, calling aloud for a coalition, had brought them together again.

With regard to the morality and justice of this conduct in the Directory, he was aware, Mr. Fox said, that different opinions were avowed; for his own part, he had never entertained the least doubt upon the subject. The question seemed to him to lie in a very narrow compass indeed—he was no friend to the pretended refinements and abstractions of political justice; in his opinion, there were rules sufficient for the direction of every man's conduct, lying upon the surface, and within everybody's reach. Of this kind was that excellent rule, which an eminent writer, the late Mr. ADAM SMITH, had established as the only true test upon which we could pretend to decide upon the conduct of other persons. We should put ourselves in their place, and unless we could be thoroughly convinced, that under the same circumstances, we ourselves should have acted differently, we might rest assured that the conscientious disapprobation which we were so ready to affect, was nothing better than a despicable farce of hypocrisy and self-delusion.

He would apply this rule to the conduct of the Directory—Let any man for a moment place himself in the situation of those gentlemen (Messrs. Barras and Rewbell), could they, after all they had acted themselves, and all they had inflicted on others in the course of the Revolution—could they, admitting them to be men endowed with the common sentiment of self-preservation—he would put it to the feelings of every gentleman—could they, consistently with that sentiment, permit for a single moment the expression of the public voice, which had almost unanimously declared against them? While human nature was human nature, it was impossible—and it was idle to imagine it. The conduct of the Directory was perfectly just and natural—and he was at a loss for words to express his contempt of the hypocrisy of those who would assert, that under the same circumstances, they themselves would have acted differently.

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[1] "Commons' Debates," vol. 25, p. 28, Mr. C. Fox said, "We had not lost the confidence of the people by the Middlesex Election, as was foolishly said, but by suffering with tameness the many insults which had been offered to the Sovereign and that House—that, had he his will, those aldermen and others who presented a remonstrance to the Throne should be taken into custody; that a few years back they sent two aldermen to the Tower, but suffered a paltry printer to hold them in contempt; that it was by these means we lost the good will of our constituents."—Lord North's motion was for sending the printer to the Gate-House—Mr. Fox insisted upon Newgate.

With regard to the political propriety of the measure, he had ever held, as a fixed and unalterable principle, the maxim which had been advanced upon this subject by Machiavel—it was this, that when a Government, for practical purposes, had become exhausted and effete, there was only one method for renewing its energies; this was by having recourse to those principles upon which it had been originally constituted.—In what did the essence of the French system consist? In the activity of the insurrectionary energy.—Through the whole course of the Revolution, whenever this energy had been suffered to lie dormant for any considerable time, the whole system had invariably been affected with a general torpor and lassitude. That period, the happy issue of which they were now commemorating, was in fact truly critical. If the energy of insurrection had not roused and exerted itself as it did, it must have sunk into the sleep of death; or it would only have been awakened to return again under monarchical domination.—On the other hand, what had been the effect of this new stimulus? Fresh life and vigour had been infused into the whole system—they had concluded a peace with the Emperor on their own terms—they had resolutely dismissed our own negotiator from *Lisle*, and they were now preparing for the invasion of this country! (*Loud applauses.*)

It remained only to speak of the means employed for effecting such a happy change. The legislative body, representing the disaffected majority of the nation, had been dispersed by a party of soldiery, acting under a temporary discretionary insurrectionary commission.—Mr. Fox here claimed the attention of his audience.—He was aware—he said—that an attempt would be made to impute to him certain principles inconsistent with his approbation of this measure; an approbation which he was by no means disposed to disguise or qualify.—The principle briefly stated was this—"*The subordination of the Military to the Civil Power.*" It would be alleged that, at some time or other, he had maintained, and professed this principle—He anticipated the calumny, and he would answer it.

It would be sufficient for him to call back their recollection to a very late event. They all remembered the Mutiny—(*Loud applauses.*) —It was fresh in the recollection of everybody—How happened it then, if in fact he had ever entertained this principle, that an event of such a magnitude should never have called it forth? Was the expression of any such principle to be found in the reports of his speeches at that period? Had he ever, directly or indirectly, intimated the least disapprobation of the conduct of the seamen then in a state of insurrection? Or, the *mutineers*, as some gentlemen thought proper to call them.—(*Loud laugh and applause.*) He appealed to the memory of his auditors—he challenged the malignant recollection of his enemies, and the spies of Government, if any such were present. (*Here a considerable tumult.*) He defied all the quibbling sophistry of the minister himself, to put such an interpretation on any word he had said. He had been upon his guard at the time—he was aware of the use that might have been made of his name, and this consideration had suggested the necessity of caution.—Political caution he considered as no less necessary in public life than political courage—He had always thought and felt so, and never had this sentiment been impressed upon his mind with a more tremendous conviction, than at the period he was alluding to.

After concluding his defence of the conduct of the Directory, and of his own consistency in approving it, Mr. Fox entered into the discussion of a very delicate point. "Since I am upon the "subject of the Mutiny," said Mr. Fox, ("and I give it that name "without meaning to connect with it any idea of criminality or "reproach, but merely for the sake of a distinction, which we may "hereafter have occasion for, between civil and military insurrec-"tion); I am naturally led to take notice of a difference of opinion "between myself and an hon. friend with whom I have long acted; "that gentleman thought it his duty to declare in Parliament that "he disliked mutinies;—now, for my part, I like them—and for this "plain reason, because in every mutiny, as it arises, I see the pos-

"sibility, at least, of the accomplishment of our great ultimate ob-"ject—a change of system. But if I should be—as I trust I ever "shall be—the last man to discourage a mutiny on practical grounds, "still less should I object to it on principles of pure theory. What "does a mutiny prove? If it proves anything it proves this: *that* "*the principles of liberty in the human mind are inextinguishable.* "You must either govern in conformity with the will of the mass "of the people, and of the individuals composing that mass, or you "must employ force—there is no alternative—while the individual is "left at liberty to make his own laws, and when he is permitted to "repeal them as he finds occasion—in such a case I am unable "to conceive how it is possible that, under any circumstances, he "should be tempted to disobey them.

"'But no,'" says the Government; "'this will not answer our "purpose—we will strip you of this privilege—we will go a step "farther—we will not even permit you to make your own laws. "Even this will not satisfy us—you are a single insulated being, "and we have you in our power—we will fetter you with laws and "precedents—we will bind you down with usages and statutes "which were enacted before you were born!'—What must be the "state of things where such a system is established? where it is "acted upon without disguise? where it is openly defended and "avowed? what is to be expected, but that which we daily witness "in this country? a state of sullen, ill-dissembled discontent! This "discontent displays itself in actions which are in the natural ex-"pression of such a sentiment.—Now mark how all this follows—"Government, instead of removing the discontent, can see no "remedy but in coercion; but how is coercion to be obtained? "Why, by the very means which have occasioned the discontent—"by a still grosser violation of individual liberty: they take a "number of individuals, and when they have subjected them to a "military discipline, they flatter themselves that they can employ "them as a means for suppressing discontent in others.—But what "is the necessary consequence of all this?—The spirit of freedom, "which they are endeavouring to keep down, explodes first in that "body in which it had been compressed, with the greatest violence. "—The military system is blown to pieces, and the whole ill-con-"structed scaffolding is brought down in ruin upon the heads of "its architects.

"I sincerely hope," said Mr. Fox, "that no such explosion may "take place to the destruction of a constitution which I venerate;

"—but ministers have already made the first step in this vicious circle "of politics.—The original defect was undoubtedly to be found in "the constitution itself, even as it existed in better times. These "defects were the natural subject of a peaceable and salutary "reform.—But what have ministers done? Instead of reforming "the constitution—by removing the abuse, they have exaggerated "the abuse till they have destroyed the constitution; by their "last infamous Bills they have put the finishing stroke to our "liberties—they have taken away from every Englishman his "NATURAL INDIVIDUAL COMPETENCE IN MATTERS OF LEGISLATION."

Mr. Fox here concluded a very animated and impressive speech, by recommending to his auditors, *that they should immediately strike a blow for the destruction of the present system:* as a pledge of his earnest wishes for the accomplishment of this object he would give them for a toast—"REWBELL *and a free Representation!*"

We have no hesitation in declaring our opinion, that this Speech was one of the best that Mr. Fox ever delivered; it abounds in all those characteristic traits which distinguish and elevate the tone of that gentleman's eloquence, above that of all his rivals and opponents. The references to MACHIAVEL and ADAM SMITH evinced the extraordinary facility which he possesses, of drawing an unforeseen inference from some acknowledged truth; that ardent deprecation of the all-violent and repressive measures, with the irrefragable demonstration of the absurdity and inutility of coercion in every possible case—all these, and above all, the spirited and undaunted appeal to his own past life and conduct, were *in Mr.* Fox's *very best manner.* We have only to regret, that while we do justice to his sentiments, and general stile of argument, it is impossible for us, in a report of this kind, to give our readers any idea of the language in which those sentiments were conveyed.—(*We must here conclude our extract. The* Examiner *of Monday next will contain the Speeches of Mr.* ERSKINE, *&c. &c., which we shall likewise take the liberty of borrowing from the* Morning Chronicle *of the same date, but which we are obliged, at present, to postpone for want of room.*)

FRERE.

MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

December 4, 1797.

(*Continued from No. III.*)

THE "*House of Russell*" being given, Lord John and Lord William rose both at once.

Lord John made a very neat, and Lord William a very appropriate, speech.

Alderman Combe made a very impressive speech.

Mr. Tierney made a very pointed speech.

Mr. Grey made a very fine speech. He described the ministers as "bold, bad men"—their measures he repeatedly declared to be, not only "weak, but wicked."

Mr. Byng said a few words.

"General Tarleton and *the Electors of Liverpool*" being given, the General, after an eulogium on Mr. Fox, begged to anticipate their favourite concluding toast, and to give "*The cause of Freedom all over the World.*" This toast unfortunately gave rise to an altercation which threatened to disturb the harmony of the evening. Olaudah Equiano, the African, and Henry Yorke, the mulatto, insisted upon being heard; but as it appeared that they were entering upon a subject which would have entirely altered the complexion of the meeting, they were, though not without some difficulty, withheld from proceeding further.

Mr. Erskine now rose, in consequence of some allusions which had been made to the trial by jury. He professed himself to be highly flattered by the encomiums which had been lavished upon him; at the same time he was conscious that he could not, without some degree of reserve, consent to arrogate to himself those qualities which the partiality of his friends had attributed to him. He had on former occasions declared himself to be cloathed with the infirmities of man's nature; and he now begged leave, in all humility, to reiterate that confession: He should never cease to consider himself as a feeble, and with respect to the extent of his faculties, in many respects, a finite, being.—He had ever borne in mind, and he hoped he should ever continue to bear in mind, those words of the inspired penman—"Thou hast made him less than the angels, "to crown him with glory and honour." These lines were indeed applicable to the state of man in general, but of no man more than himself; they appeared to him pointed and personal, and little less than prophetic; they were always present to his mind; he could wish to wear them in his breast as a sort of amulet against the enchantment of public applause, and the witcheries of vanity and self-delusion. Yet, if he were indeed possessed of those superhuman powers—all pretensions to which he again begged leave most earnestly to disclaim—if he were endowed with the eloquence of an angel, and with all those other faculties which we attribute to angelic natures, it would be impossible for him to do justice to the eloquence with which the hon. gentleman who opened the meeting had defended the Cause of Freedom, identified, as he conceived it to be, with the persons and government of the Directory. In his present terrestrial state he could only address it as a prayer to God, and as counsel to Man, that the words which they had heard from that hon. gentleman might work inwardly in their hearts, and, in due time, produce the fruit of Liberty and Revolution.

He had not the advantage of being personally acquainted with any of the gentlemen of the Directory;—He understood, however, that one of them (Mr. MERLIN), previous to the last change, had stood in a situation similar to his own—he was, in fact, nothing less than a leading advocate and barrister in the midst of a free, powerful, and enlightened people.

The conduct of the Directory with regard to the exiled deputies, had been objected to by some persons on the score of a pretended rigour. For his part, he should only say that, having been, as he had been, both a soldier and a sailor, if it had been his fortune to have stood in either of those two relations to the Directory—as a man, and as a major-general, he should not have scrupled to direct his artillery against the national representation:—as a naval officer, he would undoubtedly have undertaken for the removal of the exiled deputies; admitting the exigency, under all its relations, as it appeared to him to exist, and the then circumstances of the times, with all their bearings and dependencies, branching out into an infinity of collateral considerations, and involving in each a variety of objects, political, physical, and moral; and these again under their distinct and separate heads, ramifying into endless subdivisions, which it was foreign to his purpose to consider.

Having thus disposed of this part of his subject, Mr. ERSKINE passed, in a strain of rapid and brilliant allusion, over a variety of points characteristic of the conduct and disposition of the present Ministry: Mr. BURKE's metaphor of "the Swinish Multitude;" Mr.

REEVES's metaphor of the "Tree of Monarchy;" "the Battle of Tranent," and "the March to Paris"; the phrase of "Acquitted Felons," and the exclamation of "Perish Commerce"—which last expression he declared he should never cease to attribute to Mr. WINDHAM, so long at least as it should please the Sovereign Dispenser to continue to him the power of utterance and the enjoyment of his present faculties. He condemned the "Expedition to Quiberon;" he regretted the "Fate of Messrs. MUIR and PALMER;" he exulted in the "Acquittal of Citizens TOOKE, HARDY, THELWALL, HOLCROFT, and others;" and he blessed that Providence to which (as it had originally allotted to him (Mr. ERSKINE) the talents which had been exerted in their defence) the preservation of those citizens might perhaps be indirectly attributed. He then descanted upon the captivity of LA FAYETTE and the dividend of the Imperial Loan.

After fully exhausting these subjects, Mr. ERSKINE resumed a topic on which he had only slightly glanced before. In a most delicate and sportive vein of humour, he contended that, if the people were a "swinish multitude," those who represented them must necessarily be a swinish representation. It would be in vain to attempt to do justice to the polite and easy pleasantry which pervaded this part of Mr. ERSKINE's speech. Suffice it to say that the taste of the audience showed itself in complete unison with the genius of the orator; and the whole of this passage was covered with loud and reiterated plaudits.

After a speech of unexampled exertion; Mr. ERSKINE now began to enter much at length into a recital of select passages from our most approved English authors; concluding with a copious extract from the several publications of the late Mr. BURKE; but such was the variety and richness of his quotations, which he continued to an extent far exceeding the limits of this paper, that we found ourselves under the necessity, either of considerably abridging our original matter, or of omitting them altogether, which latter alternative we adopted the more readily, as the greater part of these brilliant citations have already past through the ordeal of a public and patriotic auditory; and as there is every probability that the circumstances of the times will again call them forth on some future emergency.

Mr. ERSKINE concluded by recapitulating, in a strain of agonizing and impressive eloquence, the several more prominent heads of his speech:—He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had a son at

Winchester School—he had been called by special retainers during the summer into many different and distant parts of the country—travelling chiefly in post-chaises.—He felt himself called upon to declare that his poor faculties were at the service of his country—of the free and enlightened part of it at least.—He stood here as a man.—He stood in the eye, indeed, in the hand of God—to whom (in the presence of the company and waiters) he solemnly appealed. —He was of noble, perhaps royal blood—he had a house at Hampstead—was convinced of the necessity of a thorough and radical Reform—his pamphlets had gone through thirty editions—skipping alternately the odd and even numbers—he loved the Constitution, to which he would cling and grapple—and he was clothed with the infirmities of man's nature—he would apply to the present French rulers (particularly BARRAS and REWBELL) the words of the poet:—

"Be to their faults a little blind,
"Be to their virtues very kind,
"Let all their ways be unconfined
"And clap the padlock on their mind!"—

And for these reasons, thanking the gentlemen who had done him the honour to drink his health, he should propose "MERLIN *the late Minister of Justice, and Trial by Jury!*"

Mr. ERSKINE here concluded a speech which had occupied the attention and excited the applause of his audience during the space of little less than three hours, allowing for about three quarters of an hour, which were occupied by successive fits of fainting between the principal subdivisions of his discourse.—Mr. ERSKINE descended from the table and was conveyed down stairs by the assistance of his friends.—On arriving at the corner of the piazzas they were surprized by a very unexpected embarrassment. Mr. ERSKINE's horses had been taken from the carriage, and a number of able chairmen engaged to supply their place; but, these fellows having contrived to intoxicate themselves with the money which the coachman had advanced to them upon account, were become so restive and unruly, and withal so exorbitant in their demands (positively refusing to abide by their former engagement), that Mr. ERSKINE deemed it unsafe to trust himself in their hands, and determined to wait the return of his own more tractable and less chargeable animals. This unpleasant scene continued for above an hour.

Mr. SHERIDAN's health was now drunk in his absence, and received with an appearance of general approbation:—when, in the midst of the applause, Mr. Fox arose, in apparent agitation, and directed the attention of the Company to the rising, manly virtues of Mr. MACFUNGUS.

Mr. MACFUNGUS declared that, to pretend that he was not elated by the encomiums with which Mr. Fox had honoured him, was an affectation which he disdained: such encomiums would ever form the proudest recompense of his patriotic labours;—he confessed they were cheering to him—he felt them warm at his heart—and, while a single fibre of his frame preserved its vibration, it would throb in unison to the approbation of that hon. gentleman.—The applause of the company was no less flattering to him—he felt his faculties invigorated by it, and stimulated to the exertion of new energies in the race of mind. Every other sensation was obliterated and absorbed by it;—for the present, however, he would endeavour to suppress his feelings, and concentre his energies, for the purpose of explaining to the company why he assisted now, for the first time, at the celebration of the Fifth Revolution which had been effected in regenerated France. The various and extraordinary talents of the right hon. gentleman—his vehement and overpowering perception, his vigorous and splendid intuition, would for ever attract the admiration of all those who were in any degree endowed with those faculties themselves, or capable of estimating them in others; as such, he had ever been among the most ardent admirers, and on many occasions, among the most ardent supporters, of the right hon. gentleman;—he agreed with him in many points—in his general love of liberty and revolution; in his execration of the war; in his detestation of ministers; but he entertained his doubts, and till those doubts were cleared up, he could not, consistently with his principles, attend at the celebration of any revolution whatever.

These doubts, however, were now satisfactorily done away. A pledge had been entered into for accomplishing an effectual radical revolution; not for the mere overthrow of the present system, nor for the establishment of any other in its place, but for the effecting such a series of revolutions, as might be sufficient for the establishment of a free system.

Mr. MACFUNGUS continued—He was incapable of compromising with first principles—of acquiescing in short-sighted, temporary, palliative expedients; if such had been his temper, he should assuredly have rested satisfied with the pledge which that right hon. gentleman had entered into about six months ago, on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, in which pledge he considered the promise of that previous and preliminary Revolution to which he had before alluded as essentially implicated.—" Whenever this Reform "takes place," exclaimed Mr. MACFUNGUS, " the present degraded " and degrading system must fall into dissolution; it must sink and "perish with the corruptions which have supported it. The " national energies will awake, and, shaking off their lethargy, as " their fetters drop from them, they will follow the Angel of their " Revolution, while the Genius of Freedom, soaring aloft beneath the "orb of Gallic Illumination, will brush away, as with the wing of " an Eagle, all the cobwebs of Aristocracy.—But, before the Temple "of Freedom can be erected in their place, the surface which they "have occupied must be smoothed and levelled—it must be " cleared by repeated Revolutionary Explosions, from all the lumber " and rubbish with which Aristocracy and Fanaticism will endeavour " to encumber it, and to impede the progress of the holy work.— "The sacred level, the symbol of Fraternal Equality, must be past "over the whole.—The completion of the Edifice will indeed be " the more tardy, but it will not be the less durable, for having been " longer delayed.—Cemented with the blood of Tyrants and the tears " of the Aristocracy, it will rise a Monument for the astonishment "and veneration of future Ages.—The remotest Posterity, with our " Children yet unborn, and the most distant portions of the Globe, will "crowd around its Gates, and demand admission into its Sanctuary. "—The Tree of Liberty will be planted in the midst of it, and its " branches will extend to the ends of the Earth, while the Friends " of Freedom meet and fraternize and amalgamate under its consolatory shade.

" There our Infants shall be taught to lisp in tender accents the " Revolutionary Hymn—there, with wreaths of myrtle, and oak, and "poplar, and vine, and olive and cypress, and ivy; with violets and "roses, and daffodils and dandelions in our hands, we will swear " respect to childhood, and manhood, and old age, and virginity, "and womanhood, and widowhood, but, above all, to the Supreme " Being.—There we will decree and sanction the Immortality of " the soul.—There pillars, and obelisks, and arches, and pyramids, " will awaken the love of Glory and of our Country.—There Painters " and Statuaries, with their chisels and colours, and Engravers with "their engraving tools, will perpetuate the interesting features of " our Revolutionary Heroes; while our Poets and Musicians, with an " honourable emulation strive to immortalize their Memories. Their "bones will be entombed in the Vault below, while their sacred "Shades continue hovering over our heads—Those venerated "Manes which, from time to time, will require to be appeased by "the blood of the remaining Aristocrats.—Then Peace, and Freedom, and Fraternity, and Equality will pervade the whole Earth; "while the Vows of Republicanism, the Altar of Patriotism, and "the Revolutionary Pontiff, with the thrilling volcanic Sympathies, "whether of Holy Fury or of ardent Fraternal Civism, uniting and "identifying, as it were, an electric energy."

Mr. MACFUNGUS here paused for a few moments, seemingly overpowered by the excess of sensibility, and the force of the ideas which he was labouring to convey.—The whole company appeared to sympathise with his unaffected emotions. After a short interval he recovered himself from a very impressive silence, and continued as follows:—

"These prospects, Fellow-Citizens, may possibly be deferred. The "Machiavelism of Governments may for the time prevail, and this "unnatural and execrable contest may yet be prolonged; but the "hour is not far distant; Persecution will only serve to accelerate "it, and the blood of Patriotism, streaming from the severing axe, "will call down vengeance on our oppressors in a voice of Thunder. "I expect the contest, and I am prepared for it.—I hope I shall "never shrink, nor swerve, nor start aside wherever duty and inclination may place me. My services, my life itself, are at your disposal.—Whether to act or to suffer, I am yours—with HAMPDEN in "the Field, or with SIDNEY on the Scaffold.—My example may be "more useful to you than my talents, and this Head may perhaps "serve your cause more effectually, if placed on a pole upon Temple "Bar, than if it was occupied in organizing your Committees, in preparing your Revolutionary Explosions, and conducting your Correspondence."

Mr. MACFUNGUS said he should give, as an unequivocal test of his sentiments, "BUONAPARTE AND A RADICAL REFORM."

The conclusion of Mr. MACFUNGUS's speech was followed by a simultaneous burst of rapturous approbation from every part of the room. The applause continued for several minutes, during which Mr. Macfungus repeatedly rose to express his feelings.

The conversation now became more mixed and animated: several excellent songs were sung, and toasts drank, while the progressive and patriotic festivity of the evening was heightened by the vocal powers of several of the most popular singers. A new song, written for the occasion by Captain Morris, received its sanction in the warmest expression of applause. The whole company joined with enthusiasm in their old favourite chorus of "Bow! Wow!! Wow !!!"

FRERE.

LA SAINTE GUILLOTINE.

DECEMBER 4, 1797.

WE have been favoured with the following specimen of Jacobin poetry, which we give to the world without any comment or imitation. We are informed (we know not how truly) that it will be sung at the meeting of the Friends of Freedom; an account of which is anticipated in our present paper.

LA SAINTE GUILLOTINE.

A NEW SONG.

Attempted from the French.

Tune—"O'er the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France."

I.

FROM the blood-bedew'd valleys and mountains of France,
See the genius of Gallic invasion advance!
Old ocean shall waft her, unruffled by storm,
While our shores are all lined with the *Friends of Reform*.[1]

Confiscation and Murder attend in her train,
With meek-eyed Sedition, the daughter of Paine;[2]
While her sportive *Poissardes* with light footsteps are seen
To dance in a ring round the gay *Guillotine*.[3]

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[1] See proclamation of the Directory.

[2] The "*too long calumniated* author of the "Rights of Man."—See a Sir Something Burdett's speech at the "Shakespeare," as referred to in the "Courier" of November 30.

[3] The Guillotine at Arras was, as is well known to every Jacobin, painted "*Couleur de Rose.*"

II.

To *London*, "the rich, the defenceless,"[1] she comes—
Hark! my boys, to the sound of the Jacobin drums!
See Corruption, Prescription, and Privilege fly,
Pierced through by the glance of her blood-darting eye.

While patriots, from prison and prejudice freed,
In soft accents shall lisp the Republican creed,
And with tri-colour'd fillets and cravats of green,
Shall crowd round the altar of *Saint Guillotine.*

III.

See the level of Freedom sweeps over the land—
The vile Aristocracy's doom is at hand!
Not a seat shall be left in a House *that we know*,
But for *Earl* BUONAPARTE and *Baron* MOREAU.

But the rights of the Commons shall still be respected,
Buonaparte himself shall approve the elected;
And the Speaker shall march with majestical mien,
And make his three bows to the grave *Guillotine.*

IV.

Two heads, says our proverb, are better than one,
But the Jacobin choice is for Five Heads or none.
By Directories only can Liberty thrive;
Then down with the ONE, boys! and up with the FIVE!

How our bishops and judges will stare with amazement,
When their heads are thrust out at the *National Casement!*[2]
When the *National Razor*[2] has shaved them quite clean,
What a handsome oblation to *Saint Guillotine!*

CANNING AND FRERE.

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[1] See "Weekly Examiner," No. II. Extract from the "Courier."

[2] *La petite Fenêtre*, and *la Razoire Nationale*, fondling expressions applied to the Guillotine by the Jacobins in France, and their pupils here.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND

DECEMBER 11, 1797.

WE have already hinted at the principle followers of the Jacobinical sect are restrained from the exercise of their own favourite virtue of charity. The force of this prohibition, and the strictness with which it is observed, are strongly exemplified in the following poem. It is the production of the same author, whose happy effort in English Sapphics we presumed to imitate; the present effusion is in Dactylics, and equally subject to the laws of Latin prosody.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Wēary̆ wăy-wāndĕrĕr, lānguĭd ănd sīck ăt hĕart,
Trāvĕllĭng pāinfŭlly̆ ōvĕr thĕ rūggĕd roăd ;
Wīld vĭsăg'd wāndĕrĕr—āh fŏr thy̆ hēavy̆ chănce.

We think that we see him fumbling in the pocket of his blue pantaloons; that the splendid shilling is about to make its appearance, and to glitter in the eyes, and glad the heart of the poor sufferer. But no such thing—the bard very calmly contemplates her situation, which he describes in a pair of very pathetical stanzas; and, after the following well-imagined topic of consolation, concludes by leaving her to Providence.

Thy husband will never return from the war again ;
Cold is thy hopeless heart, *even as charity;*
Cold are thy famish'd babes—*God help thee,* widow'd one !

We conceived that it would be necessary to follow up this general rule with the particular exception, and to point out one of those cases in which the embargo upon Jacobin bounty is sometimes suspended; with this view we have subjoined the poem of—

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

DACTYLICS.

COME, little Drummer Boy, lay down your knapsack here:
I am the soldier's friend—here are some books for you;
Nice clever books by Tom Paine, the philanthropist.

Here's half-a-crown for you—here are some handbills too—
Go to the barracks, and give all the soldiers some.
Tell them the sailors are all in a mutiny.

[*Exit Drummer Boy, with handbills, and half-a-crown.*
Manet Soldier's Friend.

Liberty's friends thus all learn to amalgamate,
Freedom's volcanic explosion prepares itself,
Despots shall bow to the fasces of liberty.
Reason, philosophy, "fiddledum, diddledum,"
Peace and fraternity, higgledy, piggledy,
Higgledy, piggledy, "fiddledum, diddledum."
Et cætera, et cætera, et cætera.

Canning and Frere.

SONG.

January 8, 1798.

THE following song is recommended to be sung at all *convivial* Meetings, convened for the purpose of opposing the Assessed Tax Bill. The correspondent who has transmitted it to us, informs us that he has tried it with great success among many of his well-disposed neighbours, who had been at first led to apprehend that the 120th part of their income was too great a sacrifice for the preservation of the remainder of their property from French confiscation.

You have heard of Rewbell,
That demon of hell,
And of Barras, his brother Director;
Of the canting Lepaux,
And that scoundrel Moreau,
Who betray'd his old friend and protector.

Would you know how these friends,
For their own private ends,
Would subvert our religion and throne?—
Do you doubt of their skill
To change laws at their will?—
You shall hear how they treated their own.

'Twas their pleasure to look,
In a little blue book,
At the code of their famed legislation,
That with truth they might say,
In the space of one day
They had broke every law of the nation.

The first law that they see,
Is "*the press shall be free!*"
The next is "*the trial by jury*:"
Then, "*the people's free choice*;"
Then, "*the members' free voice*"—
When REWBELL exclaim'd in a fury—

"On a method we'll fall
For infringing them all—
We'll seize on each printer and member:
No period so fit
For a desperate hit,
As our old bloody month of *September*.

"We'll annul each election
Which wants our correction,
And name our own creatures instead.
When once we've our will,
No blood we will spill,
(Let CARNOT be knock'd on the head).

"To *Rochefort* we'll drive
Our victims alive,
And as soon as on board we have got 'em,
Since we destine the ship
For no more than one trip,
We can just make a hole in the bottom.

"By this excellent plan,
On the *true Rights of Man*,

When we've founded our *fifth Revolution,*
Though *England's* our foe,
An army shall go
To *improve* HER corrupt Constitution.

"We'll address to the nation
A fine proclamation,
With offers of friendship so warm:
Who can give BUONAPARTÉ
A welcome so hearty
As the friends of a THOROUGH REFORM?"

CANNING, ELLIS, AND FRERE.

THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

FEBRUARY 19, 1798.

A DIDACTIC POEM, IN FORTY CANTOS, WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY: CHIEFLY OF A PHILOSOPHICAL TENDENCY.

DEDICATED TO R. P. KNIGHT, ESQ.

CANTO FIRST.

CONTENTS.—The Subject proposed.—Doubts and Waverings.—Queries not to be answered.—Formation of the stupendous Whole.—Cosmogony; or the Creation of the World:—the Devil—Man—Various classes of Being:—ANIMATED BEINGS—Birds—Fish—Beasts—the Influence of the Sexual Appetite—on Tigers—on Whales—on Crimpt Cod—on Perch—on Shrimps—on Oysters.—Various Stations assigned to different Animals:—Birds—Bears—Mackerel.—Bears remarkable for their fur—Mackerel cried on a Sunday—Birds do not graze—nor Fishes fly—nor Beasts live in the Water.—PLANTS equally contented with their lot:—Potatoes—Cabbage—Lettuce—Leeks—Cucumbers.—MAN only discontented—born a Savage; not choosing to continue so, becomes polished—resigns his Liberty—Priest-craft—King-craft—Tyranny of Laws and Institutions.—Savage life—description thereof:—The Savage free—roaming Woods—feeds on Hips and Haws—Animal Food—first notion of it from seeing a Tiger tearing his prey—wonders if it is good—resolves to try—makes a Bow and Arrow—kills a Pig or two—resolves to roast a part of them—lights a fire—APOSTROPHE to fires—Spits and Jacks not yet invented.—Digression.—CORINTH—SHEFFIELD.—Love, the most natural desire after Food.—Savage Courtship.—Concubinage recommended.—Satirical Reflections on Parents and Children—Husbands and Wives—against collateral Consanguinity.—FREEDOM the only Morality, &c. &c. &c.

PROGRESS OF MAN.

CANTO I.

WHETHER some great, supreme, o'er-ruling Power
Stretch'd forth its arm at Nature's natal hour,
Composed this mighty Whole[1] with plastic skill,
Wielding the jarring elements at will?
Or whether sprung from CHAOS' mingling storm,
The mass of matter started into form?
Or CHANCE o'er earth's green lap spontaneous fling
The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring?
Whether MATERIAL SUBSTANCE unrefined,
Owns the strong impulse of instinctive MIND,
Which to one centre points diverging lines,
Confounds, refracts, invig'rates, and combines?[2]
Whether the joys of *earth*, the hopes of *heaven*,
By MAN to GOD, or GOD to MAN, were given?[3]
If virtue leads to bliss, or vice to woe?
Who rules above? or who reside below?"[4]
Vain questions all—shall man presume to know?
On all these points, and points obscure as these,
Think they who will,—and think whate'er they please!

Let us a plainer, steadier theme pursue—
Mark the grim savage scoop his light canoe;

---

[1] Line 3. A modern author of great penetration and judgment, observes very shrewdly, that "the cosmogony of the world has puzzled the philosophers of all "ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of "the world? Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all "attempted it in vain. The latter has these words—*Anarchon ara kai ateleutaion* "*to pan*—which imply, that, all things have neither beginning nor end." See Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield:" see also Mr. Knight's Poem on the "Progress of Civil Society."

[2] Line 12. The influence of Mind upon Matter, comprehending the whole question of the Existence of Mind as independent of Matter, or as co-existent with it, and of Matter considered as an intelligent and self-dependent Essence, will make the subject of a larger Poem in 127 Books, now preparing under the *same* auspices.

[3] Line 14. See Godwin's "Enquirer;" Darwin's "Zoonomia;" Paine; Priestley, &c., &c.; also all the French Encyclopedists.

[4] Line 16. *Quæstio spinosa et contortula.*

Mark the dark rook, on pendant branches hung,
With anxious fondness feed her cawing young.—
Mark the fell leopard through the desert prowl,
Fish prey on fish, and fowl regale on fowl;—
How Lybian tigers' chawdrons Love assails,[1]
And warms, midst seas of ice, the melting whales;—[2]
Cools the crimpt cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
Shrinks shrivell'd shrimps, but opens oysters' hearts;[3]
Then say, how all these things together tend
To one great truth, prime object, and good end?

First—to each living thing, whate'er its kind,
Some lot, some part, some station is assign'd.
The feather'd race with pinions skim the *air*—[4]
Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear:[5]
This roams the *wood*, carniv'rous, for his prey![6]
That with soft roe pursues his *watery* way:[7]
This slain by hunters, yields his shaggy hide;[8]
That, caught by fishers, is on Sundays cried.—[9]

But each contented with his humble sphere,
Moves unambitious through the circling year;
Nor e'er forgets the fortunes of his race,
Nor pines to quit, or strives to change, his place.
Ah! who has seen the mailed lobster rise,
Clap his broad wings, and soaring claim the skies?
When did the owl, descending from her bow'r
Crop, 'midst the fleecy flocks, the tender flow'r;

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[1] Line 26. "Add thereto a tiger's chawdron."—*Macbeth.*

[2] Line 26, 27. "In softer notes bids Lybian lions roar,
And warms the whale on Zembla's frozen shore."
Progress of Civil Society, Book I. ver. 98.

[3] Line 29. "An oyster may be crossed in love."—MR. SHERIDAN'S *Critic.*

[4] Line 34. Birds fly.

[5] Line 35. But neither fish, nor beasts—particularly as here exemplified.

[6] Line 36. The bear.

[7] Line 37. The mackerel.—There are also *hard-roed* mackerel. *Sed de his alio loco.*

[8] Line 38. Bear's *grease*, or *fat*, is also in great request; being supposed to have a *crinipdrous*, or hair-producing quality.

[9] Line 39. There is a special Act of Parliament which permits mackerel to be cried on Sundays.

Or the young heifer plunge, with pliant limb,
In the salt wave,[1] and fish-like strive to swim?[2]

The same with plants[3]—potatoes 'tatoes breed—[4]
Uncostly cabbage springs from cabbage seed;
Lettuce to lettuce, leeks to leeks succeed;
Nor e'er did cooling cucumbers presume
To flow'r like myrtle, or like violets bloom.
—MAN only,—rash, refined, presumptuous MAN,
Starts from his rank, and mars creation's plan.
Born the free heir of nature's wide domain,
To art's strict limits bounds his narrow'd reign;
Resigns his native rights for meaner things,
For *faith* and *fetters*—LAWS, and PRIESTS, and KINGS.

(*To be continued.*)

We are sorry to be obliged to break off here. The remainder of this admirable and instructive Poem is in the press, and will be continued the first opportunity.—THE EDITOR.

CANNING.

PROGRESS OF MAN.

FEBRUARY 26, 1798.

IN consequence of the poem on the "Progress of Man," of which we favoured our Readers with a specimen in our last Number, we have received a variety of letters, which we confess have not a little surprised us, from the unfounded, and even contradictory charges they contain. In one, we are accused of malevolence, in bringing back to notice a work that had been quietly consigned to oblivion;—in another, of plagiarism by copying its most beautiful passages;—in a third, of vanity, for striving to imitate what was in itself inimitable, &c. &c.

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[1] Line 49. *Salt wave*—wave of the sea—"*briny wave.*"—*Poetæ passim.*

[2] Line 45 to 49. Every animal contented with the lot which it has drawn in life. A fine contrast to man, who is always discontented.

[3] Line 50. A still stronger contrast, and a greater shame to man, is found in plants;—they too are contented—he restless and changing.

Mens agitat mihi; nec placidâ contenta quiete est.

[4] Line 50. *Potatoes 'tatoes breed.* Elision for the sake of verse, not meant to imply that the root degenerates.—Not so with man—

Mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

But why this alarm? has the author of the *Progress of Civil Society*, an exclusive patent for fabricating *Didactic* poems? or can we not write against order and government without incurring the guilt of imitation? We trust we were not so ignorant of the nature of a didactic poem (so called from *didaskein*, to teach, and *poema*, a poem; because it teaches nothing, and is not poetical) even before the *Progress of Civil Society* appeared, but that we were capable of such an undertaking.

We shall only say further, that we do not intend to proceed regularly with our poem; but having the remaining thirty-nine cantos by us, shall content ourselves with giving, from time to time, such extracts as may happen to suit our purpose.

The following passage, which, as the reader will see by turning to the CONTENTS prefixed to the head of the Poem, is part of the first canto, contains so happy a deduction of MAN'S present state of Depravity, from the first slips and failings of his Original state, and inculcates so forcibly the mischievous consequences of *social* or *civilized*, as opposed to *natural* society, that no dread of imputed imitation can prevent us from giving it to our readers.

PROGRESS OF MAN.

SEE the rude savage, free from civil strife,
Keeps the smooth tenour of his guiltless life;
Restrain'd by none, save Nature's lenient laws,
Quaffs the clear stream, and feeds on hips and haws.
Light to his daily sports behold him rise!
The bloodless banquet health and strength supplies.[1]
Bloodless not long—one morn he haps to stray[2]
Through the lone wood—and close beside the way,
See the gaunt tiger tear his trembling prey;
Beneath whose gory fangs a leveret bleeds,
Or pig—such pig as fertile China breeds.[3]

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[1] Line 61 to 66. Simple state of savage life—previous to the pastoral, or even the hunter state. First savages disciples of Pythagoras.

[2] Line 67, &c. Desire of animal food natural only to beasts, or to man in a state of civilized society. First suggested by the circumstance here related.

[3] Line 71. Pigs of the *Chinese* breed most in request.

Struck with the sight, the wondering savage stands,
Rolls his broad eyes, and clasps his lifted hands!
Then restless roams—and loathes his wonted food;
Shuns the salubrious stream, and thirsts for blood.

By thought matured, and quicken'd by desire,[1]
New arts, new arms, his wayward wants require.
From the tough yew a slender branch he tears,
With self-taught skill the twisted grass prepares;[2]
Th' unfashion'd bow, with labouring efforts bends
In circling form, and joins th' unwilling ends.
Next some tall reed he seeks—with sharp-edged stone
Shapes the fell dart, and points with whiten'd bone.[3]
Then forth he fares—around in careless play,
Kids, pigs, and lambkins unsuspecting stray.
With grim delight he views the sportive band,
Intent on blood, and lifts his murderous hand,
Twangs the bent bow—resounds the fateful dart
Swift-wing'd, and trembles in a porker's heart.

Ah, hapless porker! what can now avail[4]
Thy back's stiff bristles; or thy curly tail?
Ah! what avail those eyes so small and round,
Long pendent ears, and snout that loves the ground?[5]

Not unrevenged thou diest!—in after times[6]
From thy spilt blood shall spring unnumber'd crimes.
Soon shall the slaught'rous arms that wrought thy woe,
Improved by malice, deal a deadlier blow;[7]
When *social* man shall pant for nobler game,
And 'gainst his fellow man the vengeful weapon aim.

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[1] Line 76. First formation of a bow. Introduction to the science of archery.

[2] Line 79. Grass twisted, used for a string, owing to the want of other materials not yet invented.

[3] Line 83. Bone—fish's bone found on the sea-shore, shark's teeth, &c. &c.

[4] Line 90. Ah! what avails, &c. See Pope's "Description of the Death of a Pheasant."

[5] Line 93. "With leaden eye that loves the ground."

[6] Line 94. The first effusion of blood attended with the most dreadful consequences to mankind.

[7] Line 97. *Social* man's wickedness opposed to the simplicity of savage life.

As love, as gold, as jealousy inspires,
As wrathful hate, or wild ambition fires,[1]
Urged by the statesman's craft, the tyrant's rage,
Embattled nations endless wars shall wage,
Vast seas of blood the ravaged field shall stain,
And millions perish—that a KING may reign!

For blood once shed, new wants and wishes rise;
Each rising want invention quick supplies.
To roast his victuals is man's next desire,
So two dry sticks he rubs, and lights a fire;[2]
Hail, fire, &c. &c.

CANNING.

THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

APRIL 2, 1798.

WE promised in our Sixteenth Number, that though we should not proceed regularly with the publication of the Didactic Poem, the PROGRESS OF MAN, a work which, indeed, both from its bulk, and from the erudite nature of the subject, would hardly suit with the purposes of a Weekly Paper;—we should, nevertheless, give from time to time such extracts from it, as we thought were likely to be useful to our readers, and as were in any degree connected with the topics or events of the times.

The following extract is from the 23rd Canto of this admirable and instructive Poem;—in which the author (whom, by a series of accidents, which we have neither the space, nor indeed the liberty, to enumerate at present, we have discovered to be Mr. HIGGINS, of *St. Mary Axe*) describes the vicious refinement of what is called civilized society, in respect to marriage, contends with infinite spirit and philosophy against the factitious sacredness and indissolubility of that institution, and paints in glowing colours the happiness and utility (in a moral as well as political view) of an arrangement of an opposite sort, such as prevails in countries which are yet under the influence of pure and unsophisticated nature.

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[1] Lines 100 and 101. Different causes of war among men.

[2] Line 106. Invention of fire—first employed in cookery, and produced by rubbing dry sticks together.

In illustration of his principles upon this subject, the author alludes to a popular production of the German Drama, the title of which is the "REFORM'D HOUSEKEEPER," which he expresses a hope to see transfused into the language of this country. As we are not much conversant with German literature, and still less, (such is the course of our occupations) with the British stage, we are not informed how far Mr. HIGGINS's hopes may have any chance of being realized. The recommendation of so judicious an author cannot fail to have its weight; and for our part, were we to have any voice in the matter, we have too great a respect for the order of females from among whom the heroine of the piece in question is selected (having ourselves great obligations to the lady who lives with Mr. Wright our publisher in that capacity, for her decision in respect to the PRIZE OF DULNESS)[1] not to feel very much interested in the events of a drama, any way affecting the reputation of that sisterhood.

THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

CANTO TWENTY-THIRD.

CONTENTS.

ON MARRIAGE.—Marriage being indissoluble the cause of its being so often unhappy.—Nature's laws not consulted in this point.—Civilized nations mistaken.—OTAHEITE: Happiness of the natives thereof—visited by Captain Cook, in his Majesty's ship *Endeavour*—Character of Captain Cook.—Address to CIRCUMNAVIGATION.—Description of His Majesty's Ship *Endeavour*—Mast, rigging, sea sickness, prow, poop, mess-room, surgeon's mate—History of one.—Episode concerning naval chirurgery.—Catching a Thunny Fish.—Arrival at Otaheite—cast anchor—land—Natives astonished.—Love—Liberty—Moral—Natural—Religious—Contrasted with EUROPEAN manners.—Strictness—Licence—DOCTOR'S COMMONS.—Dissolubility of MARRIAGE recommended—Illustrated by a game at Cards—WHIST—CRIBBAGE—Partners changed—Why not the same in Marriage?—Illustrated by a River.—Love free.—Priests, Kings.—German Drama.—KOTZEBUE'S "Housekeeper Reformed"—to be translated.—Moral employments of Housekeeping described.—HOTTENTOTS sit and stare at each other—Query, WHY?—Address to the HOTTENTOTS.—History of the Cape of Good Hope.—Resumé of the Arguments against Marriage.—Conclusion.

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[1] See the "Anti-Jacobin," No. 16, 26th February, 1798, p. 125, original copy.

PROGRESS OF MAN.

EXTRACT.

HAIL! beauteous lands[1] that crown the Southern Seas;
Dear happy seats of Liberty and Ease!
Hail! whose green coasts the peaceful ocean laves,
Incessant washing with its watery waves!
Delicious islands! to whose envied shore
Thee, gallant Cook! the ship *Endeavour*[2] bore.

There laughs the sky, there zephyr's frolic train,
And light-wing'd loves, and blameless pleasures reign:
There, when two souls congenial ties unite,
No hireling *Bonzes* chant the mystic rite;
Free every thought, each action unconfined,
And light those fetters which no rivets bind.

There in each grove, each sloping bank along,
And flow'rs and shrubs and odorous herbs among,
Each shepherd[3] clasp'd, with undisguised delight,
His yielding fair one,—in the Captain's sight;
Each yielding fair, as chance or fancy led,
Preferr'd new lovers to her sylvan bed.

Learn hence, each nymph, whose free aspiring mind
Europe's cold laws,[4] and colder customs[5] bind—
O! learn, what Nature's genial laws decree—
What Otaheite[6] is, let Britain be!

* * * * *

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[1] The ceremony of invocation (in didactic poems especially) is in some measure analogous to the custom of drinking toasts; the corporeal representatives of which are always supposed to be absent, and unconscious of the irrigation bestowed upon their names. Hence it is, that our Author addresses himself to the natives of an island who are not likely to hear, and who, if they did, would not understand him.

[2] His Majesty's ship *Endeavour.*

[3] In justice to our Author we must observe, that there is a delicacy in this picture, which the words, in their common acceptation, do not convey. The amours of an English shepherd would probably be preparatory to marriage (which is contrary to our Author's principles), or they might disgust us by the vulgarity of their object. But in Otaheite, where the place of a shepherd is a perfect sinecure (there being no sheep on the island), the mind of the reader is not offended by any disagreeable allusion.

[4] Laws made by parliaments or kings.

[5] Customs voted or imposed by ditto, not the customs here alluded to (*by the Author*).

[6] M. Bailly and other astronomers have observed, that in consequence of the

Of WHIST or CRIBBAGE mark th' amusing game—
The PARTNERS *changing*, but the sport the *same*.
Else would the gamester's anxious ardour cool,
Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.[1]
Yet must *one*[2] Man, with one *unceasing* Wife,
Play the LONG RUBBER of connubial life.
Yes! human laws, and laws esteem'd divine,
The generous passion straighten and confine;
And, as a stream, when art constrains its course,
Pours its fierce torrent with augmented force,
So, Passion[3] narrow'd to one channel small,
Unlike the former, does not flow at all.
For Love *then* only flaps his purple wings,
When uncontroll'd by priestcraft or by kings.

Such the strict rules, that, in these barbarous climes,
Choke youth's fair flow'rs, and feelings turn to crimes:
And people every walk of polish'd life[4]
With that two-headed monster, MAN and WIFE.

Yet bright examples sometimes we observe,
Which from the general practice seem to swerve;
Such as presented to Germania's[5] view,
A Kotzebue's bold emphatic pencil drew:
Such as, translated in some future age,
Shall add new glories to the British stage;
—While the moved audience sit in dumb despair,
"Like Hottentots,[6] *and at each other stare.*"

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varying obliquity of the Ecliptic, the climates of the circumpolar and tropical climates may, in process of time, be materially changed. Perhaps it is not very likely that even by these means Britain may ever become a small island in the South Seas. But this is not the meaning of the verse—the similarity here proposed relates to manners, not to local situation. (*Note by the Author.*)

[1] "*Multam accepit rimosa paludem.*"—VIRGIL.

[2] The word *one* here, means all the inhabitants of Europe (excepting the French, who have remedied this inconvenience), not any particular individual. The Author begs leave to disclaim every allusion that can be construed as personal.

[3] As a stream—simile of dissimilitude, a mode of illustration familiar to the ancients.

[4] Walks of polished life, see "Kensington Gardens," a poem.

[5] Germania—Germany; a country in Europe, peopled by the Germani: alluded to in Cæsar's Commentaries, page 1, vol. ii. edit. prin. See also several DIDACTIC POEMS.

[6] A beautiful figure of German literature. The Hottentots remarkable for staring at each other—God knows why.

With look sedate, and staid beyond her years,
In matron weeds a *Housekeeper* appears.
The jingling keys her comely girdle deck—
Her 'kerchief colour'd, and her apron *check.*
Can that be Adelaide, that "soul of whim,"
Reform'd in practice, and in manner prim?
—On household cares intent,[1] with many a sigh
She turns the pancake, and she moulds the pie;
Melts into sauces rich the savoury ham:
From the crush'd berry strains the lucid jam;
Bids brandied cherries,[2] by infusion slow,
Imbibe new flavour, and their own forego,
Sole cordial of her heart, sole solace of her woe!
While still, responsive to each mournful moan,
The saucepan simmers in a softer tone.

* * * *

THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

April 16, 1798.

We cannot better explain to our readers the design of the poem from which the following extracts are taken, than by borrowing the expressions of the author, Mr. Higgins, of *St. Mary Axe*, in the letter which accompanied the manuscript.

We must premise, that we had found ourselves called upon to remonstrate with Mr. H. on the freedom of some of the positions laid down in his other didactic poem, the "Progress of Man;" and had in the course of our remonstrance hinted something to the disadvantage of the *new principles* which are now afloat in the world, and which are, in our opinion, working so much prejudice to the happiness of mankind. To this Mr. H. takes occasion to reply—

"What you call the *new principles* are, in fact, nothing less than

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[1] This delightful and instructive picture of domestic life, is recommended to all keepers of boarding schools, and other seminaries of the same nature.

[2] It is a singular quality of brandied cherries, that they exchange their flavour for that of the liquor in which they are immersed.

new. They are the principles of primeval nature, the system of original and unadulterated man.

"If you mean by my addiction to *new principles* that the object which I have in view in my larger work [meaning the "PROGRESS OF MAN"] and in the several other *concomitant* and *subsidiary* DIDACTIC POEMS which are necessary to complete my plan, is to restore this first, and pure simplicity; to rescue and to recover the interesting nakedness of human nature, by ridding her of the cumbrous establishments which the folly, and pride, and self-interest of the worst part of our species have heaped upon her;—you are right. Such is my object. I do not disavow it. Nor is it mine alone. There are abundance of abler hands at work upon it. *Encyclopedias*, *Treatises*, *Novels*, *Magazines*, *Reviews*, and *New Annual Registers*, have, as you are well aware, done their part with activity and with effect. It remained to bring the *heavy* artillery of a DIDACTIC POEM to bear upon the same object.

"If I have selected your paper as the channel for conveying my labours to the public, it was not because I was unaware of the hostility of your principles to mine, of the bigotry of your attachment to '*things as they are*,'—but because, I will fairly own, I found some sort of cover and disguise necessary for securing the favourable reception of my sentiments; the usual pretexts of humanity, and philanthropy, and fine feeling by which we have for some time obtained a passport to the hearts and understandings of men, being now worn out or exploded. I could not choose but smile at my success in the first instance, in inducing *you* to adopt my poem as your own.

"But you have called for an explanation of these principles of ours, and you have a right to demand it. Our first principle is, then—the reverse of the trite and dull maxim of Pope—'*Whatever is, is right*.' We contend, that '*Whatever is, is* WRONG;' that institutions, civil and religious, that social order (as it is called in *your* cant) and regular government, and law, and I know not what other fantastic inventions, are but so many cramps and fetters on the free agency of man's *natural intellect* and *moral sensibility;* so many badges of his degradation from the primal purity and excellence of his nature.

"Our second principle is, the '*eternal and absolute* PERFECTIBILITY OF MAN.' We contend, that if, as is demonstrable, we have risen from a level with the *cabbages of the field* to our present comparatively intelligent and dignified state of existence, by the mere exertion of our own *energies;* we should, if these *energies* were not repressed and subdued by the operation of prejudice, and folly, by KING-CRAFT and PRIEST-CRAFT, and the other evils incident to what is called civilized society, continue to exert and expand ourselves in a proportion infinitely greater than anything of which we yet have any notion:—in a *ratio* hardly capable of being calculated by any science of which we are now masters, but which would in time raise man from his present biped state, to a rank more worthy of his endowments and aspirations; to a rank in which he would be, as it were, *all* MIND; would enjoy unclouded perspicacity and perpetual vitality; feed on PHLOGISTON, and never DIE, but *by his own consent.*

"But though the poem of the PROGRESS OF MAN, alone would be sufficient to teach this system, and enforce these doctrines, the whole practical effect of them cannot be expected to be produced, but by the gradual perfecting of each of the sublimer sciences; at the husk and shell of which we are now nibbling, and at the kernel whereof, in our present state, we cannot hope to arrive. These several sciences will be the subjects of the several *auxiliary* DIDACTIC POEMS which I have now in hand (one of which, entitled THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES, I herewith transmit to you), and for the better arrangement and execution of which, I beseech you to direct your bookseller to furnish me with a handsome Chambers's Dictionary; in order that I may be enabled to go through the several articles alphabetically, beginning with *Abracadabra,* under the first letter, and going down to *Zodiac,* which is to be found under the last.

"I am persuaded that there is no SCIENCE, however abstruse, nay, no TRADE OR MANUFACTURE, which may not be taught by a DIDACTIC POEM. In that before you, an attempt is made (not unsuccessfully) to *enlist the* IMAGINATION *under the banners of* GEOMETRY. BOTANY I found done to my hands. And though the more rigid and unbending stiffness of a mathematical subject does not admit of the same appeals to the warmer passions, which naturally arise out of the *sexual* (or, as I have heard several worthy gentlewomen of my acquaintance, who delight much in the poem to which I allude, term it, by a slight misnomer no way difficult to be accounted for—the *sensual*) system of Linnæus;—yet I trust that the range and variety of illustration with which I have endeavoured to ornament and enlighten the arid truths of EUCLID and ALGEBRA, will be found to have smoothed the road of Demonstration, to have softened the rugged features of Elementary Propositions, and, as it were, to have strewed the *Asses' Bridge* with flowers."

Such is the account which Mr. HIGGINS gives of his own undertaking, and of the motives which have led him to it. For our parts, though we have not the same sanguine persuasion of the *absolute perfectibility* of our species, and are at the same time liable to the imputation of being more satisfied with *things as they are*, than Mr. HIGGINS and his associates; yet, as we are, in at least the same proportion, less convinced of the practical influence of DIDACTIC POEMS, we apprehend little danger to our readers' morals from laying before them Mr. HIGGINS's Doctrine in its most fascinating shape. The poem abounds, indeed, with beauties of the most striking kind,—various and vivid imagery, bold and unsparing impersonifications; and similitudes and illustrations brought from the most ordinary and the most extraordinary occurrences of nature,—from history and fable,—appealing equally to the heart and to the understanding, and calculated to make the subject of which the poem professes to treat, rather amusing than intelligible. We shall be agreeably surprised to hear that it has assisted any young student at either University in his Mathematical Studies.

We need hardly add, that the plates illustrative of this poem (the engravings of which would have been too expensive for our publication) are to be found in EUCLID's Elements, and other books of a similar nature and tendency.

LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO.

Warning to the profane not to approach—NYMPHS and DEITIES of MATHEMATICAL MYTHOLOGY—CYCLOIS of a pensive disposition—PENDULUMS, the contrary, playful—and WHY?—Sentimental Union of the NAIADS and HYDROSTATICS—Marriage of EUCLID and ALGEBRA.—PULLEY the emblem of MECHANICS—OPTICS of a licentious disposition—distinguished by her telescope and green spectacles.—HYDE PARK GATE on a Sunday morning—Cockneys—Coaches—DIDACTIC POETRY—NONSENSIA—Love delights in ANGLES or Corners—Theory of Fluxions explained—TROCHAIS, the Nymph of the Wheel—SMOKE-JACK described—Personification of elementary or culinary FIRE—LITTLE JACK HORNER—Story of CINDERELLA—RECTANGLE, a MAGICIAN, educated by PLATO and MENECMUS—in love with THREE CURVES at the same time—served by GINS, or GENII—transforms himself into a Cone—the Three Curves requite his passion—Description of them—Parabola, Hyperbola, and Ellipsis—Asymptotes—Conjugated Axes—Illustrations—Rewbell, Barras, and Lepaux, the three virtuous Directors—Macbeth and the Three Witches—the Three Fates—the Three Graces—King Lear and his Three Daughters—Catherine Wheel.—Catastrophe of Mr. Gingham, with his Wife and Three Daughters overturned in a One-horse Chaise—Dislocation and Contusion two kindred Fiends—Mail Coaches—Exhortation to Drivers to be careful—Genius of the Post-Office—Invention of Letters—Digamma—Double Letters—Remarkable Direction of one—Hippona the Goddess of Hackhorses—Anecdote of the Derby Diligence—Parameter and Abscissa unite to overpower the Ordinate, who retreats down the Axis Major, and forms himself in a Square—Isosceles, a Giant—Dr. Rhomboides—Fifth Proposition, or Asses' Bridge—Bridge of Lodi—Buonaparte—Raft and Windmills—Exhortation to the recovery of our Freedom—Conclusion.

THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

A MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

INSCRIBED TO DR. DARWIN.

CANTO I.

STAY your rude steps, or e'er your feet invade
The Muses' haunts, ye sons of War and Trade!
Nor you, ye legion fiends of Church and Law,
Pollute these pages with unhallow'd paw![1]
Debased, corrupted, grovelling, and confined,
No Definitions[2] touch *your* senseless mind;
To *you* no Postulates[3] prefer their claim,
No ardent Axioms[4] *your* dull souls inflame;
For *you*, no Tangents[5] touch, no Angles meet,
No Circles[6] join in osculation[7] sweet!

---

[1] Imitated from the introductory couplet to the "Economy of Vegetation:"

"Stay your rude steps, whose throbbing breasts infold
The legion fiends of glory and of gold."

This sentiment is here expanded into four lines.

[2] *Definition.*—A distinct notion explaining the genesis of a thing.—*Wolfius.*

[3] *Postulate.*—A self-evident proposition.

[4] *Axiom.*—An indemonstrable truth.

[5] *Tangents.*—So called from touching, because they touch circles, and never cut them.

[6] *Circles.*—See Chambers's Dictionary, article, "Circle."

[7] *Osculation.*—For the *os-culation*, or kissing of circles and other curves, see *Huygens*, who has veiled this delicate and inflammatory subject in the decent obscurity of a learned language.

For *me*, ye CISSOIDS,[1] round my temples bend
Your wandering curves; ye CONCHOIDS[2] extend;
Let playful PENDULES quick vibration feel,
While silent CYCLOIS rests upon her wheel;
Let HYDROSTATICS,[3] simpering as they go,
Lead the light Naiads on fantastic toe;
Let shrill ACOUSTICS[4] tune the tiny lyre;
With EUCLID sage fair ALGEBRA[5] conspire;
The obedient pulley[6] strong MECHANICS ply,
And wanton OPTICS roll the melting eye!

I see the fair fantastic forms appear,
The flaunting drapery, and the languid leer;
Fair sylphish forms[7]—who, tall, erect, and slim,
Dart the keen glance, and stretch the length of limb;
To viewless harpings weave the meanless dance,
Wave the gay wreath, and titter as they prance.

Such rich confusion[8] charms the ravish'd sight,

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[1] *Cissois*—A curve supposed to resemble the sprig of ivy, from which it has its name, and therefore peculiarly adapted to poetry.

[2] *Conchois*, or *Conchylis*—A most beautiful and picturesque curve; it bears a fanciful resemblance to a *conch* shell. The conchois is capable of infinite extension, and presents a striking analogy between the animal and mathematical creation—every individual of this species containing within itself a series of *young* conchoids for several generations, in the same manner as the Aphides and other insect tribes are observed to do.

[3] *Hydrostatics*—Water has been supposed, by several of our philosophers, to be capable of the passion of love. Some later experiments appear to favour this idea. Water, when pressed by a moderate degree of heat, has been observed to *simper*, or *simmer*, (as it is more usually called). The same does not hold true of any other element.

[4] *Acoustics* –The doctrine or theory of sound.

[5] *Euclid and Algebra*—The loves and nuptials of these two interesting personages, forming a considerable episode in the third canto, are purposely omitted here.

[6] *Pulley*—So called from our Saxon word PULL, signifying to pull or draw.

[7] *Fair sylphish forms*—*Vide* modern prints of nymphs and shepherds dancing to nothing at all.

[8] *Such rich confusion*—Imitated from the following genteel and sprightly lines in the first canto of the "Loves of the Plants:"—

"So bright its folding canopy withdrawn,
Glides the gilt landau o'er the velvet lawn,
Of beaux and belles displays the glittering throng,
And soft airs fan them as they glide along."

When vernal Sabbaths to the Park invite.
Mounts the thick dust, the coaches crowd along,
Presses round Grosvenor Gate th' impatient throng;
White-muslined misses and mammas are seen,
Link'd with gay cockneys, glittering o'er the green:
The rising breeze unnumber'd charms displays,
And the tight ancle strikes th' astonished gaze.

But chief, thou Nurse of the DIDACTIC MUSE,
Divine NONSENSIA, all thy soul infuse;
The charms of *Secants* and of *Tangents* tell,
How Loves and Graces in an *Angle*[1] dwell;
How slow progressive *Points*[2] protract the *Line*,
As pendent spiders spin the filmy twine;
How lengthen'd *Lines*, impetuous sweeping round,
Spread the wide *Plane*, and mark its circling bound;
How *Planes*, their substance with their motion grown,
Form the huge *Cube*, the *Cylinder*, the *Cone*.

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[1] *Angle*—Gratus puellæ risus ab ANGULO.—*Hor.*

[2] *How slow progressive Points.*—The Author has reserved the picturesque imagery which the *theory of fluxions* naturally suggested, for his "Algebraic Garden," where the *fluents* are described as rolling with an even current between a margin of *curves* of the higher order over a pebbly channel, inlaid with *differential calculi.*

In the following six lines he has confined himself to a strict explanation of the theory, according to which LINES are supposed to be generated by the motion of POINTS, PLANES by the lateral motion of LINES, and SOLIDS from PLANES, by a similar process.

Quære—Whether a practical application of this theory would not enable us to account for the genesis or original formation of SPACE itself, in the same manner in which DR. DARWIN has traced the whole of the organized creation to his SIX FILAMENTS—Vide "ZOONOMIA." We may conceive the whole of our present universe to have been originally concentred in a single POINT; we may conceive this primeval POINT, or PUNCTUM SALIENS of the universe, evolving itself by its own energies, to have moved forwards in a right line, *ad infinitum*, till it grew tired; after which the right LINE which it had generated would begin to put itself in motion in a lateral direction, describing an AREA of infinite extent. This AREA, as soon as it became conscious of its own existence, would begin to ascend or descend, according as its specific gravity might determine it, forming an immense solid space filled with VACUUM, and capable of containing the present existing universe.

SPACE being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable NIDUS, or receptacle for the generation of CHAOTIC MATTER, an immense deposit of it would gradually be accumulated; after which, the FILAMENT of *fire* being produced in the chaotic mass, by an *idiosyncrasy*, or self-formed habit analogous to fermentation, *explo-*

Lo! where the chimney's sooty tube ascends,
The fair TROCHAIS[1] from the corner bends!
Her coal-black eyes upturn'd, incessant mark
The eddying smoke, quick flame, and volant spark;
Dart her quick ken, where flashing in between,
Her much-loved *Smoke-Jack* glimmers thro' the scene;
Mark how his various parts together tend,
Point to one purpose,—in one object end;
The spiral *grooves* in smooth meanders flow,
Drags the long *chain*, the polish'd axles glow,
While slowly circumvolves the piece of beef below:
The conscious fire[2] with bickering radiance burns,
Eyes the rich joint, and roasts it as it turns.

So youthful Horner roll'd the roguish eye,
Cull'd the dark plum from out his Christmas pie,
And cried, in self-applause—"How good a boy am I."

---

sion would take place; *suns* would be shot from the central chaos; *planets* from *suns;* and *satellites* from *planets.* In this state of things the FILAMENT of *organization* would begin to exert itself, in those independent masses which, in proportion to their bulk, exposed the greatest surface to the action of *light* and *heat.* This FILAMENT, after an infinite series of ages, would begin to *ramify*, and its viviparous offspring would diversify their forms and habits, so as to accommodate themselves to the various *incunabula* which Nature had prepared for them. Upon this view of things it seems highly probable that the first effort of Nature terminated in the production of VEGETABLES, and that these being abandoned to their own *energies*, by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings or feet, according as their different propensities determined them in favour of aerial or terrestrial existence. Others, by an inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of *volition*, would become MEN. These, in time, would restrict themselves to the use of their *hind feet*: their *tails* would gradually rub off, by sitting in their caves or huts as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state; they would invent *language* and the use of *fire*, with our present and hitherto imperfect system of *society*. In the meanwhile, the *Fuci* and *Algæ*, with the *Corallines* and *Madrepores*, would transform themselves into *fish*, and would gradually populate all the submarine portion of the globe.

[1] *Trochais*—The Nymph of the Wheel, supposed to be in love with SMOKE-JACK.

[2] *The conscious fire*—The sylphs and genii of the different elements have a variety of innocent occupations assigned them; those of FIRE are supposed to divert themselves with writing the name of *Kunkel* in phosphorus.—See "ECONOMY OF VEGETATION:"

"Or mark, with shining letters, KUNKEL's name
In the slow *phosphor's* self-consuming flame."

So, the sad victim of domestic spite,
Fair Cinderella, pass'd the wintry night,
In the lone chimney's darksome nook immured,
Her form disfigured, and her charms obscured.
Sudden her godmother appears in sight,
Lifts the charm'd rod, and chants the mystic rite;
The chanted rite the maid attentive hears,
And feels new ear-rings deck her listening ears;[1]
While 'midst her towering tresses, aptly set,
Shines bright, with quivering glance, the smart aigrette;
Brocaded silks the splendid dress complete,
And the Glass Slipper grasps her fairy feet.
Six cock-tail'd mice[2] transport her to the ball,
And livery'd lizards wait upon her call.

FRERE.

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[1] *Listening ears*—Listening, and therefore peculiarly suited to a pair of diamond ear-rings. See the description of Nebuchadnezzar in his transformed state—

"Nor flattery's self can pierce his *pendent ears.*"

In poetical diction, a person is said to "*breathe the* BLUE *air*," and to "*drink the* HOARSE *wave!*"—not that the colour of the sky or the noise of the water has any reference to drinking or breathing, but because the poet obtains the advantage of thus describing his subject under a *double relation*, in the same manner in which material objects present themselves to our different senses at the same time.

[2] *Cock-tailed mice*—COCTILIBUS MURIS. *Ovid.*—There is reason to believe, that the *murine*, or *mouse* species, were anciently much more numerous than at the present day. It appears from the sequel of the line, that SEMIRAMIS surrounded the *city of Babylon* with a number of these animals.

Dicitur altam
COCTILIBUS MURIS *cinxisse Semiramis urbem.*

It is not easy at present to form any conjecture with respect to the end, whether of ornament or defence, which they could be supposed to answer. I should be inclined to believe, that in this instance the mice were dead, and that so vast a collection of them must have been furnished by way of tribute, to free the country from these destructive animals. This superabundance of the *murine* race must have been owing to their immense fecundity, and to the comparatively tardy reproduction of the *feline* species. The traces of this disproportion are to be found in the early history of every country. The ancient laws of Wales estimate a CAT at the price of as much corn as would be sufficient to cover her, if she were suspended by the tail with her fore-feet touching the ground.—See HOWEL DHA.—In Germany, it is recorded that an army of rats, a larger animal of the *mus* tribe, was employed as the ministers of Divine Vengeance against a feudal tyrant; and the commercial legend of our own WHITTINGTON might probably be traced to an equally authentic origin.

Alas! that partial Science should approve
The sly RECTANGLE's too licentious love!
For *three* bright nymphs, &c. &c.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

(*Continued.*)

APRIL 23, 1798.

CANTO I.

ALAS! that partial Science should approve
The sly RECTANGLE's[1] too licentious love!
For *three* bright nymphs the wily wizard burns;—
Three bright-eyed nymphs requite his flame by turns.
Strange force of magic skill! combined of yore
With PLATO's science and MENECMUS' lore.[2]
In *Afric's* schools, amid those sultry sands
High on its base where POMPEY's pillar stands,
This learnt THE SEER; and learnt, alas! too well,
Each scribbled talisman, and smoky spell:
What mutter'd charms, what soul-subduing arts,
Fell ZATANAI[3] to his sons imparts.

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[1] *Rectangle*—"A figure which has one angle, *or more*, of ninety degrees."—*Johnson's Dictionary* It here means a RIGHT-ANGLED TRIANGLE, which is therefore incapable of having more than one angle of ninety degrees, but which may, according to our author's *Prosopopœia*, be supposed to be in love with THREE, or any greater number of NYMPHS.

[2] *Plato's and Menecmus' lore*—Proclus attributes the discovery of the CONIC SECTIONS to PLATO, but obscurely. Eratosthenes seems to adjudge it to MENECMUS. "*Neque Menecmeos necesse erit in* CONO *secare ternarios.*" (Vide *Montucla.*) From *Greece* they were carried to *Alexandria*, where (according to our author's beautiful fiction) RECTANGLE either did or might learn magic.

[3] *Zatanai*—Supposed to be the same with Satan.—Vide the "New Arabian Nights," translated by Cazotte, author of "*Le Diable amoureux.*"

GINS[1]—black and huge ! who in DOM-DANIEL'S[2] cave
Writhe your scorch'd limbs on sulphur's[3] azure-wave
Or, shivering, yell amidst eternal snows,
Where cloud-capp'd CAF[4] protrudes his granite toes ;
(Bound by *his* will, *Judæa's* fabled king,[5]
Lord of *Aladdin's* lamp and mystic ring.)
GINS ! YE remember !—for YOUR toil convey'd
Whate'er of drugs the powerful charm could aid ;
Air, earth, and sea ye search'd, and where below
Flame embryo lavas, young volcanoes[6] glow,—
GINS ! ye beheld appall'd th' enchanter's hand
Wave in dark air th' *Hypothenusal* wand ;
Saw him the mystic *Circle* trace, and wheel
With head erect, and far-extended heel ;[7]

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[1] *Gins*—the Eastern name for GENII.—Vide *Tales of ditto.*

[2] *Dom-Daniel*—a sub-marine palace near Tunis, where Zatanai usually held his court.—Vide " New Arabian Nights."

[3] *Sulphur*—A substance which, when cold, reflects the yellow rays, and is therefore said to be yellow. When raised to a temperature at which it *attracts oxygene* (a process usually called *burning*), it emits a blue flame. This may be beautifully exemplified, and at a moderate expense, by igniting those *fasciculi* of brimstone *matches*, frequently sold (so frequently, indeed, as to form one of the London cries) by women of an advanced age, in this metropolis. They will be found to yield an *azure*, or blue light.

[4] *Caf*—The Indian *Caucasus.*—Vide "*Bailly's Lettres sur l'Atlantide,*" in which he proves that this was the native country of GOG and MAGOG (now resident in GUILDHALL), as well as of the PERIS, or *fairies*, of the Asiatic romances.

[5] *Judæa's fabled king*—MR. HIGGINS does not mean to deny that SOLOMON was really King of JUDÆA. The epithet *fabled* applies to that empire over the Genii, which the retrospective generosity of the Arabian fabulists has bestowed upon this monarch.

[6] *Young volcanoes*—The genesis of burning mountains was never, till lately, well explained. Those with which we are best acquainted, are certainly not viviparous ; it is therefore probable, that there exists, in the centre of the earth, a considerable reservoir of their eggs, which, during the obstetrical convulsions of general earthquakes, produce new volcanoes.

[7] *Far-extended heel*—The personification of the TRIANGLE besides answering a poetical purpose, was necessary to illustrate MR. HIGGINS'S philosophical opinions. The ancient mathematicians conceived that a CONE was generated by the revolution of a TRIANGLE ; but this, as our author justly observes, would be impossible, without supposing in the TRIANGLE that *expansive nisus*, discovered by BLUMENBACH, and improved by DARWIN, which is peculiar to animated matter, and which alone explains the whole mystery of organization. Our enchanter sits on the ground, with his heels stretched out, his head erect, his wand (or *hypothenuse*) resting on the extremities of his feet and the tip of his nose (as is finely expressed in the engraving in the original work), and revolves upon his bottom

Saw him, with speed that mock'd the dazzled eye,
Self-whirl'd, in quick gyrations eddying fly:
Till done the potent spell—behold him grown
Fair *Venus'* emblem—the *Phœnician* CONE.[1]

Triumphs THE SEER, and now secure observes
The kindling passions of the *rival* CURVES.

And first, the fair PARABOLA[2] behold,
Her timid arms, with virgin blush, unfold!
Though, on one *focus* fix'd, her eyes betray
A heart that glows with love's resistless sway,
Though, climbing oft, she strive with bolder grace
Round his tall neck to clasp her fond embrace,
Still ere she reach it, from his polish'd side
Her trembling hands in devious TANGENTS glide.

Not thus HYPERBOLA[3]:—with subtlest art
The blue-eyed wanton plays her changeful part;
Quick as her *conjugated axes* move
Through every posture of luxurious love,
Her sportive limbs with easiest grace expand;
Her charms unveil'd provoke the lover's hand:
Unveil'd, except in many a filmy ray,
Where light *Asymptotes*[4] o'er her bosom play,
Nor touch her glowing skin, nor intercept the day.

---

with great velocity. His skin, by magical means, has acquired an indefinite power of expansion, as well as that of assimilating to itself all the *azote* of the air, which he decomposes by expiration from the lungs—an immense quantity, and which, in our present unimproved and uneconomical mode of breathing, is quite thrown away—by this simple process the transformation is very naturally accounted for.

[1] *Phœnician Cone*—It was under this shape that *Venus* was worshipped in *Phœnicia*. MR. HIGGINS thinks it was the *Venus Urania*, or Celestial Venus; in allusion to which, he supposes that the *Phœnician* grocers first introduced the practice of preserving sugar-loaves in blue or sky-coloured paper—he also believes that the *conical* form of the original grenadiers' caps was typical of the loves of MARS and VENUS.

[2] *Parabola*—The curve described by projectiles of all sorts, as bombs, shuttlecocks, &c.

[3] *Hyperbola*—Not figuratively speaking, as in rhetoric, but mathematically; and therefore blue-eyed.

[4] *Asymptotes*—"Lines which, though they may approach still nearer together till they are nearer than the least assignable distance, yet being still produced infinitely, will never meet."—*Johnson's Dictionary.*

Yet why, ELLIPSIS,[1] at thy fate repine?
More lasting bliss, securer joys are thine.
Though to each fair his treacherous wish may stray,
Though each, in turn, may seize a transient sway,
'Tis thine with mild coercion to restrain,
Twine round his struggling heart, and bind with endless chain.
ELLIS.

Thus, happy FRANCE! in thy regenerate land,
Where TASTE with RAPINE saunters hand in hand;
Where, nursed in seats of innocence and bliss,
REFORM greets TERROR with fraternal kiss;
Where mild PHILOSOPHY first taught to scan
The *wrongs* of PROVIDENCE, and *rights* of MAN;
Where MEMORY broods o'er FREEDOM'S earlier scene,
The *Lantern* bright, and brighter *Guillotine;*
Three gentle swains evolve their longing arms,
And woo the *young* REPUBLIC'S virgin charms;
And though proud BARRAS with the fair succeed,
Though not in vain th' Attorney REWBELL plead,
Oft doth th' impartial nymph their love forego,
To clasp thy crooked shoulders, blest LEPAUX!

So, with dark dirge athwart the blasted heath,
Three SISTER WITCHES hail'd the appall'd MACBETH

So, the *Three* FATES beneath grim *Pluto's* roof,
Strain the dun warp, and weave the murky woof;
Till deadly Atropos with fatal shears
Slits the thin promise of th' expected years,
While 'midst the dungeon's gloom or battle's din,
Ambition's victims perish, as they spin.

Thus, the *Three* GRACES on the *Idalian* green
Bow with deft homage to *Cythera's* Queen;
Her polish'd arms with pearly bracelets deck,
Part her light locks, and bare her ivory neck;
Round her fair form ethereal odours throw,
And teach th' unconscious zephyrs where to blow;
Floats the thin gauze, and glittering as they play,
The bright folds flutter in phlogistic day.

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[1] *Ellipsis*—A curve, the revolution of which on its axis produces an ellipsoid, or solid resembling the eggs of birds, particularly those of the gallinaceous tribe. *Ellipsis* is the only curve that embraces the cone.

So, with his daughters *Three*, th' unsceptred Lear
Heaved the loud sigh, and pour'd the glistering tear:[1]
His DAUGHTERS *Three*, save one alone, conspire
(Rich in *his* gifts) to spurn their generous sire;
Bid the rude storm his hoary tresses drench,
Stint the spare meal, the hundred knights retrench;
Mock his mad sorrow, and with alter'd mien
Renounce the daughter, and assert the queen.
A father's griefs his feeble frame convulse,
Rack his white head, and fire his feverous pulse;
Till kind Cordelia soothes his soul to rest,
And folds the parent-monarch to her breast.

Canning, Ellis, and Frere.

Thus some fair spinster grieves in wild affright,
Vex'd with dull megrim, or vertigo light;
Pleased round the fair *Three* dawdling doctors stand,
Wave the white wig, and stretch the asking hand,
State the grave doubt, the nauseous draught decree,
And all receive, though none deserve, a fee.

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying *Three* Insides.
One in each corner sits, and lolls at ease,
With folded arms, propt back, and outstretch'd knees;
While the press'd *Bodkin*, punch'd and squeezed to death,
Sweats in the mid-most place, and scolds, and pants for breath.[2]

(To be continued.)

THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

May 7, 1798.

THE frequent solicitations which we have received for a continuation of the Loves of the Triangles, have induced us to lay before the public (with Mr. Higgins's permission) the concluding lines of the Canto. The catastrophe of Mr. and Mrs. Gingham, and the episode of Hippona, contained, in our apprehension, several reflections of too free a nature. The conspiracy of PARAMETER and ABSCISSA against the ORDINATE, is written in a strain of poetry so very splendid and dazzling, as not to suit the more tranquil majesty of diction which our readers admire in Mr. HIGGINS. We have therefore begun our extract with the Loves of the Giant ISOSCELES, and the Picture of the *Asses'-Bridge*, and its several illustrations.

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[1] *Glistering tear*—This is not a medical metaphor. The word *glistering* is here used as the participle of the verb to *glister*, and is not in any way connected with the substantive of the same name. "All that glisters is not gold," are the words of our old but immortal bard.

[2] These last twelve lines by Mr. Canning were not in the "Anti-Jacobin" as printed on the 23rd April, 1798.

CANTO I.

EXTRACT.

TWAS thine alone, O youth of giant frame,
ISOSCELES ![1] that rebel heart to tame !
In vain coy MATHESIS[2] thy presence flies :
Still turn her fond hallucinating[3] eyes ;
Thrills with *Galvanic* fires[4] each tortuous nerve,
Throb her blue veins, and dies her cold reserve.
—Yet strives the fair, till in the giant's breast
She sees the mutual passion flame confess'd :
Where'er he moves, she sees his tall limbs trace

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[1] *Isosceles*—An equi-crural triangle. It is represented as a *Giant*, because MR. HIGGINS says he has observed that procerity is much promoted by the equal length of the legs, more especially when they are long legs.

[2] *Mathesis*—The doctrine of mathematics—Pope calls her *mad Mathesis.*—Vide "Johnson's Dictionary."

[3] *Hallucinating*—The disorder with which MATHESIS is affected is a disease of *increased volition*, called *erotomania*, or *sentimental love.* It is the fourth species of the second genus of the first order and third class; in consequence of which Mr. Hackman shot Miss Ray in the lobby of the playhouse.—Vide "Zoonomia," vol. ii. p. 363, 365.

[4] *Galvanic fires*—Dr. GALVANI is a celebrated philosopher at Turin. He has proved that the electric fluid is the proximate cause of nervous sensibility ; and MR. HIGGINS is of opinion that, by means of this discovery, the sphere of our disagreeable sensations may be, in future, considerably enlarged. "Since dead frogs (says he) are awakened by this fluid to such a degree of posthumous sensibility as to jump out of the glass in which they are placed, why not men, who are sometimes so much more sensible when alive? And if so, why not employ this new stimulus to deter mankind from dying (which they so pertinaciously continue to do) of various old-fashioned diseases, notwithstanding all the brilliant discoveries of modern philosophy, and the example of Count CAGLIOSTRO?"

Internal Angles[1] *equal at the base;*
Again she doubts him: but *produced at will,*
She sees *th' external Angles equal still.*

Say, blest ISOSCELES! what favouring power,
Or love, or chance, at night's auspicious hour,
While to the *Asses'-Bridge*[2] entranced you stray'd,
Led to the *Asses'-Bridge* the enamour'd maid?—
The *Asses'-Bridge*, for ages doom'd to hear
The deafening surge assault his wooden ear,
With joy repeats sweet sounds of mutual bliss,
The soft susurrant sigh, and gently-murmuring kiss.

So thy dark arches, LONDON *Bridge*, bestride
Indignant THAMES, and part his angry tide,
There oft—returning from those green retreats,
Where fair *Vauxhallia* decks her sylvan seats;—
Where each spruce nymph, from city compters free,
Sips the froth'd syllabub, or fragrant tea;
While with sliced ham, scraped beef, and burnt champagne,
Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous pain;
There oft, in well-trimm'd wherry, glide along
Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glittering throng:
Smells the tarr'd rope—with undulation fine
Flaps the loose sail—the silken awnings shine;
"Shoot we the bridge!" the venturous boatmen cry;
"Shoot we the bridge!" the exulting fare[3] reply.
—Down the steep fall the headlong waters go,
Curls the white foam, the breakers roar below.
The veering helm the dexterous steersman stops,
Shifts the thin oars, the fluttering canvas drops;

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[1] *Internal Angles*, &c.—This is an exact versification of Euclid's fifth theorem.—Vide "Euclid," *in loco.*

[2] *Asses' Bridge*—Pons Asinorum—The name usually given to the before-mentioned theorem—though, as Mr. Higgins thinks, absurdly. He says, that having frequently watched companies of asses during their passage of a bridge, he never discovered in them any symptoms of geometrical instinct upon the occasion. But he thinks that with Spanish asses, which are much larger (vide Townsend's "Travels through Spain"), the case may possibly be different.

[3] *Fare*—A person, or a number of persons conveyed in a hired vehicle by land or water.

Then with closed eyes, clench'd hands, and quick-drawn breath,
Darts at the central arch, nor heeds the gulf beneath.
—Full 'gainst the pier the unsteady timbers knock,
The thin planks, starting, own the impetuous shock;
The shifted oar, dropp'd sail, and steadied helm,
With angry surge the closing waters whelm—
—Laughs the glad THAMES, and clasps each fair one's charms,
That screams and scrambles in his oozy arms.
—Drench'd each thin garb, and clogg'd each struggling limb,
Far o'er the stream the Cocknies sink or swim;
While each badged boatman,[1] clinging to his oar,
Bounds o'er the buoyant wave, and climbs the applauding shore.

So, towering ALP![2] from thy majestic ridge
Young FREEDOM gazed on LODI's blood-stain'd *Bridge;*
Saw, in thick throngs, conflicting armies rush,
Ranks close on ranks, and squadrons squadrons crush;
Burst in bright radiance through the battle's storm,
Waved her broad hands, display'd her awful form;
Bade at her feet regenerate nations bow,
And twined the wreath round BUONAPARTE's brow.
—Quick with new lights, fresh hopes, and alter'd zeal,
The slaves of despots dropp'd the softened steel:
Exulting Victory crown'd her favourite child,
And freed LIGURIA clapp'd her hands, and smiled.

Nor long the time ere Britain's shores shall greet
The warrior-sage, with gratulation sweet:
Eager to grasp the wreath of naval fame,
The GREAT REPUBLIC plans the *Floating Frame!*
—O'er the huge frame gigantic TERROR stalks,
And counts with joy the close-compacted balks:
Of young-eyed MASSACRES the Cherub crew,
Round their grim chief the mimic task pursue;

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[1] *Badged boatman*—Boatmen sometimes wear a *badge*, to distinguish them; especially those who belong to the WATERMEN'S COMPANY.

[2] *Alp, or Alps*—A ridge of mountains which separate the North of Italy from the South of Germany. They are evidently primeval and volcanic, consisting of granite, toadstone, and basalt, and several other substances, containing animal and vegetable recrements, and affording numberless undoubted proofs of the infinite antiquity of the earth, and of the consequent falsehood of the Mosaic chronology.

Turn the stiff screw,[1] apply the strengthening clamp,
Drive the long bolt, or fix the stubborn cramp,
Lash the reluctant beam, the cable splice,
Join the firm dove-tail with adjustment nice,
Through yawning fissures urge the willing wedge,
Or give the smoothing adze a sharper edge.
—Or group'd in fairy bands, with playful care,
The unconscious bullet to the furnace bear,
Or gaily tittering, tip the match with fire,
Prime the big mortar, bid the shell aspire;
Applaud, with tiny hands, and laughing eyes,
And watch the bright destruction as it flies.

Now the fierce forges gleam with angry glare—
The windmill[2] waves his woven wings in air;
Swells the proud sail, the exulting streamers fly,
Their nimble fins unnumber'd paddles ply:
—Ye soft airs breathe, ye gentle billows waft,
And, fraught with Freedom, bear the expected RAFT!
Perch'd on her back, behold the Patriot train,
MUIR, ASHLEY, BARLOW, BUONAPARTE, PAINE!
While ROWAN's hand directs the blood-empurpled rein.

Ye Imps of MURDER! guard her angel form,
Check the rude surge, and chase the hovering storm;
Shield from contusive rocks her timber limbs,
And guide the SWEET ENTHUSIAST[3] as she swims;

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[1] *Turn the stiff screw,* &c.—The harmony and imagery of these lines are imperfectly imitated from the following exquisite passage in the "Economy of Vegetation:"

> "Gnomes, as you now dissect, with hammers fine,
> The granite rock, the noduled flint calcine;
> Grind with strong arm the circling Chertz betwixt,
> Your pure ka—o—lins and Pe—tunt—ses mixt.
> *Canto* ii. line 297.

[2] *The windmill,* &c.—This line affords a striking instance of the sound conveying an echo to the sense. I would defy the most unfeeling reader to repeat it over without accompanying it by some corresponding gesture imitative of the action described.—*Editor.*

[3] *Sweet Enthusiast,* &c.—A term usually applied in allegoric or technical poetry to any person or object to which no other qualification can be assigned.—*Chambers's Dictionary.*

—And now, with web-foot oars, she gains the land,
And foreign footsteps press the yielding sand:
—The *Communes* spread, the gay *Departments* smile,
Fair *Freedom's Plant* o'ershades the laughing isle:
Fired with new hopes, the exulting peasant sees
The Gallic streamer woo the British breeze;
While, pleased to watch its undulating charms,
The smiling infant[1] spreads his little arms.

Ye Sylphs of DEATH! on demon pinions flit
Where the tall *Guillotine* is raised for PITT:
To the poised plank tie fast the monster's back,[2]
Close the nice slider, ope the expectant sack;
Then twitch, with fairy hands, the frolic pin—
Down falls the impatient axe with deafening din;
The liberated head rolls off below,
And simpering FREEDOM hails the happy blow!

CANNING, ELLIS, and FRERE.

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[1] *The smiling infant*—Infancy is particularly interested in the diffusion of the new principles. See the "Bloody Buoy." See also the following description and prediction:

> "Here Time's huge fingers grasp his giant mace,
> And dash proud Superstition from her base;
> Rend her strong towers and gorgeous fanes, &c.
> &c. &c. &c. &c.
> While each light moment, as it passes by,
> With feathery foot and pleasure-twinkling eye,
> Feeds from its baby-hand with many a kiss
> The callow nestlings of domestic bliss.
>
> *Botanic Garden.*

[2] *The monster's back*—LE MONSTRE PITT, l'ennemi du genre humain. See Debates of the legislators of the Great Nation *passim.*

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JEAN BON ST. ANDRE.

MAY 14, 1798.

THE following exquisite tribute to the Memory of an unfortunate Republican, is written with such a touching sensibility, that those who can command salt tears, must prepare to shed them. The Narrative is simple and unaffected; the Event in itself interesting; the Moral obvious and awful.—We have only to observe, that as this account of the transaction is taken from the French papers, it may possibly be somewhat partial.—The DEY'S own statement of the affair has not yet been received. Every friend of Humanity will join with us, in expressing a candid and benevolent hope, that this business may not tend to kindle the flames of War between these two Unchristian Powers; but that, by mutual concession and accommodation, they may come to some point (short of the restoration of JEAN BON'S head to his shoulders, which in this stage of the discussion is hardly practicable) by which the peace of the Pagan World may be preserved. For our part, we pretend not to decide from which quarter the concessions ought principally to be made. There are probably faults on *both sides*, in this, as in most other cases. For the character of the DEY we profess a sincere respect on the one hand; and on the other, we should naturally have wished that the head of JEAN BON ST. ANDRE should have been reserved for his own *guillotine*.

ELEGY, OR DIRGE.

I.

ALL in the town of *Tunis*,
In *Africa* the torrid,
On a *Frenchman* of rank
Was play'd such a prank,
As LEPAUX must think quite horrid.

II.

No story half so shocking,
By kitchen-fire or laundry,
  Was ever heard tell,—
  As that which befel
The great JEAN BON ST. ANDRE.

III.

Poor JOHN was a gallant Captain,
In battles much delighting;
  He fled full soon
  On the *first of June*—
But he bade the rest keep fighting.

IV.

To *Paris* then returning,
And recover'd from his panic,
  He translated the plan
  Of "*Paine's Rights of Man*"
Into language *Mauritanic.*

V.

He went to teach at *Tunis*—
Where as Consul he was settled—
  Amongst other things,
  "That the PEOPLE are KINGS!"
Whereat the DEY was nettled.

VI.

The *Moors* being rather stupid,
And in temper somewhat mulish,
  Understood not a word
  Of the doctrine they heard,
And thought the *Consul* foolish.

VII.

He form'd a *Club* of *Brothers*,
And moved some resolutions—
  "Ho! ho! (says the DEY),
  "So this is the way
"That the *French* make *Revolutions.*"

VIII.

The DEY then gave his orders
In *Arabic* and *Persian*—
"Let no more be said—
"But bring me his head!—
"These *Clubs* are my aversion."

IX.

The CONSUL quoted WICQUEFORT,
And PUFFENDORF and GROTIUS;
And proved from VATTEL
Exceedingly well,
Such a deed would be quite atrocious.

X.

'Twould have moved a *Christian's* bowels
To hear the doubts he stated;—
But the *Moors* they did
As they were bid,
And strangled him while he prated.

XI.

His head with a sharp-edged sabre
They sever'd from his shoulders,
And stuck it on high,
Where it caught the eye,
To the wonder of all beholders.

XII.

This sure is a doleful story
As e'er you heard or read of;—
If at *Tunis* you prate
Of matters of state,
Anon they cut your head off!

XIII.

But we hear the FRENCH DIRECTORS
Have thought the point so knotty;
That the DEY having shown
He *dislikes* JEAN BON,
They have sent him BERNADOTTÉ.

On recurring to the French papers to verify our Correspondent's statement of this singular adventure of Jean Bon St. Andre, we discovered, to our great mortification, that it happened at *Algiers*, and not at *Tunis*. We should have corrected this mistake, but for two reasons—*first*, that *Algiers* would not stand in the verse; and, *secondly*, that we are informed by the young man who conducts the Geographical Department of the "*Morning Chronicle*," that both the towns are in Africa, or Asia (he is not quite certain which), and, what is more to the purpose, that both are peopled by Moors. *Tunis*, therefore, may stand.

Canning, Ellis, and Frere.

THE ROVERS; OR, THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

June 4, 1798.

OUR ingenious correspondent, Mr. Higgins, has not been idle. The deserved popularity of the Extracts which we have been enabled to give from his two didactic poems, the "Progress of Man," and the "Loves of the Triangles," has obtained for Us the communication of several other Works which he has in hand, all framed upon the same principle, and directed to the same end. The propagation of the New System of Philosophy forms, as he has himself candidly avowed to Us, the main object of all his writings. A system, comprehending not Politics only and Religion, but Morals and Manners, and generally whatever goes to the composition or holding together of Human Society; in all of which a total change and Revolution is absolutely necessary (as he contends) for the advancement of our common nature to its true dignity, and to the summit of that perfection which the combination of matter, called Man, is by its innate energies capable of attaining.

Of this system, while the sublimer and more scientific branches are to be taught by the splendid and striking medium of Didactic Poetry, or *ratiocination in rhyme*, illustrated with such paintings and portraitures of Essences and their Attributes, as may lay hold of the Imagination while they perplex the Judgment—the more ordinary parts, such as relate to the conduct of common life, and the regulation of social feelings, are naturally the subject of a less elevated style of writing—of a style which speaks to the eye as well as to the ear—in short, of Dramatic Poetry and Scenic Representation.

"With this view," says MR. HIGGINS (for we love to quote the very words of this extraordinary and indefatigable writer)—in a Letter dated from his Study in St. Mary Axe, the window of which looks upon the Parish-pump—"with this view I have "turned my thoughts more particularly to the GERMAN STAGE, "and have composed, in imitation of the most popular pieces "of that country, which have already met with so general reception and admiration in this, a Play; which, if it has a proper "run, will, I think, do much to unhinge the present notions of "men with regard to the obligations of Civil Society, and to substitute in lieu of a sober contentment, and regular discharge "of the duties incident to each man's particular situation, a wild "desire of undefinable latitude and extravagance; an aspiration "after shapeless somethings, that can neither be described nor understood, a contemptuous disgust at all that *is*, and a persuasion "that nothing is as it ought to be—to operate, in short, a general "discharge of every man (in his own estimation) from every thing "that laws, divine or human, that local customs, immemorial "habits, and multiplied examples impose upon him; and to set "them about doing what they like, where they like, when they like, "and how they like—without reference to any Law but their own "Will, or to any consideration of how others may be affected by "their conduct.

"When this is done, my dear sir," continues Mr. H. (for he writes very confidentially)—"you see that a great step is gained "towards the dissolution of the frame of every existing Community. "I say nothing of *Governments*, as *their* fall is of course implicated "in that of the social system—and you have long known that I "hold every Government (that acts by coercion and restriction—"by Laws made by the few to bind the many) as a *malum in se*—"an evil to be eradicated—a nuisance to be abated, by force, if "force be practicable, if not, by the artillery of Reason, by Pamphlets, Speeches, Toasts at Club-dinners, and though last, not least, "by *didactic* POEMS.

"But where would be the advantage of the destruction of this "or that Government, if the form of Society itself were to be suffered to continue such, as that another must necessarily arise out "of it, and over it?—Society, my dear Sir, in its present state, is a "*hydra.* Cut off one head—another presently sprouts out, and "your labour is to begin again. At best you can only hope to find "it a *polypus*—where, by cutting off the *head,* you are sometimes "fortunate enough to find a *tail* (which answers all the same purposes) spring up in its place. This, We know, has been the case "in *France*—the only Country in which the great experiment of "regeneration has been tried with anything like a fair chance of "success.

"DESTROY the frame of society—decompose its parts—and set the "elements fighting one against another, insulated and individual, "every man for himself (stripped of prejudice, of bigotry, and of "feeling for others) against the remainder of his species;—and there "is then some hope of a totally new *order of things*—of a *Radical* "*Reform* in the present corrupt system of the World.

"The GERMAN THEATRE appears to proceed on this judicious plan. "And I have endeavoured to contribute my mite towards extending its effect and its popularity. There is one obvious advantage "attending this mode of teaching—that it can proportion the infractions of Law, Religion, or Morality, which it recommends, to "the capacity of a Reader or Spectator. If you tell a Student, or "an Apprentice, or a Merchant's Clerk, of the virtue of a BRUTUS, or "of the splendour of a LA FAYETTE, you may excite his *desire* to be "equally conspicuous; but how is he to set about it? Where is "he to find the Tyrant to murder? How is he to provide the "Monarch to be imprisoned, and the National Guards to be reviewed "on a White Horse?—But paint the beauties of *Forgery* to him in "glowing colours; show him that the presumption of Virtue is in "favour of Rapine and occasional Murder on the highway, and he "presently understands you. The highway is at hand—the till or "the counter is within reach. These *Haberdashers' heroics* 'come "'home to the business and the bosoms of men.' And you may "readily make ten *Footpads,* where you would not have materials nor "opportunity for a single *tyrannicide.*

"The subject of the Piece which I herewith transmit to you, is "taken from common or middling life; and its merit, is that of "teaching the most lofty truths in the most humble style, and deducing them from the most ordinary occurrences. Its moral is "obvious and easy, and is one frequently inculcated by the German "dramas which I have had the good fortune to see; being no other "than '*the reciprocal duties of one or more Husbands to one or more*

" *Wives, and to the children who may happen to arise out of this complicated and endearing connection.*' The Plot, indeed, is formed by "the combination of the Plots of *two* of the most popular of these "Plays (in the same way as TERENCE was wont to combine two "stories of MENANDER'S). The Characters are such as the admirers "of these Plays will recognise for their familiar acquaintances. "There are the usual ingredients of Imprisonments, Post-houses "and horns, and appeals to Angels and Devils. I have omitted only "the *Swearing*, to which English ears are not yet sufficiently accustomed.

"I transmit at the same time a *Prologue*, which in some degree "breaks the matter to the Audience. About the Song of ROGERO, "at the end of the first act, I am less anxious than about any "other part of the performance, as it is, in fact, literally translated "from the composition of a young German Friend of mine, an "*Illuminé*, of whom I bought the original for three-and-sixpence. "It will be a satisfaction to those of your Readers who may not at "first sight hit upon the tune, to learn, that it is setting by a hand "of the first eminence.—I send also a rough sketch of the plot, "and a few occasional Notes.—The *Geography* is by the young "Gentleman of the '*Morning Chronicle.*'"

THE ROVERS; OR, THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prior of the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, very corpulent and cruel.
Rogero, a prisoner in the Abbey, in love with Matilda Pottingen.
Casimere, a Polish emigrant, in Dembrowsky's legion, married to Cecilia, but having several children by Matilda.
Puddingfield and Beefington, English noblemen, exiled by the tyranny of King John, previous to the signature of Magna Charta.
Roderic, Count of Saxe Weimar, a bloody tyrant, with red hair and amorous complexion.
Gaspar, the minister of the Count; author of Rogero's confinement.
Young Pottingen, brother to Matilda.
Matilda Pottingen, in love with Rogero, and mother to Casimere's children.
Cecilia Mückenfeldt, wife to Casimere.
Landlady, Waiter, Grenadiers, Troubadours, &c. &c.
Pantalowsky and Britchinda, children of Matilda, by Casimere.
Joachim, Jabel, and Amarantha, children of Matilda, by Rogero.
Children of Casimere and Cecilia, with their respective Nurses.
Several Children, fathers and mothers unknown.

The Scene lies in the town of Weimar, and the neighbourhood of the Abbey of Quedlinburgh.

Time from the 12th to the present century.

PROLOGUE.

IN CHARACTER.

TOO long the triumphs of our early times,
With Civil Discord and with Regal crimes,
Have stain'd these boards; while Shakespeare's pen has shown
Thoughts, manners, men, to modern days unknown.
Too long have Rome and Athens been *the rage;* [*Applause.*
And classic Buskins soil'd a British stage.

To-night our bard, who scorns pedantic rules,
His plot has borrow'd from the German schools;
The German schools—where no dull maxims bind
The bold expansion of th' electric mind.
Fix'd to no period, circled by no space,
He leaps the flaming bounds of time and place:

Round the dark confines of the Forest raves,
With *gentle* ROBBERS[1] stocks his gloomy caves;
Tells how bad MINISTERS[2] are shocking things,
And *reigning Dukes* are just like tyrant Kings;
How to *two* swains[3] *one* nymph her vows may give,
And how *two* damsels[3] with *one* lover live!
Delicious scenes!—such scenes *our* BARD displays,
Which, crown'd with *German*, sue for *British*, praise.

Slow are the steeds, that through GERMANIA'S roads
With hempen rein the slumbering post-boy goads;
Slow is the slumbering post-boy, who proceeds
Through deep sands floundering, on these tardy steeds;
More slow, more tedious, from his husky throat
Twangs through the twisted horn the struggling note.

These truths confess'd—Oh! yet, ye TRAVELL'D FEW,
GERMANIA'S *plays* with eyes unjaundiced view!
View and approve!—though in each passage fine
The faint Translation[4] mock the genuine line,
Though the nice ear the erring sight belie,
For *U twice dotted* is pronounced like *I*;[4] [*Applause.*

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[1] See the "ROBBERS," a German tragedy, in which ROBBERY is put in so fascinating a light, that the whole of a German University went upon the highway in consequence of it.

[2] See "CABAL and LOVE," a German tragedy, very severe against ministers and reigning Dukes of Brunswick. This admirable performance very judiciously reprobates the hire of German Troops for the *American* war in the reign of QUEEN ELIZABETH—a practice which would undoubtedly have been highly discreditable to that wise and patriotic Princess, not to say wholly unnecessary, there being no American war at that particular time.

[3] See the "STRANGER; or, REFORMED HOUSEKEEPER, in which the former of these morals is beautifully illustrated; and "STELLA," a genteel German comedy which ends with placing a man *bodkin* between *two wives*, like *Thames* between his *two banks*, in the Critic. Nothing can be more edifying than these two dramas. I am shocked to hear that there are some people who think them ridiculous.

[4] These are the warnings very properly given to readers, to beware how they judge of what they cannot understand. Thus if the translation runs, "*lightning of my soul, fulguration of angels, sulphur of hell,*" we should recollect that this is not coarse or strange in the German language, when applied by a lover to his mistress; but the English has nothing precisely parallel to the original MUYLYCHAUSE ARCHANGELICHEN, which means rather *emanation of the archangelical nature,*—or to SMELLMYNKERN VANKELFER, which, if literally rendered, would signify *made of stuff of the same odour whereof the devil makes flambeaux.* See *Schüttenbrüchtefs* on the GERMAN IDIOM.

Yet oft the scene shall nature's fire impart,
Warm *from* the breast, and glowing *to* the heart!

Ye TRAVELL'D FEW, attend!—On *you* our BARD
Builds his fond hope! Do you his genius guard! [*Applause.*
Nor let succeeding generations say
A BRITISH AUDIENCE *damn'd* a GERMAN PLAY!
[*Loud and continued applauses.*

[*Flash of lightning.—The Ghost of* PROLOGUE'S GRANDMOTHER *by the Father's side, appears to soft music, in a white tiffany riding-hood.* PROLOGUE *kneels to receive her blessing, which she gives in a solemn and affecting manner, the audience clapping and crying all the while.—Flash of lightning.*—PROLOGUE *and his* GRANDMOTHER *sink through the trap-doors.*[1]

THE ROVERS; OR, THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *represents a room at an inn, at* WEIMAR—*On one side of the stage the bar-room, with jellies, lemons in nets, syllabubs, and part of a cold roast fowl, &c.—On the opposite side, a window looking into the street, through which persons (inhabitants of* WEIMAR) *are seen passing to and fro in apparent agitation*—MATILDA *appears in a great coat and riding-habit, seated at the corner of the dinner-table, which is covered with a clean huckaback cloth—plates and napkins, with buck's-horn-handled knives and forks, are laid as if for four persons.*

Matilda.

IS it impossible that I can have dinner sooner?

Land. Madam, the *Brunswick* post-waggon is not yet come in, and the Ordinary is never before two o'clock.

Mat. (*with a look expressive of disappointment, but immediately recomposing herself*). Well, then, I must have patience—(*Exit Landlady.*) Oh CASIMERE! how often have the thoughts of thee served to amuse these moments of expectation!—What a difference, alas!—Dinner—it is taken away as soon as over, and we regret it not!—It returns again with the return of appetite.—The beef of to-morrow will succeed to the mutton of to-day, as the mutton of to-day succeeded to the veal of yesterday.—But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another. How easily are our desires transferred from dish to dish!—Love only, dear, delusive, delightful love, restrains our wandering appetites, and confines them to a particular gratification! . . . .

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[1] "Flash of lightning—Prologue sinks thro' the trap-door" was all the stage direction printed in "The Anti-Jacobin" of June 4, 1798.

Post-horn blows; re-enter LANDLADY.

Land. Madam, the post-waggon is just come in with only a single gentlewoman.

Mat. Then show her up—and let us have dinner instantly; (LANDLADY *going*) and remember—(*after a moment's recollection, and with great earnestness*)—remember the toasted cheese.

[*Exit* LANDLADY.

CECILIA *enters, in a brown cloth riding-dress, as if just alighted from the post-waggon.*

Mat. Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

Cec. The way was dusty, madam; but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated through my soul.

Mat. (*aside*). Thank Heaven! I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own—(*To Cecilia.*)—Yes, I understand you—the first pulsation of sentiment—the silver tones upon the yet unsounded harp. . . . .

Cec. The dawn of life—when this blossom—(*putting her hand upon her heart*) first expanded its petals to the penetrating dart of love!

Mat. Yes—the time—the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another!—The blooming blue upon the yet unplucked plum! . . . .

Cec. Your countenance grows animated, my dear madam.

Mat. And your's too is glowing with illumination.

Cec. I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit!—my heart was withered—but the beams of your's have re-kindled it.

Mat. A sudden thought strikes me—Let us swear an eternal friendship.

Cec. Let us agree to live together!

Mat. (*with rapidity and earnestness*). Willingly.

Cec. Let us embrace. [*They embrace.*

Mat. Yes; I too have loved! you, too, like me, have been forsaken!— [*Doubtingly, and as if with a desire to be informed.*

Cec. Too true!

Both. Ah, these men! these men!

LANDLADY *enters, and places a leg of mutton on the table, with sour krout and prune sauce*—CECILIA *and* MATILDA *appear to take no notice of her.*

Mat. Oh, Casimere!

Cec. (*aside.*) Casimere! that name!—Oh my heart, how it is distracted with anxiety.

Mat. Heavens! Madam, you turn pale.

Cec. Nothing—a slight meagrim—with your leave, I will retire—

Mat. I will attend you.

[*Exeunt* MATILDA *and* CECILIA; *Manent* LANDLADY *and* WAITER, *with the dinner on the table.*

Land. Have you carried the dinner to the prisoner in the vaults of the abbey?

Waiter. Yes. Pease-soup, as usual—with the scrag end of a neck of mutton—The Emissary of the Count was here again this morning, and offered me a large sum of money if I would consent to poison him.

Land. (*with hesitation and anxiety*). Which you refused.

Waiter (*with indignation*). Can you doubt it?

Land. (*recovering herself, and drawing up with an expression of dignity.*) The conscience of a poor man is as valuable to him as that of a prince. . . . .

Waiter. It ought to be still more so, in proportion as it is generally more pure.

Land. Thou say'st truly, Job.

Waiter (*with enthusiasm*). He who can spurn at wealth when proffered as the price of crime, is greater than a prince.

[*Post-horn blows.—Enter* CASIMERE (*in a travelling dress—a light blue great coat with large metal buttons—his hair in a long queue, but twisted at the end; a large Kevenhuller hat; a cane in his hand*).

Cas. Here, Waiter, pull off my boots, and bring me a pair of slippers. (*Exit* WAITER.) And hark'ye, my lad, a bason of water (*rubbing his hands*) and a bit of soap. I have not washed since I began my journey.

Waiter (*answering from behind the door*). Yes, Sir.

Cas. Well, Landlady, what company are we to have?

Land. Only two gentlewomen, Sir. They are just stept into the next room—they will be back again in a minute.

Cas. Where do they come from?

[*All this while the* WAITER *re-enters with the bason and water;* CASIMERE *pulls off his boots, takes a napkin from the table, and washes his face and hands.*

Land. There is one of them, I think, comes from *Nuremburgh.*

Cas. (*aside*). From *Nuremburgh!*—(*with eagerness*)—her name?

Land. MATILDA.

Cas. (*aside*). How does this idiot woman torment me!—What else?

Land. I can't recollect.

Cas. (*in a paroxysm of agitation*). Oh agony!

Waiter. See here, her name upon the travelling trunk—MATILDA POTTINGEN.

Cas. (*embracing the Waiter*). Ecstasy! ecstasy!

Land. You seem to be acquainted with the lady—shall I call her?

Cas. Instantly—instantly—tell her her loved, her long-lost—tell her—

Land. Shall I tell her dinner is ready?

Cas. Do so—and in the meanwhile I will look after my portmanteau. [*Exeunt severally.*

[SCENE *changes to a subterranean vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, with coffins, 'scutcheons, death's heads and cross bones—toads and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage.* ROGERO *appears, in chains, in a suit of rusty armour, with his beard grown, and a cap of a grotesque form upon his head.—Beside him a crock, or pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance.—A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the caverns.*—ROGERO *rises, and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.*

Rog. Eleven years! it is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living sepulchre—the cruelty of a Minister—the perfidy of a Monk—yes, Matilda! for thy sake—alive amidst the dead chained—coffined—confined—cut off from the converse of my fellow-men. Soft!—what have we here! (*stumbles over a bundle of sticks.*) This cavern is so dark, that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my feet. Oh!—the register of my captivity. Let me see; how stands the account? (*Takes up the sticks and turns them over with a melancholy air; then stands silent for a few moments, as if absorbed in calculation.*) Eleven years and fifteen days!—Hah! the twenty-eighth of August! How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart! It was on this day that I took my last leave of my MATILDA.—It was a summer evening—her melting hand seemed to dissolve in mine, as I pressed it to my bosom—Some demon whispered me that I should never see her more.—I stood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away for ever.—The tears were petrified under my eyelids.—My heart was crystallized with agony.—Anon—I looked along the road.—The diligence seemed to diminish every instant—I felt my heart beat against its prison, as if anxious to leap out and overtake it.—My soul whirled round as I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels.—A long train of glory followed after her, and mingled with the dust—it was the Emanation of Divinity, luminous with love and beauty—like the splendour of the setting sun—but it told me that the sun of my joys was sunk for ever—Yes, here in the depths of an eternal Dungeon—in the Nursing Cradle of Hell, the Suburbs of Perdition—in a nest of Demons, where Despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope; where Agony woes the embrace of Death; where Patience, beside the bottomless pool of Despondency, sits angling for Impossibilities. Yet, even *here* to behold her, to embrace her—Yes, MATILDA, whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a Royal Palace, amidst the more loathsome Reptiles of a Court, would be indifferent to me—Angels would shower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads—while fiends would envy the eternity of suffering Love. . . . . Soft, what air was that? it seemed a sound of more than human warblings?—Again—(*listens attentively for some minutes*)—Only the wind—it is well, however—it reminds me of that melancholy air, which has so often solaced the hours of my captivity—Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar—[*Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the following air, with a full accompaniment of violins from the orchestra.*

AIR—"Lanterna Magica."

FRERE.

SONG.

BY ROGERO.

I.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
  This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
  Who studied with me at the U—
        —niversity of *Gottingen*,—
        —niversity of *Gottingen*.

[*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds*—

II.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
  Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas! MATILDA *then* was true!
  At least I thought so at the U—
        —niversity of *Gottingen*—
        —niversity of *Gottingen*.

[*At the repetition of this line* ROGERO *clanks his chains in cadence.*

III.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew
  Her neat post-waggon trotting in!
Ye bore MATILDA from my view;
  Forlorn I languish'd at the U—
        —niversity of *Gottingen*—
        —niversity of *Gottingen*.

IV.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
  This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
  When first I entered at the U—
        —niversity of *Gottingen*—
        —niversity of *Gottingen*.

V.

There first for thee my passion grew,
  Sweet! sweet MATILDA POTTINGEN!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu—
  —tor, *law professsor* at the U—
          —niversity of *Gottingen*—
          —niversity of *Gottingen*.

VI.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
  That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doom'd to starve on water gru—
  —el,[1] never shall I see the U—
          —niversity of *Gottingen*—
          – niversity of *Gottingen*.[2]

[*During the last stanza* ROGERO *dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion; he then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops; the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.*

END OF ACT I.

CANNING AND ELLIS.

THE ROVERS.

JUNE 11, 1798.

WE have received, in the course of the last week, several long, and to say the truth, dull letters, from unknown hands, reflecting, in very severe terms, on MR. HIGGINS, for having, as it is affirmed, attempted to pass upon the world, as a faithful sample of the productions of the *German theatre*, a performance no way resembling any of those pieces which have of late excited, and which bid fair to engross, the admiration of the British public.

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[1] A manifest error, since it appears from the Waiter's conversation (page 115) that Rogero was not doomed to starve on water-gruel, but on pease-soup, which is a much better thing. Possibly the length of Rogero's imprisonment had impaired his memory; or he might wish to make things appear worse than they really were; which is very natural, I think, in such a case as this poor unfortunate gentleman's.—*Printer's Devil.*

[2] This last stanza and the note [1] were not in the Anti-Jacobin as printed on June 4th, 1798.

As we cannot but consider ourselves as the guardians of MR. HIGGINS's literary reputation, in respect to every work of his which is conveyed to the world through the medium of our paper (though, what we think of the danger of his *principles* we have already sufficiently explained for ourselves, and have, we trust, succeeded in putting our readers upon their guard against them)—we hold ourselves bound, not only to justify the fidelity of the imitation, but (contrary to our original intention) to give a further specimen of it in our present number, in order to bring the question more fairly to issue between our author and his calumniators.

In the first place, we are to observe that MR. HIGGINS professes to have taken his notion of German plays wholly from the *translations* which have appeared in our language. If *they* are totally dissimilar from the originals, Mr. H. may undoubtedly have been led into error; but the fault is in the translators, not in him. That he does not differ widely from the models which he proposed to himself, we have it in our power to prove satisfactorily; and might have done so in our last number, by subjoining to each particular passage of his play the scene in some one or other of the German plays, which he had in view when he wrote it. These parallel passages were faithfully pointed out to us by Mr. H. with that candour which marks his character; and if they were suppressed by us (as in truth they were), on our heads be the blame, whatever it may be. Little, indeed, did we think of the imputation which the omission would bring upon Mr. H., as in fact our principal reason for it, was the apprehension, that from the extreme closeness of the imitation in most instances, he would lose in praise for invention more than he would gain in credit for Fidelity.

The meeting between MATILDA and CECILIA, for example, in the first act of the "ROVERS," and their sudden intimacy, has been censured as unnatural. Be it so. It is taken, *almost word for word*, from "STELLA," a German (or professedly a German) piece now much in vogue; from which also the catastrophe of Mr. HIGGINS's play is in part borrowed, so far as relates to the agreement to which the ladies come, as the reader will see by-and-by, to share CASIMERE between them.

The dinner-scene is copied partly from the published translation of the "STRANGER," and partly from the first scene of "STELLA." The *song* of Rogero, with which the first act concludes, is admitted on all hands to be in the very first taste; and if no German original is to be found for it, so much the worse for the credit of German literature.

An objection has been made by one anonymous letter-writer to the names of PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON, as little likely to have been assigned to English characters by any author of taste or discernment.—In answer to this objection we have, in the first place, to admit, that a small, and we hope not an unwarrantable, alteration has been made by us since the MS. has been in our hands. These names stood originally PUDDINCRANTZ and BEEFINSTERN, which sounded to our ears as being liable, especially the latter, to a ridiculous inflection—a difficulty that could only be removed by furnishing them with English terminations. With regard to the more substantial syllables of the names, our author proceeded, in all probability, on the authority of GOLDONI, who, though not a German, is an Italian writer of considerable reputation; and who, having heard that the English were distinguished for their love of liberty and beef, has judiciously compounded the two words *Runnymede* and *beef*, and thereby produced an English nobleman, whom he styles *Lord Runnybeef.*

To dwell no longer on particular passages—the best way perhaps of explaining the whole scope and view of Mr. H.'s imitation, will be to transcribe the short sketch of the plot which that gentleman transmitted to us, together with his drama, and which it is perhaps the more necessary to do, as, the limits of our paper not allowing of the publication of the whole piece, some general knowledge of its main design may be acceptable to our readers, in order to enable them to judge of the several extracts which we lay before them.

PLOT.

ROGERO, son of the late minister of the COUNT of SAXE WEIMAR, having, while he was at college, fallen desperately in love with MATILDA POTTINGEN, daughter of his tutor, Doctor ENGELBERTUS POTTINGEN, Professor of Civil Law; and MATILDA evidently returning his passion, the DOCTOR, to prevent ill consequences, sends his daughter on a visit to her aunt in *Wetteravia,* where she becomes acquainted with CASIMERE, a Polish officer, who happens to be quartered near her aunt's; and has several children by him.

RODERIC, Count of SAXE WEIMAR, a prince of a tyrannical and licentious disposition, has for his Prime Minister and favourite, GASPAR, a crafty villain, who had risen to his post by first ruining, and then putting to death, ROGERO's father.—GASPAR, apprehensive of the power and popularity which the young ROGERO may enjoy at his return to Court, seizes the occasion of his intrigue with MATILDA (of which he is apprized officially by Doctor POTTINGEN) to procure from his master an order for the recall of ROGERO from college, and for committing him to the care of the PRIOR of the *Abbey* of *Quedlinburgh*, a priest, rapacious, savage, and sensual, and devoted to GASPAR's interests—sending at the same time private orders to the PRIOR to confine him in a dungeon.

Here ROGERO languishes many years. His daily sustenance is administered to him through a grated opening at the top of a Cavern, by the *landlady* of the "*Golden Eagle*" at WEIMAR, with whom GASPAR contracts, in the prince's name, for his support, intending, and more than once endeavouring, to corrupt the WAITER to mingle poison with the food, in order that he may get rid of ROGERO for ever.

In the meantime, CASIMERE, having been called away from the neighbourhood of MATILDA's residence to other quarters, becomes enamoured of and marries CECILIA, by whom he has a family; and whom he likewise deserts, after a few years' co-habitation, on pretence of business which calls him to *Kamschatka*.

Doctor POTTINGEN, now grown old and infirm, and feeling the want of his daughter's society, sends young POTTINGEN in search of her, with strict injunctions not to return without her; and to bring with her either her present lover CASIMERE, or, should not that be possible, ROGERO himself, if he can find him; the DOCTOR having set his heart upon seeing his children comfortably settled before his death. MATILDA, about the same period, quits her aunt's in search of CASIMERE; and CECILIA, having been advertised (by an anonymous letter) of the falsehood of his KAMSCHATKAN journey, sets out in the post-waggon on a similar pursuit.

It is at this point of time the play opens—with the accidental meeting of CECILIA and MATILDA at the Inn at WEIMAR. CASIMERE arrives there soon after, and falls in first with MATILDA, and then with CECILIA. Successive *éclaircissements* take place, and an arrangement is finally made, by which the two ladies are to live jointly with CASIMERE.

Young POTTINGEN, wearied with a few weeks' search, during which he has not been able to find either of the objects of it, resolves to stop at WEIMAR, and wait events there. It so happens that he takes up his lodging in the same house with PUDDINGCRANTZ and BEEFINSTERN, two English noblemen, whom the tyranny of KING JOHN has obliged to fly from their country; and who, after wandering about the Continent for some time, have fixed their residence at WEIMAR.

The news of the signature of MAGNA CHARTA arriving, determines PUDDING. and BEEF. to return to *England*. Young POTTINGEN opens his case to them, and entreats them to stay to assist him in the object of his search.—This they refuse; but coming to the inn where they are to set off for *Hamburgh*, they meet CASIMERE, from whom they had both received many civilities in *Poland*.

CASIMERE, by this time tired of his "DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT," and having learnt from the waiter that ROGERO is confined in the vaults of the neighbouring abbey *for love*, resolves to attempt his rescue, and to make over MATILDA to him as the price of his deliverance. He communicates his scheme to PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON, who agree to assist him; as also does young POTTINGEN. The WAITER of the Inn proving to be a *Knight Templar* in disguise, is appointed leader of the expedition. A band of TROUBADOURS, who happen to be returning from the CRUSADES, and a company of Austrian and Prussian Grenadiers returning from the SEVEN YEARS' WAR, are engaged as troops.

The attack on the Abbey is made with great success. The Count of WEIMAR and GASPAR, who are feasting with the PRIOR, are seized and beheaded in the refectory. The PRIOR is thrown into the dungeon, from which ROGERO is rescued. MATILDA and CECILIA rush in. The former recognises ROGERO, and agrees to live with him. The children are produced on all sides—and YOUNG POTTINGEN is commissioned to write to his father, the DOCTOR, to detail the joyful events which have taken place, and to invite him to WEIMAR to partake of the general felicity.

THE ROVERS; OR, THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

ACT II.

Scene, a Room in an ordinary Lodging-house at WEIMAR—PUDDINGFIELD *and* BEEFINGTON *discovered sitting at a small deal table, and playing at* ALL-FOURS—*Young* POTTINGEN *at another table in the corner of the room, with a pipe in his mouth, and a Saxon mug of a singular shape beside him, which he repeatedly applies to his lips, turning back his head, and casting his eyes towards the firmament —at the last trial he holds the mug for some moments in a directly inverted position; then he replaces it on the table with an air of dejection, and gradually sinks into a profound slumber—the pipe falls from his hand, and is broken.*

Beefington.

I BEG.

Pudd. (*deals three cards to Beefington*). Are you satisfied?

Beef. Enough. What have you?

Pudd. High—low—and the game.

Beef. Damnation! 'Tis my deal. (*Deals; turns up a knave.*) One for his heels! [*Triumphantly.*

Pudd. Is King highest?

Beef. No (*sternly*)—The game is mine—The Knave gives it me.

Pudd. Are Knaves so prosperous?

Beef. Ay, marry are they, in this world. They have the game in their hands. Your kings are but *noddies*[1] to them.

Pudd. Ha! ha! ha!—Still the same proud spirit, Beefington, which procured thee thine exile from England.

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[1] This is an excellent joke in German; the point and spirit of which is but ill-*Rendered* in a translation. A NODDY, the reader will observe, has two significations, the one a *knave at All-fours*, the other a *fool* or *booby*. See the translation by Mr. Render of COUNT BENYOWSKY, or the CONSPIRACY OF KAMSCHATKA a German Tragi-Comi-Comi-Tragedy; where the play opens with a scene of a game at chess (from which the whole of this scene is copied), and a joke of the same point and merriment about PAWNS, *i. e.*, BOORS being *a match for* KINGS.

Beef. England! my native land!—when shall I revisit thee?

[*During this time* PUDDINGFIELD *deals, and begins to arrange his hand.*

Beef. (*continues*). Phoo—hang ALL-FOURS; what are they to a mind ill at ease? Can they cure the heartache? Can they soothe banishment? Can they lighten ignominy?—Can ALL-FOURS do this? O, my Puddingfield! thy limber and lightsome spirit bounds up against affliction—with the elasticity of a well-bent bow; but mine —O! mine—

[*Falls into an agony, and sinks back in his chair. Young* POTTINGEN, *awakened by the noise, rises, and advances with a grave demeanour towards* BEEF. *and* PUDD.—*The former begins to recover.*

Y. Pot. What is the matter, comrades,[1] you seem agitated. Have you lost or won?

Beef. Lost!—I have lost my country.

Y. Pot. And I my sister.—I came hither in search of her.

Beef. O, England!

Y. Pot. O, MATILDA!

Beef. Exiled by the tyranny of an usurper, I seek the means of revenge, and of restoration to my country.

Y. Pot. Oppressed by the tyranny of an abbot, persecuted by the jealousy of a count, the betrothed husband of my sister languishes in a loathsome captivity—her lover is fled no one knows whither—and I, her brother, am torn from my paternal roof, and from my studies in chirurgery, to seek him and her, I know not where—to rescue Rogero, I know not how.—Comrades, your counsel.—My search fruitless—my money gone—my baggage stolen! What am I to do?—In yonder abbey—in the dank, dark vaults, there, my friends—there lies Rogero—there MATILDA'S heart.

CANNING.

SCENE II.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. Sir, here is a person who desires to speak with you.

Beef. (*goes to the door and returns with a letter, which he opens.*

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[1] This word in the original is strictly *fellow-lodgers*—"*Co-occupants of the same room, in a house let out at a small rent by the week.*" There is no single word in English which expresses so complicated a relation, except perhaps the cant term of *chum*, formerly in use at our universities.

On perusing it his countenance becomes illuminated, and expands prodigiously). Hah, my friend, what joy! [*Turning to* PUDDINGFIELD.

Pudd. What? tell me—let your PUDDINGFIELD partake it.

Beef. (*produces a printed paper*). See here.

Pudd. (*with impatience*). What?

Beef. (*in a significant tone*). A newspaper!

Pudd. Hah, what say'st thou?—A newspaper!

Beef. Yes, Puddingfield, and see here—(*shows it partially*), from *England.*

Pudd. (*with extreme earnestness*). Its name?

Beef. The "*Daily Advertiser*—"

Pudd. Oh, ecstasy!

Beef. (*with a dignified severity.*) Puddingfield, calm yourself—repress those transports—remember that you are a man.

Pudd. (*after a pause, with suppressed emotion*). Well, I will be—I am calm—yet tell me, BEEFINGTON, does it contain any news?

Beef. Glorious news, my dear PUDDINGFIELD—the Barons are victorious—KING JOHN has been defeated—MAGNA CHARTA, that venerable immemorial inheritance of Britons, was signed last Friday was three weeks, the third of July Old Style.

Pudd. I can scarce believe my ears—but let me satisfy my eyes—show me the paragraph.

Beef. Here it is, just above the advertisements.

Pudd. (*reads*). "The great demand for *Packwood's* Razor Straps"—

Beef. Pshaw! what, ever blundering!—you drive me from my patience.—See here, at the head of the column.

Pudd. (*reads*).

"A hireling print, devoted to the court, has dared to question our veracity respecting the events of yesterday; but by to-day's accounts, our information appears to have been perfectly correct. The Charter of our Liberties received the royal signature at five o'clock, when messengers were instantly dispatched to Cardinal PANDULFO; and their majesties, after partaking of a cold collation, returned to Windsor."—I am satisfied.

Beef. Yet here again—there are some further particulars (*turns to another part of the paper*). "Extract of a letter from Egham—My dear friend, we are all here in high spirits—the interesting event which took place this morning at *Runnymede*, in the neighbourhood of this town"—

Pudd. Hah, *Runnymede!* enough—no more—my doubts are vanished—then are we free indeed!

Beef. I have, besides, a letter in my pocket from our friend, the immortal BACON, who has been appointed Chancellor.—Our outlawry is reversed!—What says my friend—shall we return by the next packet?

Pudd. Instantly, instantly!

Both. Liberty! ADELAIDE! revenge!

[*Exeunt, young* POTTINGEN *following,*[1] *and waving his hat, but obviously without much consciousness of the meaning of what has passed.*

FRERE.

SCENE *changes to the outside of the Abbey. A Summer's Evening—Moonlight.*

Companies of AUSTRIAN *and* PRUSSIAN *Grenadiers march across the stage, confusedly, as if returning from the Seven Years' War.—Shouts and martial music.*

The Abbey Gates are opened; the MONKS *are seen passing in procession, with the* PRIOR *at their head; the choir is heard chaunting vespers. After which a pause—then a bell is heard, as if ringing for supper. Soon after, a noise of singing and jollity.*

Enter from the Abbey, pushed out of the gates by the PORTER, *a* TROUBADOUR, *with a bundle under his cloak, and a Lady under his arm*—TROUBADOUR *seems much in liquor, but caresses the* FEMALE MINSTREL.

Fem. Min. Trust me, Gieronymo, thou seemest melancholy. What hast thou got under thy cloak?

Trou. Pshaw, women will be enquiring. Melancholy! not I—I will sing thee a song, and the subject of it shall be thy question—"What have I got under my cloak?" It is a riddle, MARGARET—I learnt it of an almanack-maker at GOTHA—if thou guessest it after the first stanza, thou shalt have never a drop for thy pains. Hear me—and, d'ye mark! twirl thy thingumbob while I sing.

Fem. Min. 'Tis a pretty tune, and hums dolefully.

[*Plays on her balalaika.*[2] TROUBADOUR *sings.*

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[1] Was all the stage direction printed in "The Anti-Jacobin," on June 11, 1798.

[2] The balalaika is a Russian instrument, resembling the guitar. See the play of "COUNT BENYOWSKY," *Rendered* into English.

I bear a secret comfort *here*,
[*Putting his hand on the bundle, but without showing it.*
A joy I'll ne'er impart;
It is not wine, it is not beer,
But it consoles my heart.

Fem. Min. (*interrupting him*).—I'll be hanged if you don't mean the bottle of cherry-brandy that you stole out of the vaults in the abbey cellar.

Trou. I mean!—Peace, wench, thou disturbest the current of my feelings—

[FEM. MIN. *attempts to lay hold on the bottle;* TROUBADOUR *pushes her aside, and continues singing without interruption.*

This cherry-bounce, this loved noyeau,
My drink for ever be;
But, sweet my love, thy wish forego;
I'll give no drop to thee!

(*Both together.*)

Trou.	This	cherry-bounce	this	loved noyeau,
F. M.	That		that	
Trou.	My	drink for ever be;		
F. M.	Thy			
Trou.		But, sweet my love,	thy wish forego!	
F. M.			one drop bestow,	
Trou.	I	keep it all for	ME!	
F. M.	Nor		THEE!	

[*Exeunt struggling for the bottle, but without anger or animosity, the* FEM. MIN. *appearing by degrees to obtain a superiority in the contest.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD—contains the *éclaircissements* and final arrangement between CASIMERE, MATILDA, and CECILIA, which so nearly resemble the concluding act of "STELLA," that we forbear to lay it before our readers.

CANNING.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*the Inn door—Diligence drawn up.*—CASIMERE *appears as if superintending the package of his portmanteaus, and giving directions to the* PORTERS.

Enter BEEFINGTON *and* PUDDINGFIELD.

Puddingfield.

WELL, Coachey, have you got two inside places?

Coach. Yes, your honour.

Pudd. (*seems to be struck with* CASIMERE'S *appearance. He surveys him earnestly without paying any attention to the* COACHMAN, *then doubtingly pronounces*) Casimere!

Cas. (*turning round rapidly, recognises* PUDDINGFIELD, *and embraces him*). My Puddingfield!

Pudd. My Casimere!

Cas. What, Beefington too! (*discovering him*)—then is my joy complete.

Beef. Our fellow-traveller, as it seems?

Cas. Yes, Beefington—but wherefore to Hamburgh?

Beef. Oh, Casimere[1]—to fly—to fly—to return—England—our country—Magna Charta—it is liberated—a new æra—House of Commons—Crown and Anchor—Opposition—

Cas. What a contrast! You are flying to liberty and your home—I, driven from my home by tyranny, am exposed to domestic slavery in a foreign country.

Beef. How domestic slavery?

Cas. Too true—two wives—(*slowly, and with a dejected air—then after a pause*)—you knew my Cecilia?

Pudd. Yes, five years ago.

---

[1] See "Count Benyowsky; or, the Conspiracy of Kamschatka," where Crustiew, an old gentleman of much sagacity, talks the following nonsense:

Crustiew (*with youthful energy, and an air of secresy and confidence*). "To fly, to fly, to the isles of Marian—the island of Tinian—a terrestrial paradise. Free—free—a mild climate—a new-created sun—wholesome fruits—harmless inhabitants—and liberty—tranquillity."

Cas. Soon after that period I went upon a visit to a lady in Wetteravia—my Matilda was under her protection. Alighting at a peasant's cabin, I saw her on a charitable visit, spreading bread-and-butter for the children, in a light-blue riding-habit. The simplicity of her appearance—the fineness of the weather—all conspired to interest me—my heart moved to hers, as if by a magnetic sympathy—we wept, embraced, and went home together—she became the mother of my Pantalowsky.—But five years of enjoyment have not stifled the reproaches of my conscience—her Rogero is languishing in captivity—if I could but restore her to *him!*

Beef. Let us rescue him.

Cas. Will without power,[1] is like children playing at soldiers.

Beef. Courage without power,[2] is like a consumptive running footman.

Cas. Courage without power is a contradiction.[3] Ten brave men might set all Quedlinburgh at defiance.

Beef. Ten brave men—but where are they to be found?

Cas. I will tell you—marked you the waiter?

Beef. (*doubtingly*). The waiter?

Cas. (*in a confidential tone*). No waiter, but a *Knight Templar.* Returning from the Crusade, he found his Order dissolved and his person proscribed.—He dissembled his rank, and embraced the profession of a waiter.—I have made sure of him already.—There are, besides, an Austrian and a Prussian grenadier. I have made them abjure their national enmity, and they have sworn to fight henceforth in the cause of freedom. These, with young Pottingen, the waiter, and ourselves, make seven—the Troubadour, with his two attendant minstrels, will complete the ten.

Beef. (*with enthusiasm*). Now then for the execution.

Pudd. Yes, my boys—for the execution.

[*Clapping them on the back.*

Waiter. But hist! we are observed.

Trou. Let us by a song conceal our purposes.

---

[1] See "Count Benyowsky," as before.

[2] "See Count Benyowsky."

[3] See "Count Benyowsky" again, from which play this and the preceding references are taken word for word. We acquit the Germans of such reprobate silly stuff. It must be the translator's.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.[1]

Casimere. Hist! hist! nor let the airs that blow
From night's cold lungs our purpose know!
Puddingfield. Let Silence, mother of the dumb,
Beefington. Press on each lip her palsied thumb!
Waiter. Let Privacy, allied to Sin,
That loves to haunt the tranquil inn—
Grenadier. } And Conscience start, when she shall view,
Troubadour. } The mighty deed we mean to do!

GENERAL CHORUS—*Con spirito.*

Then friendship swear, ye faithful bands,
Swear to save a shackled hero!
See where yon abbey frowning stands!
Rescue, rescue, brave Rogero!
Casimere. Thrall'd in a monkish tyrant's fetters
Shall great Rogero hopeless lie?
Young Pot. In my pocket I have letters,
Saying, "Help me, or I die!"

Allegro Allegretto.

CAS. BEEF. PUDD. GRENS. TROUB. WAIT. and POT. *with enthusiasm.* } Let us fly, let us fly,
Let us help, ere he die!

[*Exeunt omnes, waving their hats.*

SCENE—*the Abbey Gate, with Ditches, Drawbridges, and Spikes;* TIME—*about an hour before Sunrise.—The conspirators appear as if in ambuscade, whispering and consulting together, in expectation of the signal for attack.—The* WAITER *is habited as a Knight Templar, in the dress of his Order, with the Cross on his breast, and the scallop on his shoulder.*—PUDDINGFIELD *and* BEEFINGTON *armed with blunderbusses and pocket-pistols; the* GRENADIERS *in their proper uniforms.—The* TROUBADOUR *with his attendant* MINSTRELS

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[1] We believe this song to be copied, with a small variation in metre and meaning, from a song in "Count Benyowsky; or, the Conspiracy of Kamschatka," where the conspirators join in a chorus, *for fear of being overheard.*

*bring up the rear—martial music—the conspirators come forward, and present themselves before the Gate of the Abbey.—Alarum—firing of pistols—the Convent appear in Arms upon the Walls—the Drawbridge is let down—a body of choristers and lay brothers attempt a sally, but are beaten back, and the Verger killed.—The besieged attempt to raise the Drawbridge—*PUDDINGFIELD *and* BEEFINGTON *press forward with alacrity, throw themselves upon the Drawbridge, and by the exertion of their weight preserve it in a state of depression—the other besiegers join them, and attempt to force the entrance, but without effect.—*PUDDINGFIELD *makes the signal for the battering-ram.—Enter* QUINTUS CURTIUS *and* MARCUS CURIUS DENTATUS, *in their proper military habits, preceded by the Roman Eagle—the rest of their Legion are employed in bringing forward a battering-ram, which plays for a few minutes to slow time, till the entrance is forced.—After a short resistance, the besiegers rush in with shouts of Victory.*

Scene changes to the interior of the Abbey.—The inhabitants of the Convent are seen flying in all directions.

PRIOR *is brought forward between two Grenadiers.*

The COUNT *of* WEIMAR, *who had been found feasting in the Refectory, is brought in manacled. He appears transported with rage, and gnaws his chains.—The* PRIOR *remains insensible, as if stupified with grief.—*BEEFINGTON *takes the keys of the Dungeon, which are hanging at the* PRIOR'S *girdle, and makes a sign for them both to be led away into confinement.—Exeunt* PRIOR *and* COUNT, *properly guarded.—The rest of the conspirators disperse in search of the Dungeon where* ROGERO *is confined.*

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

FRERE.

June 25th, 1798.

AFTER the splendid account of Buonaparte's successes in the East, which our readers will find in another part of this paper, and which they will peruse with equal wonder and apprehension, it is some consolation to us to have to state, not only from authority, but in verse, that our government has not been behindhand with that of France; but that, aware of the wise and enterprising spirit of the enemy, and of the danger which might arise to our distant possessions from the export of learning and learned men being entirely in their hands, have long ago determined on an expedition of a similar nature, and have actually embarked at Portsmouth on board one of the East India Company's ships taken up for that purpose (the ship *Capricorn*, Mr. Thomas Truman, Commander), several tons of *savans*, the growth of this country. The whole was conducted with the utmost secrecy and dispatch, and it was not till we were favoured with the following copy of a letter (obligingly communicated to us by the *Tunisian* gentleman to whom it is addressed) that we had any suspicion of the extent and nature of the design, or indeed of any such design being in contemplation.

The several great names which are combined to render this Expedition the most surprising and splendid ever undertaken, could not indeed have been spared from the country to which they are an ornament, for any other purpose, than one the most obviously connected with the interests of the empire, and the most widely beneficial to mankind.

The secrecy with which they have been withdrawn from the British public without being so much as missed or inquired after, reflects the highest honour on the planners of the enterprise. Even the celebrity of Doctor Parr has not led to any discovery or investigation: and the silent admirers of that great man have never once thought of asking what was become of him; till it is now all at once come to light, that he has been for weeks past on ship-board, the brightest star in the bright constellation of talents which stud the quarter-deck of the *Capricorn*, Mr. T. Truman (as before mentioned), Commander.

The resignation of the late worthy President of a certain

Board, might indeed have taught mankind to look for some extraordinary event in the world of science and adventure; and those who had the good fortune to see the deportation from his house, of the several wonderful anomalies which had for years formed its most distinguished inmates,—the stuffed ram, the dried boar, the cow with three horns, and other fanciful productions of a like nature, could not but speculate with some degree of seriousness on the purpose of their removal, and on the place of their destination.

It now appears that there was in truth no light object in view. They were destined, with the rest of the *savans*, on whom this country prides itself (and long may it have reason to indulge the honest exultation)! to undertake a voyage of no less grandeur than peril; to counteract the designs of the DIRECTORY, and to frustrate or forestall the conquests of BUONAPARTE.

The young gentleman who writes the following letter to his friend in London, is, as may be seen, interpreter to the Expedition. We have understood further, that he is nearly connected with the young man who writes for the *Morning Chronicle*, and conducts the *Critical*, *Argumentative*, and *Geographical* departments. Some say it is the young man himself, who has assumed a feigned name, and, under the disguise of a Turkish dress and circumcision, is gone, at the express instigation of his employers, to improve himself in geographical knowledge. We have our doubts upon this subject, as we think we recognise the style of this deplorable young man in that article of last week's *Morning Chronicle*, which we have had occasion to answer in a preceding column of our present paper. Be that as it may, the information contained in the following letter may be depended upon.

We cannot take leave of the subject without remarking what a fine contrast and companion the vessel and cargo described in the following poem affords to the "NAVIS STULTIFERA," the "SHIPPE OF FOOLES" of the celebrated BARCLAY; and we cannot forbear hoping that the *Argenis* of an author of the same name may furnish a hint for an account of this stupendous Expedition in a learned language, from the only pen which in modern days is capable of writing *Latin* with a purity and elegance worthy of so exalted a theme, and that the author of a classical *preface* may become the writer of a no less celebrated voyage.

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER

(IN ORIENTAL CHARACTERS)

FROM BOBBA-DARA-ADUL-PHOOLA,

DRAGOMAN TO THE EXPEDITION,

TO NEEK-AWL-ARETCHID-KOOEEZ,

SECRETARY TO THE TUNISIAN EMBASSY.

Dear Neek-awl,

YOU'LL rejoice that at length I am able
To date these few lines from the captain's own table.
Mr. Truman himself, of his proper suggestion,
Has in favour of science decided the question ;
So we walk the main-deck, and are mess'd with the captain,
I leave you to judge of the joy we are wrapt in.

At Spithead they embark'd us, how precious a cargo !
And we sail'd before day to escape the embargo.
There was Shuckborough, the wonderful mathematician ;
And Darwin, the poet, the sage, and physician ;
There was Beddoes, and Bruin, and Godwin whose trust is,
He may part with his work on *Political Justice*
To some Iman or Bonze, or Judaical Rabbin ;
So with huge quarto volumes he piles up the cabin.
There was great Dr. Parr, whom we style *Bellendenus*,
The Doctor and I have a hammock between us—
Tho' 'tis rather unpleasant thus crowding together,
On account of the motion and heat of the weather ;
Two souls in one berth we might easily cram,
But Sir John *will* insist on a place for his *ram.*
Though the Doctor, I find, is determined to think
'Tis the animal's hide that occasions the stink ;
In spite of th' experienced opinion of Truman,
Who contends that the scent is exclusively human.
But Beddoes and Darwin engage to repair
This slight inconvenience with *oxygene air.*

Whither bound? (you will ask) 'Tis a question, my friend,
On which I long doubted; my doubt's at an end.
To Arabia the stony, Sabæa the gummy,
To the land where each man that you meet is a mummy;
To the mouths of the Nile, to the banks of Araxes,
To the *Red* and the *Yellow*, the *White* and the *Black* seas,
With telescopes, globes, and a quadrant and sextant,
And the works of all authors whose writings are extant;
With surveys and plans, topographical maps;
Theodolites, watches, spring-guns and steel-traps,
Phials, crucibles, air-pumps, electric machinery,
And pencils for painting the natives and scenery.
In short, we are sent to oppose all we know,
To the knowledge and mischievous arts of the foe,
Who, though placing in arms a well-grounded reliance,
Go to war with a flying artillery of science.

The French *savans*, it seems, recommended this measure,
With a view to replenish the national treasure.
First, the true *Rights of Man* they will preach in all places,
But chief (when 'tis found) in the Egyptian Oasis:
And this doctrine, 'tis hoped, in a very few weeks
Will persuade the wild Arabs to murder their Sheiks,
And, to aid the *Great Nation's* beneficent plans,
Plunder pyramids, catacombs, towns, caravans,
Then enlist under Arcole's gallant commander,
Who will conquer the world like his model ISKANDER.
His army each day growing bolder and finer,
With the Turcoman tribes he subdues Asia Minor,
Beats Paul and his Scythians, his journey pursues
'Cross the Indus, with tribes of Armenians and Jews,
And Bucharians, and Affghans, and Persians, and Tartars,—
Chokes the wretched Mogul in his grandmother's garters,
And will hang him to dry in the Luxembourg hall,
'Midst the plunder of Carthage and spoils of Bengal.

Such, we hear, was the plan; but I trust, if we meet 'em,
That, *savant* to *savant*, our cargo will beat 'em.
Our plan of proceeding I'll presently tell;—
But soft—I am call'd—I must bid you farewell;

To attend on our *savans* my pen I resign,
For, it seems, that they *duck* them on *crossing* the Line.

We deeply regret this interruption of our oriental poet, and the more so, as the prose letters which we have received from a less learned correspondent do not enable us to explain the tactics of our belligerent philosophers so distinctly as we could have wished. It appears, in general, that the learned Doctor who has the honour of sharing the hammock of the amiable oriental, trusted principally to his superior knowledge in the Greek language, by means of which he hoped to entangle his antagonists in inextricable confusion. DR. DARWIN proposed (as might be expected) his celebrated experiment of the ice-island, which, being towed on the coast of Africa, could not fail of spoiling the climate, and immediately terrifying and embarrassing the sailors of Buonaparte's fleet, accustomed to the mild temperature and gentle gales of the Mediterranean, and therefore ill qualified to struggle with this new importation of tempests. DR. BEDDOES was satisfied with the project of communicating to Buonaparte a consumption, of the same nature with that which he formerly tried on himself, but superior in virulence, and therefore calculated to make the most rapid and fatal ravages in the hectic constitution of the Gallic hero. The rest of the plan is quite unintelligible, excepting a hint about Sir J. S.'s intention of proceeding with his ram to the celebrated Oasis, and of bringing away, for the convenience of the Bank, the treasures contained in the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

CANNING, ELLIS, AND FRERE.

NEW MORALITY.

JULY 9, 1798.

FROM mental mists to purge a nation's eyes;
To animate the weak, unite the wise;
To trace the deep infection that pervades
The crowded town, and taints the rural shades;
To mark how wide extends the mighty waste
O'er the fair realms of Science, Learning, Taste;

To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
And chase the varying falsehood as it flies;
The long arrears of ridicule to pay,
To drag reluctant dulness back to-day;
Much yet remains.—To you these themes belong,
Ye favour'd sons of virtue and of song!

Say, is the field too narrow? are the times
Barren of folly, and devoid of crimes?

Yet, venial vices, in a milder age,
Could rouse the warmth of Pope's satiric rage:
The doting miser, and the lavish heir,
The follies and the foibles of the fair,
Sir Job, Sir Balaam, and old Euclio's thrift,
And Sappho's diamonds with her dirty shift,
Blunt, Charteris, Hopkins—meaner subjects fired
The keen-eyed Poet, while the Muse inspired
Her ardent child—entwining, as he sate,
His laurell'd chaplet with the thorns of hate.

But say,—indignant does the Muse retire,
Her shrine deserted, and extinct its fire?
No pious hand to feed the sacred flame,
No raptured soul a poet's charge to claim?

Bethink thee, Gifford; when some future age
Shall trace the promise of thy playful page;—
"The hand which brush'd a swarm of fools away,
Should rouse to grasp a more reluctant prey!"—
Think then, will pleaded indolence excuse
The tame secession of thy languid Muse?

Ah! where is now that promise? why so long
Sleep the keen shafts of satire and of song?
Oh! come, with taste and virtue at thy side,
With ardent zeal inflamed, and patriot pride;
With keen poetic glance direct the blow,
And empty all thy quiver on the foe:—

No pause—no rest—till weltering on the ground
The poisonous hydra lies, and pierced with many a wound.

Thou too!—the nameless Bard,[1]—whose honest zeal
For law, for morals, for the public weal,
Pours down impetuous on thy country's foes
The stream of verse, and many-languaged prose;
Thou too!—though oft thy ill-advised dislike,
The guiltless head with random censure strike,—
Though quaint allusions, vague and undefined,
Play faintly round the ear, but mock the mind;—
Through the mix'd mass yet truth and learning shine,
And manly vigour stamps the nervous line;
And patriot rage the generous verse inspires,
And wakes and points the desultory fires!

Yet more remain unknown:—for who can tell
What bashful genius, in some rural cell,
As year to year, and day succeeds to day,
In joyless leisure wastes his life away?
In him the flame of early fancy shone;
His genuine worth his old companions own;
In childhood and in youth their chief confess'd,
His master's pride, his pattern to the rest.
Now, far aloof retiring from the strife
Of busy talents, and of active life,
As from the loop-holes of retreat he views
Our stage, verse, pamphlets, politics, and news,
He loathes the world,—or, with reflection sad,
Concludes it irrecoverably mad;
Of taste, of learning, morals, all bereft,
No hope, no prospect to redeem it left.

FRERE.

Awake! for shame! or ere thy nobler sense
Sink in th' oblivious pool of indolence!
Must wit be found alone on falsehood's side,
Unknown to truth, to virtue unallied?

---

[1] The author of "The Pursuits of Literature."
The above note was not in the "Anti-Jacobin" of July 9, 1798.

Arise! nor scorn thy country's just alarms;
Wield in her cause thy long-neglected arms:
Of lofty satire pour th' indignant strain,
Leagued with her friends, and ardent to maintain
'Gainst Learning's, Virtue's, Truth's, Religion's foes,
A kingdom's safety, and the world's repose.

If Vice appal thee,—if thou view with awe
Insults that brave, and crimes that 'scape the law;
Yet may the specious bastard brood, which claim
A spurious homage under Virtue's name,
Sprung from a parent nurse of thousand crimes,
The *New Philosophy* of modern times,—
Yet, these may rouse thee!—With unsparing hand,
Oh, lash the vile impostures from the land!

First, stern PHILANTHROPY:—not she, who dries
The orphan's tears, and wipes the widow's eyes;
Not she, who, sainted Charity her guide,
Of British bounty pours the annual tide:—
But *French* Philanthropy;—whose boundless mind
Glows with the general love of all mankind;—
Philanthropy,—beneath whose baneful sway
Each patriot passion sinks, and dies away.

Taught in her school to imbibe thy mawkish strain,
CONDORCET, filtered through the dregs of PAINE,
Each pedant prig disowns a Briton's part,
And plucks the name of England from his heart.

What! shall a name, a word, a sound, control
Th' aspiring thought, and cramp th' expansive soul?
Shall one half-peopled Island's rocky round
A love, that glows for all creation, bound?
And social charities contract the plan
Framed for thy freedom, universal man!
No—through th' extended globe his feelings run
As broad and general as th' unbounded sun!
No narrow bigot *he*;—*his* reason'd view
Thy interests, England, ranks with thine, Peru!

France at our doors, *he* sees no danger nigh,
But heaves for Turkey's woes th' impartial sigh;
A steady patriot of the world alone,
The friend of every country—but his own.

Next comes a gentler Virtue.—Ah! beware
Lest the harsh verse her shrinking softness scare.
Visit her not too roughly;—the warm sigh
Dwells on her lips; the tear-drop gems her eye.
Sweet SENSIBILITY, that dwells enshrined
In the fine foldings of the feeling mind;
With delicate Mimosa's sense endued,
That shrinks instinctive from a hand too rude;
Or, like the pimpernel, whose prescient flower,
Shuts her soft leaves at evening's chilly hour.
Sweet child of sickly Fancy!—her of yore
From her loved France ROUSSEAU to exile bore;
And, while midst lakes and mountains wild he ran,
Full of himself, and shunn'd the haunts of man,
Taught her o'er each lone vale and Alpine steep
To lisp the stories of his wrongs, and weep;
Taught her to cherish still in either eye,
Of tender tears a plentiful supply,
And pour them in the brooks that babbled by;
Taught her to mete by rule her feelings strong,
False by degrees, and delicately wrong;
For the crush'd beetle *first*,—the widow'd dove,
And all the warbled sorrows of the grove;
Next for poor suff'ring *guilt*; and *last* of all,
For parents, friends, a king and country's fall.

Mark her fair votaries, prodigal of grief,
With cureless pangs, and woes that mock relief,
Droop in soft sorrow o'er a faded flower;
O'er a dead jack-ass[1] pour the pearly shower;
But hear, unmoved, of *Loire's* ensanguined flood,
Choked up with slain; of *Lyons* drenched in blood;
Of crimes that blot the age, the world, with shame,
Foul crimes, but sicklied o'er with Freedom's name;

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[1] Vide "Sentimental Journey."

Altars and thrones subverted; social life
Trampled to earth,—the husband from the wife,
Parent from child, with ruthless fury torn;
Of talents, honour, virtue, wit, forlorn
In friendless exile,—of the wise and good
Staining the daily scaffold with their blood;
Of savage cruelties, that scare the mind,
The rage of madness with hell's lusts combined,—
Of hearts torn reeking from the mangled breast,
They hear—and hope that ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

Fond hope! but JUSTICE sanctifies the prayer—
JUSTICE! here, Satire, strike! 'twere sin to spare!
Not she in British Courts that takes her stand,
The dawdling balance dangling in her hand,
Adjusting punishments to fraud and vice,
With scrupulous quirks, and disquisition nice:
But firm, erect, with keen reverted glance,
Th' avenging angel of regenerate France,
Who visits ancient sins on modern times,
And punishes the POPE for CÆSAR'S crimes.[1]
Such is the liberal JUSTICE which presides
In these our days, and modern patriots guides;
JUSTICE, whose blood-stain'd book one sole decree,
One statute fills—"the People shall be Free!"
Free by what means?—by folly, madness, guilt,
By boundless rapines, blood in oceans spilt;
By confiscation, in whose sweeping toils
The poor man's pittance with the rich man's spoils,
Mix'd in one common mass, are swept away,
To glut the short-lived tyrant of the day:
By laws, religion, morals, all o'erthrown,
—Rouse then, ye sovereign people, claim your own—

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[1] The Manes of Vercingetorix are supposed to have been very much gratified by the invasion of Italy and the plunder of the Roman territory. The defeat of the Burgundians is to be revenged on the modern inhabitants of Switzerland. But the Swiss were a free people, defending their liberties against a tyrant. Moreover, they happened to be in alliance with France at the time. No matter; Burgundy is since become a province of France, and the French have acquired a property in all the injuries and defeats which the people of that country may have sustained, together with a title to revenge and retaliation to be exercised in the present or any future centuries, as may be found most glorious and convenient.

The licence that enthrals, the truth that blind
The wealth that starves you, and the power that grinds!
—So JUSTICE bids.—'Twas her enlighten'd doom,
LOUIS, thy head devoted to the tomb—
'Twas JUSTICE claim'd, in that accursed hour,
The fatal forfeit of too lenient power.
Mourn for the Man we may;—but for the King,—
Freedom, oh! Freedom's such a charming thing!

"Much may be said on both sides."—Hark! I hear
A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear,—
The voice of CANDOUR.—Hail! most solemn sage,
Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age,
CANDOUR, which softens party's headlong rage.
CANDOUR,—which spares its foes; nor e'er descends
With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
CANDOUR,—which loves in see-saw strain to tell
Of *acting foolishly*, but *meaning well;*
Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
Convinced that *all* men's *motives* are the same;
And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
BLACK'S not *so* black;—nor WHITE *so very* white.

"Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong:
"But then, PITT'S words, you'll own, were *rather* strong.
"Great men will have their foibles; 'twas just so
"With FOX and PITT full forty years ago!
"So WALPOLE, PULTENEY—factions in all times
"Have had their follies, ministers their crimes."

Give me th' avow'd, th' erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heav'n, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend!*

"BARRAS loves plunder—MERLIN takes a bribe,—
"What then?—shall CANDOUR these good men proscribe?
"No! ere we join the loud-accusing throng,
"Prove,—not the facts,—but, that *they thought them wrong.*

"Why hang O'QUIGLEY?—he, misguided man,
"In sober thought his country's weal *might* plan:
"And, though his deep-laid Treason sapp'd the throne,
"*Might* act from *taste in morals*, all his own."

Peace to such Reasoners—let them have their way;
Shut their dull eyes against the blaze of day—
Priestley's a Saint, and Stone a Patriot still;
And La Fayette a Hero, if they will.

I love the bold uncompromising mind,
Whose principles are fix'd, whose views defined:
Who, sick of modern cant, discredits quite
All *taste in morals*, innate sense of right,
And Nature's impulse, all uncheck'd by art,
And feelings fine, that float about the heart.
Content, for good men's guidance, bad men's awe,
On moral truth to rest, and Gospel law;
Who owns, when Traitors feel th' avenging rod,
Just retribution, and the hand of God—
Who hears the groans through Olmutz' roofs that ring,
Of him who chained and who betray'd his king—
Hears unappall'd—though Freedom's zealots preach—
Unmoved, unsoften'd by Fitzpatrick's speech.
That speech on which the melting Commons hung,
"While truths divine came mended from *his* tongue;"
How loving husband clings to duteous wife,—
How pure Religion soothes the ills of life,—
How Popish ladies trust their pious fears
And naughty actions in their chaplain's ears.
Half novel and half sermon, on it flow'd;
With pious zeal the Opposition glow'd;
And as o'er each the soft infection crept,
Sigh'd as he whined, and as he whimper'd, wep
E'en Curwen[1] dropt a sentimental tear,
And stout St. Andrew yelp'd a softer "Hear!

* * *

Parent of crimes and fashions! which in vain
Our colder servile spirits would attain,
How do we ape thee, France! but, bungling still,
Disgrace the pattern by our want of skill.
The borrow'd step our awkward gait reveals:
As clumsy Courtney mars the verse he steals.

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[1] Now all the while did not this stony-hearted *cur* shed one tear.
Merchant of Venice.

How do we ape thee, France !—nor claim alone
Thy arts, thy tastes, thy morals, for our own,
But to thy worthies render homage due,
Their "hair-breadth scapes"[1] with anxious interest view;
Statesmen and heroines whom this age adores,
Though plainer times would call them rogues and whores.

See LOUVET, patriot, pamphleteer, and sage,
Tempering with amorous fire his virtuous rage.
Form'd for all tasks, his various talents see—
The luscious novel, the severe decree—
Then mark him welt'ring in his nasty sty,
Bare his lewd transports to the public eye—
Not *his* the love in silent groves that strays,
Quits the rude world, and shuns the vulgar gaze.
In LODOISKA's full possession blest,
One craving void still aches within his breast—
Plunged in the filth and fondness of her arms,
Not to himself alone he stints her charms—
Clasp'd in each other's foul embrace they lie,
But know no joy, unless the world stands by.
The fool of vanity, for her alone
He lives, loves, writes, and dies but to be known.
His widow'd mourner flies to poison's aid,
Eager to join her LOUVET's parted shade
In those bright realms where sainted lovers stray—
But harsh emetics tear that hope away.
Yet hapless LOUVET ! where thy bones are laid
The easy nymphs shall consecrate the shade.[2]
There, in the laughing morn of genial spring,
Unwedded pairs shall tender couplets sing;
Eringoes o'er the hallow'd spot shall bloom,
And flies of Spain buzz softly round the tomb.[3]

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[1] See *Récit de mes Périls*, by Louvet; *Mémoires d'un Détenu*, by Riouffe. The avidity with which these productions were read, might, we should hope, be accounted for upon principles of mere curiosity (as we read the Newgate Calendar, and the History of the Buccaneers), not from any interest in favour of a set of wretches, infinitely more detestable than all the robbers and pirates that eve existed.

[2] *Faciles Napææ.*

[3] See Anthologia, *passim.*

Or does severer virtue charm? We choose—
ROLAND the just, with ribands in his shoes[1]—
And ROLAND's spouse, who paints with chaste delight
The doubtful conflict of her nuptial night;—
Her virgin charms what fierce attacks assail'd,
And how the rigid Minister[2] prevail'd.

But ah! what verse can paint thy stately mien,
Guide of the world, preferment's golden queen,
NECKAR's fair daughter,—STAEL the Epicene!
Bright o'er whose flaming cheek and purple nose
The bloom of young desire unceasing glows!
Fain would the Muse—but ah! she dares no more,
A mournful voice from lone Guyana's shore,[3]
Sad QUATREMER—the bold presumption checks,
Forbid to question thy ambiguous sex.

CANNING.

To thee, proud BARRAS bows—thy charms control
REWBELL's brute rage, and MERLIN's subtle soul—
Raised by thy hands, and fashion'd to thy will,
Thy power, thy guiding influence, governs still,
Where at the blood-stain'd board assiduous plies,
The lame artificer of fraud and lies;
He with the mitred head and cloven heel—
Doom'd the coarse edge of REWBELL's jests to feel;[4]
To stand the playful buffet, and to hear
The frequent ink-stand whizzing past his ear;

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[1] Such was the strictness of this minister's principles, that he positively refused to go to court in shoe-buckles. See Dumourier's Memoirs.

[2] See MADAME ROLAND's Memoirs.—"*Rigide Ministre*," Brissot à ses Commetans.

[3] These lines contain the Secret History of QUATREMER's deportation.

Fal. Thou art neither fish nor flesh—a man cannot tell where to have thee.

Quick. Thou art an unjust man for saying so—thou or any man knows where to have me.

[4] For instance, in the course of a political discussion REWBELL observed to the EX-BISHOP, "*that his understanding was as crooked as his legs*"—"Vil Emigré, tu n'as pas le sens plus droit que les pieds"—and therewithal threw an inkstand at him. It whizzed along, as we have been informed, like the fragment of a rock from the hand of one of Ossian's heroes—but the wily apostate shrunk beneath the table, and the weapon passed over him, innocuous and guiltless of his blood or brains.

While all the five Directors laugh to see
"The limping priest so deft at his new ministry."[1]

Last of th' ANOINTED FIVE behold, and least,
The Directorial Lama, Sovereign Priest,—
LEPAUX:—whom atheists worship;—at whose nod
Bow their meek heads—*the men without a God.*[2]

Ere long, perhaps, to this astonish'd isle,
Fresh from the shores of subjugated Nile,
Shall BUONAPARTE's victor fleet protect
The genuine Theo-philanthropic sect,—
The sect of MARAT, MIRABEAU, VOLTAIRE,—
Led by their Pontiff, good LA REVEILLÈRE.
Rejoiced our CLUBS shall greet him, and install
The holy Hunchback in thy dome, St. Paul!
While countless votaries thronging in his train,
Wave their red caps, and hymn this jocund strain
"*Couriers* and *Stars*, Sedition's evening host,
Thou *Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Post*,
Whether ye make the Rights of Man your theme,
Your country libel, and your God blaspheme,
Or dirt on private worth and virtue throw,
Still blasphemous or blackguard, praise LEPAUX.

"And ye five other wandering bards, that move
In sweet accord of harmony and love,
COLERIDGE and SOUTHEY, LLOYD, and LAMBE and Co.
Tune all your mystic harps to praise LEPAUX!

PRIESTLEY and WAKEFIELD, humble, holy men,
Give praises to his name with tongue and pen!

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[1] See Homer's description of Vulcan. First Iliad.
Inextinguibilis vero exoriebatur risus beatis numinibus
Ut viderunt Vulcanum per domos *ministrantem*.

[2] *The men without a God*—one of the new sects. Their religion is intended to consist in the adoration of a Great Book, in which all the virtuous actions of the society are to be entered and registered. "In times of civil commotion they "are to come forward to exhort the citizens to unanimity, and to read them a "chapter out of the Great Book. When oppressed or proscribed, they are to re-"tire to a burying-ground, to wrap themselves up in their great coats, and wait "the approach of death," &c.

"THELWALL, and ye that lecture as ye go,
And for your pains get pelted, praise LEPAUX!

"Praise him each Jacobin, or fool, or knave,
And your cropp'd heads in sign of worship wave!

"All creeping creatures, venemous and low,
PAINE, WILLIAMS, GODWIN, HOLCROFT, praise LEPAUX!
FRERE.

"And thou, *Leviathan!* on ocean's brim
Hugest of living things that sleep and swim;
Thou, in whose nose, by BURKE's gigantic hand,
The hook was fixed to drag thee to the land,
With ——, ——, and —— in thy train.
And —— wallowing in the yeasty main,[1]—
Still as ye snort, and puff, and spout, and blow,
In puffing, and in spouting, praise LEPAUX!"

Britain, beware; nor let th' insidious foe,
Of force despairing, aim a deadlier blow;
Thy peace, thy strength, with devilish wiles assail,
And when her arms are vain, by arts prevail.
True, thou art rich, art powerful!—thro' thine Isle
Industrious skill, contented labour, smile—
Far seas are studded with thy countless sails—
What wind but wafts them, and what shore but hails?
True, thou art brave—o'er all the busy land
In patriot ranks embattled myriads stand!
Thy foes behold with impotent amaze,
And drop the lifted weapon as they gaze.

But what avails to guard each outward part,
If subtlest poison, circling at thy heart,
Spite of thy courage, of thy pow'r, and wealth,
Mine the sound fabric of thy vital health?

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[1] Though the *yeasty* sea
Consume and swallow navigation up.
Macbeth.

The ship boring the moon with her main mast; and anon swallowed wi yeast and foam, as you would thrust a cork into a hogshead.—*Winter's Tale.*

So thine own oak, by some fair streamlet's side,
Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride,
Shades the green earth, and tow'ring to the skies
Its conscious strength, the tempest's wrath defies:
The fowls of Heaven its ample branches share,
To its cool shade the panting herds repair—
The limpid current works its noiseless way—
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay;
Prostrate the mighty ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.

O thou—lamented SAGE—whose prescient scan
Laid bare foul Anarchy's gigantic plan,
Prompt to incredulous hearers to disclose
The guilt of France, and Europe's world of woes—
Thou, on whose name far distant times shall gaze,
The mighty sea-mark of those troubled days,
O large of soul, of genius unconfined,
Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind—
BURKE! in whose breast a Roman ardour glow'd:
Whose copious tongue with Grecian richness flow'd;
Well hast thou found (if such thy country's doom)
A timely refuge in the sheltering tomb!

As, in far realms, beneath the cypress shade,
Where eastern kings in pomp of death are laid,
The perfumed lamp with unextinguish'd light
Flames through the vault, and cheers the gloom of night:
So, mighty BURKE! in thy sepulchral urn,
To Fancy's view, the lamp of Truth shall burn.
Thither late times shall turn their reverent eyes,
Led by thy light, and by thy wisdom wise.

There *are*, to whom (*their* taste such pleasures cloy)
No light thy wisdom yields, thy wit no joy.
Peace to their heavy heads, and callous hearts,
Peace—such as sloth, as ignorance imparts!
Pleased may they live to plan their country's good,
And crop with calm content their flow'ry food!

What though thy venturous spirit loved to urge
The labouring theme to Reason's utmost verge,

Kindling and mounting from th' enraptur'd sight;
Still anxious wonder watch'd thy daring flight!
While vulgar souls, with mean malignant stare,
Gazed up, the triumph of thy fall to share!
Poor triumph! which for oft extorted praise,
To Envy still too daring Genius pays.

Oh! for thy playful smile, thy potent frown,
T' abash bold Vice, and laugh pert Folly down!
So should the Muse in Humour's happiest vein,
Frame with light verse the metaphoric strain,
With apt allusions from the rural trade,
Tell of *what wood young* JACOBINS *are made;*
How the skill'd gardener grafts with nicest rule
The *slip* of coxcomb on the *stock* of fool—
Forth in bright blossom bursts the tender sprig,
A thing to wonder at, perhaps a *Whig:*
Should tell, how wise each new-fledged pedant prates
Of weightiest matters, grave distractions states—
How rules of policy, and public good,
In Saxon times were rightly understood;
That kings are proper, *may be* useful things,
But then, some gentlemen object to kings;
How in all times the minister 's to blame;
How British liberty 's an empty name;
Till each fair burgh, numerically free,
Shall choose its members by *the Rule of Three.*

So should the Muse, with verse in thunder clothed,
Proclaim the crimes by God and Nature loathed.
Which—when fell poison revels in the veins—
The poison fell, that frantic Gallia drains
From the curst fruit of Freedom's blasted tree—
Blot the fair records of Humanity.

To feebler nations let proud France afford
Her damning choice,—the chalice or the sword,
To drink or die;—Oh fraud! Oh specious lie!
Delusive choice! for *if* they drink, they die.

The sword we dread not:—of ourselves secure,
Firm were our strength, our peace and freedom sure.

Let all the world confederate all its powers,
" Be they not back'd by those that should be ours,"
High on his rock shall BRITAIN'S GENIUS stand,
Scatter the crowded hosts, and vindicate the land.

Guard we but our own hearts : with constant view
To ancient morals, ancient manners true,
Guard we the manlier virtues, such as nerved
Our fathers' breasts, and this proud Isle preserv'd
For many a rugged age—and scorn the while,
(Her arms we fear not), Gallia's specious wiles,
The soft seductions, the refinements nice,
Of gay morality, and easy vice—
So shall we brave the storm—our 'stablish'd pow'r
Thy refuge, Europe, in some happier hour.
But French *in heart*—though victory crown our brow,
Low at our feet though prostrate nations bow,
Wealth gild our cities, commerce crowd our shore,
London may shine, but England is no more.

CANNING.

REMARKS ON THE NINTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

AND REVIEW OF MITCHELL'S ARISTOPHANES.

REMARKS ON THE NINTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

To the Editor *of the* Museum Criticum.

My dear Sir,

I PROPOSE to fulfil the promise which you obligingly exacted from me, by sending a few pages relative to a supposed discovery in *Homer*, which had been before communicated to you, and which I would wish you to make use of in any way which may appear most proper in your own judgment, and in that of your critical friends.

The subject relates to what I shall venture to call by anticipation, the *Lay of Meleager;* namely, the narrative respecting that Hero, which occurs in the speech of Phœnix, in the ninth Book of the Iliad.

Agamemnon has deputed Phœnix, Ulysses, and Ajax, to prevail upon Achilles to return to the War. They find him sitting before his tent, amusing himself with his lyre; and here a singular passage occurs: (Il. I. 189.)

Τῇ ὅγε θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, ἄειδε δ᾽ ἄρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν.

Literally, *He* (Achilles) *was singing the* Fames *of the Heroes.* Phœnix, in his endeavours to mollify the resentment of his pupil, with great propriety, as I apprehend, both as an *argumentum ad hominem*, and in reference to the ideas which (from the amusement in which they found him engaged) he might suppose to be uppermost in his mind, urges upon him the example of *the heroes of whom we have heard the* FAMES; Οὕτω καὶ τῶν πρόσθεν ἐπευθόμεθα κλέα ἀνδρῶν Ἡρώων. (Il. I. 520). Κλέος, like its corresponding word *Fame* in English, is one of those to which, from the nature of their signification, the plural number is not applicable, and I am not aware that it occurs elsewhere, except in the Odyssey, where it is applied to the song of Demodocus, (Odyss. Θ. 73)—

> *Μοῦσ' ἄρ' ἀοιδὸν ἀνῆκεν ἀειδέμεναι κλέα ἀνδρῶν,*
> *Οἴμης, τῆς τότ' ἄρα κλέος οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἵκανε.*

Οἴμη being in this instance understood to signify such a portion of a long poem, as might be recited without a pause by one sustained effort, and corresponding in its signification and origin to the old minstrel term FIT, which though apparently vague and undetermined, (inasmuch as the *οἴμη*, *i. e.* Enthusiastic impulse or *Fit* of recitation would necessarily vary according to the natural powers and animation of different reciters), came nevertheless to be adopted as a precise and technical term, to denote the regular divisions or *cantos* (as we should call them in reference to an etymology not very different), into which the ancient minstrel poems were divided. The words *οἴμης, τῆς τότ'*, &c. therefore (signifying that *Fit* or section of the poem) imply a distinct and specific reference, which must of course presuppose the existence of the thing referred to; and our conclusion must be, that the song of Demodocus was not a poem *in nubibus*, like the song of Iopas in the Æneid, or that of Mopas in Prince Arthur, but a poem actually known, and popular at the time when the description of it in the Odyssey was composed.

The origin of the term *κλέα ἀνδρῶν*, as applied to any particular species of poetic composition, I apprehend to be this; there were then in existence a set of lays or short poems, each of which might be called very properly and appositely, from the name of the Hero who was the subject of it, Κλέος Τυδέος, Κλέος Βελλεροφόντου, Κλέος Ἰολάου, or as in the present instance Κλέος Μελεάγρου: as we had formerly the *Lay of Lanval*, the *Lay of Tristram*, the *Lay of Lancelot*, and others. These poems, when mentioned collectively, would of course be called in the plural number Κλέα or Κλέα ἀνδρῶν. From this origin the term *κλέα ἀνδρῶν* appears to have migrated into the more extended sense, in which we find it employed in the Odyssey, where it is evidently applied to a long poem divided into distinct portions, and comprehending a complicated series of action, in the course of which many heroes must have had their share of celebration.

In the passage of the Iliad which is before us, the term appears more distinctly connected with the origin which we have assigned to it. Achilles is represented as singing the κλέα ἀνδρῶν, and Phœnix *in reference* to them, as was before remarked, relates a short narrative of which Meleager is the principal personage, and which might properly enough have been called Κλέος Μελεάγρου, according to the supposed etymology before stated; and it would then be understood, that the poems with which Achilles was amusing himself, were similar to that which Phœnix recites, *i.e.* short narratives, or detached pieces (like the Spanish romances, each of which was a brief independent narrative of some heroic adventure), a species of composition which should seem best calculated to occupy the temporary attention of an hero, whose habits do not appear to have been of a sedentary nature. And here let me remark, that the comparison which I have made of these supposed poems to the old metrical Romances of Spain, affords a parallel likewise in the application of a plural to a word naturally singular; for Romance, in its primary sense, meant the Roman language or ordinary dialect commonly spoken in the provinces of the Empire, in contradistinction to the correct and classical Latin. In Spain the term was made use of afterwards, to designate the common speech of the country, as distinguished from that species of Latinity which was still the language of the Church and of the Law. Hence, a poem composed in the common language of the country, was called a Romance, to distinguish it from the Hymns of the Church, and the metrical Latin songs of the Monks; and the word in this sense became capable of a plural, as we have supposed the case to have been in the transition from κλέος to κλέα.

But without insisting farther upon the probability of this etymology, or the impossibility of accounting for so paradoxical a plural in any other way, I should conceive that this mode of interpretation gives a greater degree of pertinency and propriety to the narrative of Phœnix, than would belong to it, if we suppose Achilles to have been singing the praises of Heroes in general—*Heroum laudes imitandaque facta.* Secondly, since the term κλέα ἀνδρῶν, as used in the Odyssey, evidently points to a known existing poem, we cannot well avoid inferring that the same phrase must, in like manner, be understood elsewhere as denoting some specific object;

and in both instances it seems contrary to the rules of good criticism, to resolve the expression into a vague indefinite sense.

It is, I believe, an established axiom among critical antiquarians, that the poets of a barbarous age (such as that of Homer) are in no respect more uniformly distinguishable, than in the absence of those general forms, both of expression and description, which result from a more enlarged view of society and manners; while the fastidiousness of a more refined age, dissatisfied with the objects which surround it, imposes upon its contemporary poets the necessity of resorting to a mode of expression more vague and indefinite, the terms of which presuppose the existence of such general knowledge. The translator of Homer, for instance, was censured for having used the words *House of Lords* in some lines addrest to his friend Murray. The expression, in the opinion of the Critics of that age, was not sufficiently dignified. The same idea ought to have been conveyed in some more general form: *the Senate* probably would have been deemed unexceptionable. But in Homer we may be assured, that every thing is called by the name which properly and specifically belonged to it; and we may conclude, *e converso*, that no term is employed without a reference to something which in art, nature, or popular imagination and belief, might be endowed with a separate and specific existence.

Extending the same observation from words to images, we find Voltaire censured for having introduced too specific a description in his lines on the battle of Fontenoy:

> "*Et le vieux nouvelliste, la canne a la main,*
> *Trace au Palais Royal Ypres, Courtrai, Menin.*"

He defends himself with great ingenuity by saying, truly enough, that a similar image, if found in an ancient author, would have been considered as eminently classical. He might have added that the contemporaries of Homer proceeded upon a different principle, and were rather pleased than disgusted at recognizing, in the verses recited to them by their bards, the same objects and images which were familiar to them in daily life. It is not, I apprehend, too much to assume, that in examining the works of poets who existed in an uncultivated age, we should in general lean to a specific and definite mode of interpretation. An English antiquary, if he were to find in an old metrical Chronicle or Romance, that the King or Hero was reading the *Gestis of the Romans*, would understand what was said, not generally as referring to the study of Roman History, but specifically, as signifying the perusal of the particular work called *Gesta Romanorum*, which was popular in the middle ages. In the same manner, though we know that the praises of heroes have in all ages and nations been the subject of poetry and song, it seems more natural to suppose, that Homer, in mentioning the *κλέα ἀνδρῶν*, referred to something which was familiar to his audience, instead of trusting to their knowledge of the general habits of human nature.

If you should allow any degree of weight to the observations above stated, and feel disposed to admit the probability of the existence of such a description of Poems as has been above supposed, this probability will be strengthened by the discovery of any peculiarities of metre in the narrative, which Phœnix is supposed to recite from his recollection of one of them; and reciprocally it will appear probable that such peculiarities are not the effects of accident, when they are discovered in the very spot which our previous speculations had induced us to explore.

The nature of this peculiarity will be best explained by the following arrangement of the lines themselves. (Il. I. 525.)

Κουρῆτές τ' | ἐμάχοντο | καὶ Αἰτωλοὶ | μενέχαρμοι
'Αμφῐ πŏλιν | Καλυδῶνα | καὶ ἀλλήλους | ἐνάριζον·

Αἰτωλοὶ μὲν | ἀμυνόμενοι | Καλυδῶνος | ἐραννῆς,
Κουρῆτες δὲ | διαπραθέειν | μεμαῶτες | Ἄρηϊ.

* * * * | * * | * * * | * * * |
Καὶ γὰρ τοῖσι | κακὸν | χρυσόθρονος | Ἄρτεμις | ὦρσεν.

A line is here marked as wanting; for *τοῖσι* according to the construction should refer to *Κουρῆτες*, whereas the sense evidently applies it to the Ætolians, whose chief, Meleager, had incurred the vengeance of the goddess. It should seem, that the line, which is now wanting, mentioned the injury suffered by the Curetes from the Ætolians, without which we are somewhat at a loss to account for the origin of the war; and that the sense of the remaining line, as connected with that which is lost, should run thus: "they too" (the Ætolians, who had inflicted this injury on the Curetes) "had themselves suffered from a calamity which Diana inflicted upon them."

The next line is Dactylic:

Χωσαμένη, ὃ οἱ οὔτε θαλύσια γουνῷ ἀλωῆς

Οἰνεὺς ῥέξ',	ἄλλοι δὲ	θεοὶ	δαίνυνθ'	ἑκατόμβας
Οἴῃ δ' οὐκ	ἔῤῥεξε	Διὸς	κούρῃ	μεγάλοιο.

The following line,

Ἦ λάθετ', ἢ οὐκ ἐνόησεν· ἀάσατο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ.

is Dactylic.

Ἡ δὲ	χολωσᾰμἔνη̄	Δῖον γένος	Ἰοχέαιρα,
Ὦρσεν	ἐπὶ χλōυνη̄ν	σῦν ἄγριον	ἀργιόδοντα.

Throughout the rest of the narrative, I have detected only one perfect instance of the species of *parallelism* above noted, and the couplet is preceded and followed by lines which are dactylic with the exception of the first foot. (v. 572.)

Ἐξελθεῖν καὶ ἀμῦναι ὑποσχόμενοι μέγα δῶρον·

Ὁππόθι	πῑŏτᾰτον	πεδίον	Καλυδῶνος	ἐραννῆς,
Ἔνθα μιν	ἠνῶγον	τέμεμος	περικαλλὲς	ἑλέσθαι

Πεντηκοντόγυνον, τὸ μὲν ἥμισυ, οἰνοπέδοιο.

And here it may be observed in general, that in those passages in which a dactylic metre appears to be affected, the spondees, where they occur, will be found more frequently in the first foot than in any other. There are however many passages which approach so nearly to it, as to make it probable that they were composed with a view to the same species of metrical effect. Thus (v. 542.)

Τόσσος ἔην, πολλοὺς δὲ	πυρῆς	ἐπέβησ'	ἀλεγεινῆς.
Ἡ δ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ θῆκε	πολὺν	κέλαδον	καὶ ἀϋτήν.

Κουρήτων τὲ μεσηγὺ	καὶ Αἰτωλῶν	μεγαθύμων.
Ὄφρα μὲν οὖν Μελέαγρος	ἀρηΐφιλος	πολέμιζε,
Τόφρα δὲ Κουρήτεσσι	κακῶς ἦν, οὐδ'	ἐθέλεσκον.

And throughout the whole of the narrative, especially in those parts which are essential to the story, there is a peculiarity of cadence, very pleasing in itself, and strikingly distinct from the dramatic rhythm of the speeches.

But before we close the subject, or enter into a new one which is much too wide for me, we must return once more to good old Phœnix. He introduces the narrative by saying, (v. 523.)

Μέμνημαι τόδε ἔργον ἐγὼ πάλαι, οὔτι νέον γε,
Ὡς ἦν, ἐν δ' ὑμῖν ἐρέω πάντεσσι φίλοισι.

" I remember *the thing* as it was at the time, not lately, but a long while ago."—

τόδε ἔργον must relate to some antecedent; but if we translate it 'fact' or 'event,' we find that no fact or event has been mentioned: if we understand it prospectively, besides the drawling tone which it gives to the construction, it leaves two lines wholly destitute of that characteristic colloquial spirit, which belongs to the whole of this scene of the conference with Achilles. The sense (if sense it could be called) would then stand thus: "I remember the following fact as it happened a long while ago, not of late years; and here among my friends I will mention it." The recollection of an event can have only one date, that of the event itself: if therefore Phœnix's recollection of the fact was of old date, it seems somewhat superfluous to say, that it was not recent; and I am not aware of any great propriety in his prefacing his narrative by saying, that he would relate it among friends: such a confidential intimation appears hardly necessary, if we suppose it simply intended to introduce a narrative of events, which had past in the time of their fathers and grandfathers. If, on the other hand, we suppose Phœnix to be speaking of an old piece of poetry, we see what is perfectly consonant to the mixture of gravity and garrulity which is characteristic of old age; the old gentleman refers his recollection of poetry to his early years, and disclaims any later acquaintance with it.

Let us venture this safe assumption, that the character of the human race is invariable; and let us, by referring them to modern and familiar illustration, subject the two modes of interpretation to our natural and familiar sense of what is rational and consistent with character. Let us suppose an old gentleman, (a very old one, if you please, one old enough to remember the times of Sir Robert Walpole)—Let us suppose him talking in company to this effect: "There was a circumstance which I remember as it happened a long while ago, and not lately; and since we are among friends, I will mention it. About the time that Sir Robert Walpole went out of administration, &c. &c. &c." If the story thus introduced was one of public notoriety, and one of which the communication neither required secrecy nor implied confidence, the auditors would, I apprehend, conclude that the worthy gentleman's faculties were considerably impaired. But let us suppose, that in the course of conversation he quotes a couple of lines from Akenside's Epistle to Sir W. Pulteney, and then goes on: "I remember *the thing* at the time: it is a long while ago, and I have never thought of it since; but as we are all among friends, I'll try if I cannot recollect some more of it." Here we have, in my opinion, a much finer and heartier personage than the former; and we are obliged to him, moreover, for having given us a solution of our difficulty respecting *τόδε ἔργον*, which, as we now see, refers to lines that he has been quoting. If we recollect that most of our old Romances begin with a mention of other Romances (a peculiarity which is noticed in Chamers's burlesque imitation of them,

"Men talken of Romans of price,")

and that the oldest Romance in existence, that of the Niebelungen, begins with a reference to some older Romances, we must surely admit that there is no reason *à priori*, why the ancient popular heroic poetry of the Greeks should not have done so too. Phœnix, I apprehend, has already quoted some lines of the poem, which were introductory of the narrative: (v. 520.)

Οὕτω κα | τῶν πρόσθεν | ἐπευθόμεθα | κλέα ἀνδρῶν
Ἡρώων· | ὅτε κέν τιν' | ἐπιζάφελος | χόλος ἵκοι,
Δωρητοί | τε πέλοντο | παραῤῥήτοις τ' | ἐπέεσσι.

The phrase *τόδε ἔργον* is used then by Phœnix in reference to the introductory lines which he had been quoting. He then goes on, "I remember the old ditty a long while ago; and, since we are among friends, I will repeat it." If this paraphrase appears below the dignity of the speaker or the gravity of the subject, we must bear in mind, that in Homer's time verse was the only record of past events, and that there is no more absurdity in Phœnix's reference to an old tale in verse, than in the appeals made by Shakespeare's Heroes to the authority of Chronicles and public Acts.

If you are disposed to obelize the last of these lines as an interpolation introduced by Phœnix and not originally belonging to a real genuine old *Κλέος*, I shall willingly give it up; and will only beg of you in that case to include the last part of the preceding line (v. 519.).

| *νεμεσσητὸν* | *κεχολῶσθαι.*

and to attribute the preservation of such a degree of parallelism through four lines, to a design on the part of the composer to mark the reference to another species of poetry, by an impressive uniformity of metre.

With respect to this last supposed instance of a quotation not formally announced, but introduced casually and rapidly in the current of discourse, it does not appear to me to stand alone; there are, if I mistake not, two others in this dramatic scene of the tent of Achilles; one in the speech of Ulysses, and another in that of Achilles himself; both of them, if considered in that light, admirably consonant to the character of the Speakers. But I have fatigued myself, and shall, I am afraid, have wearied your readers: I will therefore only remark, that the character and spirit of Ulysses' speech is poisoned by the interpolation of the line 231.

Νῆας ἐϋσσέλμους, εἰ μὴ σύ γε δύσεαι ἀλκήν.

If you feel as much as I do, how totally it destroys the character of manly reserve which marks the first part of that speech, you will, I hope, transfix it with your Obelus. It seems to have been introduced for no reason but to accommodate ἀπολέσθαι with an accusative case to govern. I will now absolutely conclude.

Believe me, with great respect,
Very sincerely yours,
J. H. Frere.

Roydon, Septr. 26, 1815

Dear Sir,

ON perusing the proof sheet of my Reverees, which you have been so obliging as to forward to me, I find them so much shrunk in bulk under the hands of your Printer, that the apprehension of inordinate length, which induced me to conclude rather abruptly, is done away, and I am inclined (instead of leaving your Readers to look for the *solution of the Conundrum in our next*) to give the lines in the speeches of Ulysses and Achilles, which appear to me to have the character of quotation.

In the first place I beg leave to premise, that the whole of the scene which takes place in the tent of Achilles, is remarkably free from interpolation, and exempt from those absurdities and incongruities, which are in general so conveniently accounted for as *Nutations* of the great Bard. The application therefore of tests drawn from nature, and the truth of character, is admissible for the detection of the few interpolations which are evidently inconsistent with the intention of the Author; an' intention which, from the general integrity of the context, is sufficiently manifest. The speech of Ulysses may be considered as a kind of model, exhibiting the utmost degree of artifice and address, which is consistent with perfect manliness of character. It was not the intention of the Poet to represent Ulysses as descending from the heroic elevation of mind, which belonged to him in common with Ajax and Diomede; but as combining with it a degree of prudence and management which was peculiar to himself. Accordingly, if we expunge that single line of silly and premature importunity, the general tone of Ulysses' speech will run thus; "You must excuse " us, if we do not partake of the banquet which you have set before " us; but the dangers and difficulties which we are exposed to at this " moment, leave us neither leisure nor inclination to enjoy ourselves." He then describes these dangers, taking care at the same time to make Hector the prominent figure; but disguising this artifice by a general air of desperate unconcern. He then adds, " But if it " was originally your intention to reserve yourself for the last ex- " tremity, and to interfere ultimately to prevent your countrymen " from being overwhelmed and trampled down by the uproar of " these Trojans, remember the old lines—

Repentance and Regret will wring your mind;
Succour delay'd arrives but to deplore
The ills accomplish'd, while it lagg'd behind:
Give aid in time of need, or long before.

" If you ever entertained any such designs, it is become necessary " for you to interfere for the preservation of the Greeks."

The lines of the original will then stand thus: (Il. I. 247.)

'Αλλ' ἄνα, εἰ μέμονάς γε, καὶ ὀψέ-περ, υἷας 'Αχαιῶν
Τειρομένους ἐρύεσθαι ὑπὸ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ·

" Αὐτῷ τοι	μετόπισθ'	ἄχος	ἔσσεται	οὐδέ	τι μῆχος
" 'Ρεχθέντος	κακοῦ ἐστ'	ἄκος	εὑρεῖν	ἀλλὰ	πολὺ πρὶν.

Φράζεν, ὅπως Δαναοῖσιν ἀλεξήσεις κακὸν ἦμαρ.

The lines which are marked as a quotation, are inserted parenthetically, as is commonly the case with quotations introduced in rapid and earnest discourse; and the word φράζεν follows in the same construction which would belong to it, if the parenthetical passage were omitted. If we connect φράζεν with the preceding words πολὺ πρὶν, the result gives a sense inconsistent with the character of the speaker, and offensive to the temper of the person whom he is addressing: the tone becomes that of an impertinent assumption of a general right to admonish and advise. It is moreover in direct contradiction to the whole of Ulysses' argument; for if Achilles still had it in his power to interpose *long before* the apprehended catastrophe, it is obvious, that the danger could not be so imminent or immediate as it had been represented.

The construction which is here conceived to be the correct one, is that by which Ulysses, after appealing simply to the supposed intentions of Achilles, instead of importuning him on his own behalf, or on the part of those who had sent him, alleges as a general maxim two proverbial lines upon the mortification and disappointment attendant upon the delay of an intended benefit, and applies them to the case in point. He does not venture in his own person to threaten Achilles with the future visitations of remorse. After this reference to Achilles' supposed intentions, he proceeds to cite the opinion which of all others (next to those proceeding from his own mind) Achilles was the most likely to listen to with complacency, that of his father Peleus, and the advice which he had given him at parting: upon the authority of this advice, he ventures to add,

Ὣς ἐπέτελλ' ὁ γέρων· σὺ δὲ λήθεαι· ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
Παῦε, ἔα δὲ χόλον θυμαλγέα· σοὶ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
Ἄξια δῶρα δίδωσι, &c. (Il. I. 259.)

It is not till the conclusion that Ulysses descends, and for a single line only, to direct supplication: v. 301.

——— *σὺ δ' ἄλλους περ Παναχαιοὺς*
Τειρομένους ἐλέαιρε κατὰ στράτον, οἵ σε, θεὸν ὥς,
Τίσουσ'· ———

while at the same time he ventures more openly to stimulate him by a prospect of the glory which he might derive from the destruction of Hector; an artifice which Achilles is represented as detecting and resenting in his reply.

Upon the whole it may be safely assumed, I believe, as a general principle, that men are disposed to qualify whatever may appear importunate to their hearers, or be felt as in any degree degrading to themselves, by the allegation of some general maxim. The proverb, *Bis dat qui cito dat* is one of perpetual recurrence in petitions, as the most decent form of urgent application; and Ulysses' supposed quotation is only a more prolix proverb to the same effect.

The quotation (for such I conceive it to be) in the speech of Achilles, is to be found in the lines in which he rejects the offer of Agamemnon's daughter.

The insolent humour of Lauzun was never more strongly characterised, than when, upon the death of Mademoiselle, his mistress and supposed or intended wife, he took occasion to express his concern or unconcern in two lines of an old tune:

Elle est morte la vache au panier,
Elle est morte, il n'en faut plus parler.

I conceive that Achilles was represented as expressing his refusal with a similar sublimity of impertinence: v. 388.

Κούρην δ' οὐ γαμέω 'Αγαμέμνονος 'Ατρείδαο·
Οὐδ' εἰ χρυσείῃ | 'Αφροδίτῃ | κάλλος ἐρίζοι,
"Εργα δ' 'Αθηναίῃ | γλαυκώπιδι | ἰσοφαρίζοι,
Οὐδέ μιν ὧς γαμέω· | ὁ δ' 'Αχαιῶν | ἄλλον ἑλέσθω.

If we conceive these lines to be a quotation from some more ancient and Hexametrical Archilochus, we shall see that he was either restricted to, or occasionally indulged in, Rhyme at the Cæsura and the termination.

If I may be allowed to appeal to a very poor authority, but to a very impartial one (for it was my own, some time before the idea of a quotation had occurred to me) these lines as they are generally understood, and as I then understood them, are destitute of that spirit of mocking and insolence, which marks the rest of Achilles' speech in those passages, which have a personal reference to Agamemnon.

Accordingly, in an attempt[1] to translate some lines of it into what I conceived to be a style of language corresponding to the character of the original, the supposed defect in this passage was disguised, by making Achilles mention Agamemnon's daughters in the plural:

"His girls may equal Venus in their bloom,
And Pallas in the labours of the loom,
Adorn'd with graces and with charms divine;
But never shall he see them wives of mine:
Some suitable alliance let him seek,
Some other nobler, more distinguished Greek."

Before I conclude, I will not omit an odd coincidence upon the subject of rhyme: in a passage in the story of Meleager above mentioned, where a common place is mentioned as common place, and of course as a poetical common place, a strong rhyme occurs at the Cæsura; v. 587.

—— καί οἱ κατέλεξεν ἅπαντα
Κήδε', ὅσ' ἀνθρώποισι πέλει, τῶν ἄστυ ἁλώῃ·
"Ανδρας μὲν κτείνουσι ——
Τέκνα δέ τ' ἄλλοι ἄγουσι ——

Believe me,
My dear Sir,
Very sincerely yours,
J. H. Frere.

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[1] This "attempt," which was to translate from line 308 to line 487 of this Book of the Iliad, will be found at length in Vol. II.

REVIEW OF MITCHELL'S ARISTOPHANES.[1]

From the "Quarterly Review," Vol. 23, p. 474.

SOME of our readers may be disposed to think that the subject of the Aristophanic comedy has of late occupied a sufficient space in our pages: we must, however, persevere, and insist like Falstaff—"Play on the play. We have much to say in behalf of that same Aristophanes." With respect to the present translation, it may truly be said to be much the best that has hitherto appeared in our own, or, as far as our acquaintance extends, in any other modern language. It may even be said, with truth, that, to an English reader, the first perusal of this translation may afford as much pleasure as the perusal of the original is calculated to give to a proficient in the Greek language, who undertakes, for the first time, to read a play of Aristophanes in the original. Those, however, who have indulged in a continued study of the original, and (prompted by the perpetual development of new and unobserved beauties in the change and play of style, and in the brief and pointed expression of comic character), have become entirely familiar with the author, will continue to derive a pleasure from repeated reperusals of the original, such as we cannot venture to promise to the English scholar, if he should be induced to recur, for a second or third time, to the work now before us. We shall, however, before we conclude, have the satisfaction of pointing out some passages which, like those of the original, fix themselves (the great test of excellence) involuntarily in the memory, and which may be recalled to it and repeated with undiminished gratification. The main cause of the defect alluded to, and of the disappointment which will be experienced by those who are best acquainted with the original, if they expect to find the various forms of language, and the phrases expressive of character, represented in a satisfactory manner by English equivalents, is to be attributed to the adoption of a particular style; the style of our ancient comedy in the beginning of the 16th century. We shall proceed to give the reasons which lead us to consider this style as peculiarly proper for the purposes to which our own early dramatic poets applied it; and which, at the same time, and for the same reasons, if they are just ones, must render it wholly unsuitable for representing or reproducing that peculiar species of drama to which the comedies of Aristophanes belong.

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[1] *The Comedies of Aristophanes.* By T. Mitchell, A.M., late Fellow of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge. Vol. I. pp. 462. London, 1820.

The early comedy of modern Europe, that of the first half of the 16th century, is a fancy portrait of the society of the time. The pleasure which it afforded was similar to that which we experience when we contemplate a picture, in which the resemblance of a countenance familiar to us is expressed with that addition of harmony and grace which embellish the resemblance, without much detracting from its truth. Such was the character and principle of the dramas of Calderon and his contemporaries; and, before him, of Lope; and of Fletcher, Shirley, and others, amongst ourselves. In all these, dignity of character is uniformly maintained—the cavaliers are represented as daring and generous, delicate and faithful to excess: the highest tone of sentiment is kept up: the tone of the language also, (which is more to our purpose), is proportionably elevated above the common parlance of those times. Hence, as in tragedy (and for the same reasons), the appearance of truth and nature in the whole composition is preserved by the easy and probable arrangement of events, quarrels, jealousies, discoveries, and sudden turns of fortune, which constitute what is called the plot. The excellence of these comedies, and the merit of the author, were estimated, in great measure, from the construction of the plot; for as by the rules which belong to that species of drama, the language and characters were idealized, and, therefore, to a certain degree, removed from reality and experience, the admission of this improbability would require to be compensated, by a greater apparent probability in the only part which remained, viz. the action and events.[1]

But the ancient Aristophanic comedy proceeded upon a principle of compensation totally different. In this species of composition, the utter extravagance and impossibility of the supposed action, is an indispensable requisite; the portion of truth and reality, which is admitted as a counterpoise, consists wholly in the character and language. It is a grave, humorous, impossible, GREAT LIE, related with an accurate mimicry of the language and manner of the persons introduced, and great exactness of circumstance in the inferior details. In its simpler state, it appears to be one of the commonest and most spontaneous products of the human mind; and usually arises in some strong expression, which, a moment after, is taken literally, converted into a reality, and invested with all the circumstances of action and dialogue. We shall show that the plays now before us, the Acharnæ and the Knights (or Demagogues), are capable of being traced to the kind of conversation, out of which, in all probability, they did originate.

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[1] In what we have said on this subject, we have followed the course by which we are persuaded that the authors we have mentioned arrived at the conclusions which guided their practice; but for mere illustration it would be equally obvious to invert the statement, and to say that where the incidents are probable, the language and sentiments must be elevated above ordinary nature, and in this order it would seem that the inferior tribe of dramatists have, in general, proceeded, taking probability of character and incident as their basis, and endeavouring to ennoble it by displays of style and sentiment. The result of the direct and of the inverted process may be exemplified in the Electras of Sophocles and

There are other plays, which appear to have grown up from mere sport, when, in a playful conversation, fancied events are developed into an imaginary detail.

If we were possessed of the Boswells of antiquity, who are cited by Athenæus, we might, perhaps, find some notices which would illustrate the history of the comic stage; but for want of them, let us suppose an ancient prototype of our entertaining countryman, giving an account of the origin and first suggestion of the Thesmophoriozousæ.

"After supper Philonides, meaning to rouse Aristophanes, who had been cracking his nuts without much attending to the conversation, began to talk about Euripides, and, turning to Aristophanes, asked him—what he thought of his last tragedy?"

Arist. "Why, it has his usual faults and his usual merits, only I think he's more than usually severe upon the women."

Phil. "He's worse than ever—why he'll drive them to desperation—yes, they will be driven to some desperate measure against him—we have had so many plots and conspiracies of late, the women will take the hint—we shall have a conspiracy of the women against Euripides."

Arist. "Well, now is their time—they have three days to themselves at the Thesmophoria—considering how the art of plotting is improved, there is time enough to form a very promising conspiracy."

Euripides: in the first, the display of character is evidently the principal object; the probability of the story is artfully elaborated; but we see that it was a secondary consideration. In Euripides, on the contrary, probability is evidently the primary object, while the characters are left to display themselves as circumstances may permit. We have taken our illustration of the two opposite processes from tragedy, because, in fact, this system of counterpoise, in which the probability of the story is placed, as a weight in one of the scales, belongs equally to tragedy and to the higher species of comedy.

Phil. "Upon my word, I begin to suspect that there must be something of the kind in agitation—I almost think it would be right to speak to some friend of Euripides to desire him to be upon his guard.—But what would he do, do you think, upon the first alarm?"

M. or *N.* (*across the table*). "Why, I suppose he would consult with that fine rough-handed fellow his father-in-law Mnesilochus."

Arist. "No, he would not consult him; he would only tell him to keep himself in readiness to receive his orders."

Phil. "But what would be the first thing he would do?"

Arist. "The first thing, of course, would be to compose one of his long apologetical harangues, according to all the established rules of rhetoric, and in direct opposition to decorum and common-sense."

Phil. "But after all, this harangue must be delivered among the assembled females—how is he to contrive that?—The women are so exasperated against him, none of them would be persuaded to appear as his advocate."

M. or *N.* (*as before*). "Might not Agathon, the poet, go amongst them in disguise, with that smooth face of his?"

Arist. "Oh no, Agathon would take care of himself, depend upon it; he will never get himself into a scrape for anybody."

Phil. "Well then, it must be old Mnesilochus himself,—Euripides must shave him and dress him up for the purpose. But what will become of him when he is detected?"

Arist. "Then of course Euripides must exert himself, and employ his whole system of tragical devices for his escape."

Phil. (*after a pause.*) "Well, now, Aristophanes, I can't help thinking, if all that we have been saying was put together, and worked up in your way, it would turn out a very tolerable comedy."

Arist. "Why perhaps it might, as good as some of mine are; and better than some others; and better than other people's."

Phil. "Then perhaps you will think of it, if nothing better should occur, as a subject in time for the next festival?"

Arist. "Why perhaps I may."

For the sake of those who may not have read it, or who do not immediately recollect it, it may be necessary to state that this supposed dialogue comprehends all the material incidents of the comedy.

The origin of the Acharnæ is simpler. Let us suppose an honest warm-tempered man obliged, (as many were at the time,) like Dicæopolis in this play, to abandon his landed property to destruction, and to take refuge in the town—we may suppose that he would be likely to express his feelings nearly in this way:—

"If our great politicians, and your leading people here, in Athens, choose to waste the public treasure in embassies and expeditions, that is their own affair; but I do not see what right they have to bring down a Peloponnesian army to drive me out of my farm—there's no quarrel that we country-people ever had with them to my knowledge—we should all be glad enough to let-alone for let-alone—for my part, if these enemies of ours (as they call them) would allow me to live on

> my farm, and buy and sell as I used to do, I'd give 'em up all the money I'm worth, and thank 'em into the bargain—and I'd go there to-morrow:—but as for our Statesmen, I'm persuaded if a Deity were to come down from Heaven, on purpose to propose a Peace to them, they would never listen to him."

We have here a natural and passionate form of expression, which, uttered in the hearing of a poet such as Aristophanes, was sufficient to suggest the plot of the Acharnæ and the scene of the Demigod Amphitheus; the rest of the play, with all its wild and fanciful circumstances, being, in fact, nothing more than a whimsical exemplification of the first supposition; namely, that a private citizen had succeeded in concluding and maintaining a separate peace.

With respect to the play of the Knights (or Demagogues), the very conversation out of which it originated is to be traced in the passage from line 125 to 144 of the original. The conversation turned upon "the degradation of the democracy since the death of Pericles, whose successors in administration had been a lint-seller, Eucrates, a sheepseller, Lysicles, and a leatherseller, Cleon, (στυππειοπώλης — προβατοπώλης — βυρσοπώλης,) who had superseded each other in a rapid succession." Then some speculation arose as to what branch of trade was likely to furnish the leading statesmen to whom the destinies of the state were to be next entrusted, when (in reference to the occupation of one Hyperbolus, whose rising impudence and rascality appeared to mark him out for popular eminence) it was said, "Depend upon it, it will be a lampseller—λυχνοπώλης τις ἢ λαμπαδοπώλης;—to which the answer was Μὰ δία ἀλλ' ἀλλαντοπώλης—"Depend upon it, we cannot expect to stop short in the downfall of all decency and dignity—the "lowest occupation will have the best chance—we shall have a "sausage-seller." The particular occupation "a sausage-seller" would be suggested by something of a similarity in the sound of the words in Greek.

We have here the whole action of the play, which supposes a sausage-seller to succeed in supplanting Cleon, and to assume the administration in his place: the personification of the Athenian democracy is an invention of the highest poetical and moral merit; but it would seem to have been secondary in point of time, and to have been adopted, as one of the means of arriving at the predetermined result. We think that the primary idea, from which the whole organization of the play was evolved, must have existed in a conversation somewhat similar to that which we have supposed.

We have been somewhat diffuse in our illustration of the mode of Invention which belongs to this species of Comedy, because it has in general been regarded as utterly extravagant and unaccountable; at least by all those who have considered it in reference to the established rules of dramatic composition and invention; we shall now resume briefly, but with a more comprehensive view, the subject with which we set out, and from which we have so long digressed.

The object of the poetic and dramatic art is to instruct without offence; to give men hints of their faults and errors, sufficiently strong to enable them, each for himself, to make the personal application to his own case, but so, that neither the author nor the actor shall appear in the character of an accuser, or even of a monitor, which, among equals, is always odious.[1] In order to effect this, truth must be mixed up with some ingredients of unreality; either the persons must be obviously fictitious, as in fable, or the events must be impossible, as in the Aristophanic comedy; or supposing the events to be combined with probability, the language and sentiments must be removed from the reality of ordinary life, as is the case in tragedy, and (to a certain degree) in our own old regular comedy of the seventeenth century, the comedy of Jonson and Fletcher. Thus, absolute Reality is to be avoided as too directly offensive; but absolute Unreality is equally objectionable; it is vague, feeble, and applies to nothing. The two opposites must be combined. Where the events are coherent and possible, the language must be ideal— Where the fiction is wild and extravagant, its extravagance must be compensated by a reality in the language. In Shakespeare's play of the Tempest, we perceive a tendency to a fault arising out of a neglect of this rule, and the correction which his great judgment applied to it; the impossibility of the events, combined with the ideality of the language and characters, begin to give a character of vagueness and vacuity to the scene, till the strong infusion of vulgar reality in the character of Trinculo, and his speculations on the profit which might be made in London by exhibiting his friend Caliban, restore the equilibrium at once, and place the spectator in that due medium between truth and falsehood which the laws of composition require.

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[1] This is the true medium, and whenever the Drama professes to do more (like most extravagant professors) it commonly betrays its trust.—Comedy at once moral and probable, is found, generally speaking, to be nothing more than a formal sententious sycophant, inveighing against vices and errors which are no longer in vogue; and celebrating exclusively those virtues which are most nearly allied to the prevailing follies and disorders of the time. It is the morality of the *Hermite de la Chausée D'Antin*, which (as a friend observed) is precisely that of a grave, sober, discreet, obliging, grey-headed keeper of a bagnio.

In Aristophanes it may be observed that in those parts of his plays in which the circumstances are the most outrageously impossible, the truth and reality of the dialogue are the most studiously laboured. It is then that he delights to exhibit the little unavowed struggle for ascendancy, with its alternate triumphs, efforts and defeats, and, above all, the pride of local information by which the new-comer, whether at the mansion of Jupiter or of Pluto, is kept at arms-length and obliged to bow to the superior knowledge and importance of the established resident. But as all the plays of Aristophanes involve more or less the assumption of some impossibility, so throughout, the perfect reality of the dialogue, both in the little artifices of conversation, and in the forms and turns of expression, is maintained; we might say, uniformly; but that occasionally, passages are interspersed, consisting either of burlesque of particular passages in the tragic writers, or of the tragic style in general. Now as these passages are perfectly distinguishable in the original, they ought undoubtedly to be, at least, recognizable in the translation; and here we think, that the choice which Mr. Mitchell has made, of a style borrowed from our early comedies, has subjected him to particular disadvantages: the tone of his general style having been pitched too high, and partaking of an artificial character, it becomes impossible almost, to mark, by any corresponding change, those transitions, by which the original passes from natural into artificial language. Hence, in the dialogue between Dicæopolis and Euripides, and in the harangue of the former, the variation and play of style, passing perpetually from the natural to the burlesque, and in the scene between Demosthenes and the Sausage-seller, the strong declamatory language of the one, and the vulgar interruptions of the other, are represented in the translation by the same uniform and artificial language. It is not too much to say that if Ben Jonson himself, who was certainly a mighty master both of learning and humour, had attempted a translation of Aristophanes, in the same style which he has employed in his own comedies, the very nature of the attempt would have made it impossible for him to produce an adequate representation of the original. But Jonson would have possessed many advantages, which cannot belong to a modern who undertakes to perform the same task in language imitated from him. The language of Jonson, though not purely natural, was at least founded upon, and immediately deduced from nature; it was not an imitation of daily speech, but was conformable to it, and never lost sight of it as a test by which the proper employment of words, and the natural combination of them, was to be determined. Hence, though we are sensible that the language is neither simple nor natural, we are never shocked by anomalous or discordant arrangements of words; the aberration is confined within a certain limit—a limit which was traced out to the author by that usage—

"Quem penès arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi."

But the author, who attempts to write in the language of times that are past, has no such guide; he has no resource beyond his books, and if they fail him or mislead him, he is in perpetual danger of committing offences against the propriety of language. In a work of so much merit and labour, we should be unwilling to quote particular passages for reprobation; but there are many in which the English idiom is so strained, that a reader to whose recollection the original is not immediately present, would be led to conclude, that the harshness of the translation must have arisen from a verbal adherence to the idiom of the original; and he is surprised, on turning to it, to find that the phrase which he has condemned is given as the English equivalent for an idiom of a different construction. But even if the style and language of our own old comedies were suited to represent the character of the ancient Aristophanic comedy; which from the essential differences subsisting between the two genera, we think, that it is *not*;—and even supposing that ancient style to be perfectly imitated, we should still feel an objection, arising from the very perfection of the imitation; as it would have a constant tendency to destroy that illusion which it is the object of the translator to create: the translation might be admirable, but the reader would be constantly reminded, that he was reading an admirable translation—he would never be allowed to lose himself in the thoughts and images, and forget for a moment the language in which they were conveyed to him.

The language of translation ought, we think, as far as possible, to be a pure, impalpable and invisible element, the medium of thought and feeling, and nothing more; it ought never to attract attention to itself; hence all phrases that are remarkable in themselves, either as old or new; all importations from foreign languages and quotations, are as far as possible to be avoided. This may appear somewhat too strict to some of our readers; but we are persuaded that Mr. Mitchell himself is too well acquainted with the principles of translation, not to be aware, upon reflection, that such phrases as he has sometimes admitted, "*solus cum solo*," for instance, "*petits patés*," &c., have the immediate effect of reminding the reader, that he is reading a translation, and that the illusion of originality, which the spirited or natural turn of a sentence immediately preceding might have excited, is instantly dissipated by it.

We think that licenses of this kind have in themselves a character of petulance and flippancy—that they are wholly unworthy of the judgment and good taste which Mr. Mitchell has in general shown: —they belong more properly to that class of translators who are denominated *Spirited Translators*, whose spirit and ability consist in substituting a modern variety or peculiarity for an ancient one, to the utter confusion of all unity of time, place and character; leaving the mind of the reader bewildered as in a masquerade, crowded and confused with ancient and modern costumes. Of this class of translators, and of their ancient and inveterate antagonists, the *Faithful Translators*, we should wish to say something, because we think that it may tend to illustrate the principle of translation generally.—The proper domain of the Translator is, we conceive, to be found in that vast mass of feeling, passion, interest, action and habit which is common to mankind in all countries and in all ages; and which, in all languages, is invested with its appropriate forms of expression, capable of representing it in all its infinite varieties, in all the permanent distinctions of age, profession, and temperament, which have remained immutable, and of which the identity is to be traced almost in every page of the author before us.

Nothing can be more convincing or more deeply astonishing than the result which must remain upon the mind of every man who has read the remains of Aristophanes with the attention which they deserve. It is evident that every shade of the human character, and the very mode in which each is manifested, remain the same; not a genus or a species is become extinct; many even which might naturally have been considered as mere accidental varieties are still preserved, or have been reproduced.

The original author who is addressing his contemporaries must of course make use of phrases according to their conventional import; he will likewise, for the sake of immediate effect, convey his general observations in the form of local or even personal allusion. It is the office, we presume, of the Translator to represent the forms of language according to the intention with which they are employed; he will therefore in his translation make use of the phrases in his own language, to which habit and custom have assigned a similar conventional import, taking care, however, to avoid those, which, from their form or any other circumstances, are connected with associations exclusively belonging to modern manners; he will likewise, if he is capable of executing his task upon a philosophic principle, endeavour to resolve the personal and local allusions into the genera, of which the local or personal variety employed by the original author is merely the accidental type; and to reproduce them in one of those permanent forms which are connected with the universal and immutable habits of mankind. The Faithful translator will not venture to take liberties of this kind; he *renders* into English all the conversational phrases according to their grammatical and logical form, without any reference to the current usage which had affixed to them an arbitrary sense, and appropriated them to a particular and definite purpose. He retains scrupulously all the local and personal peculiarities, and in the most rapid and transient allusions thinks it his duty to arrest the attention of the reader with a tedious explanatory note. The Spirited Translator, on the contrary, employs the corresponding modern phrases; but he is apt to imagine that a peculiar liveliness and vivacity may be imparted to his performance, by the employment of such phrases as are particularly connected with modern manners; and if at any time he feels more than usually anxious to avoid the appearance of pedantry, he thinks he cannot escape from it in any way more effectually, than by adopting the slang and jargon of the day. The peculiarities of ancient times he endeavours to represent, by substituting in their place the peculiarities of his own time and nation.

But after all that we have said, an instance in the two opposite styles will, perhaps, make our meaning more intelligible: Bacchus is interposing to calm the controversy between Æschylus and Euripides, which is rising into violence on both sides, and he represents to them—

“ λοιδορεῖσϑαι δ' οὐ πρέπει
Ἄνδρας ποιητάς ὥσπερ ἀρτοπώλιδας.”

literally—

————————“It ill beseems
Illustrious bards to scold like bakers' wives.”

And, so accordingly the literal and Faithful Translator will render it, with the addition of a note, in which he makes it clear, by the testimony of various learned authorities, that the bakers' wives in Athens were addicted to scolding above their fellows. Not so the Spirited Translator; he looks for a modern peculiarity to countervail the ancient, and puts boldly "to scold like oyster wenches."

But he, the lawful and true Translator, such as we conceive him —*τόν φρόνιμον ἄνδρα τόν ὑπέρσοφον*—proceeding upon the philosophic principle before mentioned, and revolving in his mind those characteristics, which (from the necessary order of sublunary things) must inseparably adhere to the practice of inferior traffic in a place of open competition; and more especially where the articles exposed for sale are in themselves of a perishable and transitory nature; He will infer *a priori*, that among the vendors of such commodities, so circumstanced, a spirit of objurgatory altercation must of necessity prevail; the authority of antiquity, the concurring reports of enlightened and veracious travellers, the testimony of his own ears, in passing through the various Agorai of our own metropolis, will satisfy him, that the conclusion to which he before arrived by induction, is a just one; and that the race of Market Scolds are a permanent and imperishable species. Emboldened by this discovery, he proceeds to resolve the variety into the species, and ventures to translate *ἀρτοπώλιδας* "hucksters" or "market women," as may happen to suit the verse; and though the passage so rendered be neither brilliant nor spirited, nor literally faithful, he is satisfied, that by avoiding both the ancient and the modern peculiarity, he does not, (during the perusal of one line at least,) oblige his reader to recollect, that the work which he has before him is a mere translation.

But in order to convey more perfectly our own idea of what we should consider as an adequate translation, we will suppose an imaginary case:—An ancient manuscript containing one of the plays of Aristophanes, hitherto supposed to have been lost, falls by some accident into the hands of a person capable of translating it upon the principle which we should consider as the true one. He translates accordingly, and publishes his translation; but determines for a time to keep the original to himself. The learned readers of such a translation, when they had finished their perusal, might be able to infer, from the total absence of any of those peculiarities, unintelligible to an English reader, which belong to antiquity, but which are no wise characteristic of it, which distract the attention without affording employment for the imagination—they would infer, we say, from the total absence of all these types of authenticity, that the translation could not have been executed in strict and literal conformity to the text of the supposed manuscript. But if on the other hand, the tone and character of antiquity, and the general spirit of the original author, should have been so perfectly maintained throughout, as to make it impossible to fix upon any one passage, of which it could confidently be said, "that it was a deviation from the original," or if in so fixing upon a particular passage, the learned before-mentioned should happen to be wrong; we should conceive in such a case, that the translator had in no degree transgressed the limits of that license, which is fairly allowable to him; that he had fulfilled at least one important condition, in preserving the unity and propriety of costume; and that he ought in justice to be exempt from that condemnation, to which the race of spirited translators, before-mentioned, are, we think, deservedly consigned.

We shall now return to a part of our subject of which we had almost lost sight. The principle of generalization will be found, we imagine, to be more or less applicable to translation, in proportion as the mind of the original author may be found to have proceeded habitually upon the same principles. Shakespeare appears at the first glance to be an author, beyond all others, encumbered and beset with accidental peculiarities, (the peculiarities of his own age and nation,) and might accordingly be considered as incapable of being properly translated; but a deeper insight into his works discovers a spirit of generalization, in which the local and peculiar allusions served but as types and abstracts of universal and permanent forms: hence we should see no reason why a mind capable of truly comprehending him, and possessing a practical command of any modern language, might not succeed (as the Germans are said to have done) in producing an adequate translation of his works. The same remark will apply to Aristophanes; the impossibility of producing a good translation of him has been so long repeated, that it has come at last to be admitted as an established critical dogma: he is, indeed, like Shakespeare, (and even in a much greater degree,) encumbered with local and individual allusions, and might from that difficulty alone, if it were an insuperable one, be abandoned at once as untranslateable; but the greater portion of his works has evidently been conceived in a deep and comprehensive spirit of generalization: if therefore we suppose a competent portion of dexterity in the management of any modern language, to be superadded to a thorough comprehension of the original; we, for our parts, are unable to see why an adequate translation, of such parts at least of the original as have been composed upon these principles, may not by possibility be produced; the talent and attainments requisite are not of the highest order, and if we add to these a natural feeling of taste, and a disposition to execute the task, with the degree of perfection of which it is capable, it should seem, that little else would be requisite.

We have ventured to say, that Aristophanes composed for the most part upon principles of generalization; and, we repeat it. His representation is, indeed, a caricature of the Genus; but still it is Generic. Lamachus, for instance, in the play before us, (the *Acharnians*), is not the individual *Lamachus;* he is as pure an abstract as his opponent Dicæopolis; the one proud, haughty, courteous, romantic, adventurous, and imaginative; the other shrewd, calculating, peaceful and sensual, humble or saucy, as circumstances may require or permit: they are the permanent contrasts of human nature, and like their parallels, Don Quixote and Sancho, belong equally to all nations and times.

The pretensions and airs of the Envoys returned from two Courts of a different description, are not accidental but permanent traits. If we substitute the Court of the Czar Peter and that of Louis XIV. for Thrace and Persia, we shall see that the Envoy returned from the one, would be disposed to boast of his familiarity with the barbarous Autocrat, the rude conviviality in which they had lived together, and the sincerity and heartiness of his royal friend's politics; while the other, in an affected tone of complaint, would detail the intolerable excess of luxury and magnificence and accommodation, which had been obtruded upon him, at Versailles and the voyage de Marly.

The two Country People who are introduced as attending Dicæopolis's market, are not merely a Megarian and a Theban distinguished by a difference of dialect and behaviour; they are the two extremes of rustic character—the one (the Megarian) depressed by indigence into meanness, is shifting and selfish, with habits of coarse fraud and vulgar jocularity. The caricature, to be sure, is extravagant; but it is a caricature of the Genus.—The Theban is the direct opposite—a primitive, hearty, frank, unsuspicious, easy-minded fellow; he comes to market with his followers, in a kind of old fashioned rustic triumph, with his bag-pipers attending him:

Dicæopolis (the Athenian, the medium between the two extremes before described) immediately exhibits his superior refinement, by suppressing their minstrelsy; and the honest Theban, instead of being offended, joins in condemning them. He then displays his wares, and the Athenian, with a burlesque tragical rant, takes one of his best articles (a Copaic eel) and delivers it to his own attendants to be conveyed within doors. The Theban, with great simplicity, asks how he is to be paid for it, and the Athenian, in a tone of grave superiority, but with some awkwardness, informs him that he claims it, as a toll due to the market. The Theban does not remonstrate, but after some conversation agrees to dispose of all his wares, and to take other goods in return; but here a difficulty arises, for the same articles which the Athenian proposes in exchange, happen to be equally abundant in Bœotia; the scene here passes into burlesque, but it is a burlesque expressive of the character which is assigned to the Theban; a character of primitive simplicity, utterly unacquainted with all the pests by which existence was poisoned in the corrupt community of Athens. A common Sycophant or Informer is proposed as an article, which the Athenian soil produced in great abundance, but which would be considered as a rarity in Bœotia. The Theban agrees to the exchange, saying, that if he could get such an animal to take home, he thinks he could make a handsome profit by exhibiting him. A noted informer (Nicarchus by name) immediately appears, the Theban replies to his first inquiry with the utmost simplicity, and the informer in return denounces his merchandize as enemies' property. Upon this the Athenian proceeds to execute his bargain by seizing him, and (with the assistance of his attendants) tying him round with cords like an oil jar; this operation is performed in cadence to a lively song of no great meaning (not much unlike that of Nancy Dawson), after which he is properly adjusted as a burden on the back of the Theban's attendants, who departs with his purchase.

As this scene has been omitted by Mr. Mitchell, we shall insert an attempt which has been made to translate it, on the principles which have been recommended above.

SCENE.—DICÆOPOLIS, *the Athenian, in his new Market-place, which (by virtue of a private Treaty) he has opened to the Citizens of those States which were at war with Athens.—Enter a* THEBAN *with his Attendants all bearing Burdens, and followed by a Train of Bag-pipers.*

Theban. Good Troth, I'm right-down shoulder-galled; my Lad,
Set down your bundles—You—take care o'the herbs,
Gently—be sure don't bruise 'em, and now You Minstrels
That needs must follow us all the way from Thebes,
Blow wind i' the tail of your Bag-pipes—Puff away.
Dicæ. Get out!—what wind has brought 'em here, I wonder?—
A parcel of Hornets buzzing about the door!
You humble-bumble drones—Get out—Get out—
Theb. As Iolaus shall help me; that's well done,
Friend, and I thank you;—coming out of Thebes
They blew me away the blossoms from all these herbs—
You've serv'd 'em right—So now would you please to buy
What likes you best of all my Chaffer here,
All kinds, four-footed things and feather'd fowl.
Dicæ.[1] My little tight Bœotian! Welcome kindly
My little pudding-eater! What have you brought?
Theb. In a manner, every thing, as a body may say,
All the good cheer of Thebes and the primest wares,
Mats, trefoil, wicks for lamps, sweet marjoram,
Coots, didappers, and water-hens—What not?
Widgeon and teal.
Dicæ. Why you're come here amongst us
Like a northwind in Winter, with your wild fowl.
Theb. Moreover I've brought geese, and hares moreover,
And Eels from the lake Copais which is more.
Dicæ. O thou bestower of the best of spitchcocks
That ever yet was given to mortal man,
Permit me to salute those charming Eels.
Theb. (*addressing the Eel, and delivering it to Dicæopolis*)—
Daughter, come forth and greet the courteous stranger
First-born of Fifty Damsels of the Lake.
Dicæ. O long regretted and recover'd late,
Welcome; thrice welcome to the comic quire,
Welcome to me, to Morychus and all;
—(Ye slaves, prepare the chafing dish and stove.)
Children, behold her here, the best of Eels,
The loveliest and the best, at length return'd
After six years of absence! I myself
Will furnish you with charcoal for her sake.
Salute her with respect, and wait upon
Her entrance there within, with due conveyance:
[*The eel is here carried off by Dicæopolis's servants.*

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[1] Dicæopolis is made to practise the common trick of ascendancy; taking no notice of the new comer for some time, and then recognizing him suddenly with a kind of hearty jolly condescension.

—Grant me, ye Gods ! so to possess thee still,
While my life lasts, and at my latest hour,
Fresh even and sweet as now—with...Savory Sauce.[1]
Theb. But how am I to be paid for it ? Won't you tell me ?
Dicæ. Why with respect to this Eel, in the present instance,
I mean to take it as a perquisite,
As a kind of toll to the market, you understand me—
—These other things—I suppose you mean to sell them ?
Theb. Yes sure—I sell 'em all.
Dicæ. Well, what do you ask ?
Or would you take commodities in exchange ?
Theb. Ay ; think of something of your country produce
That's plentiful Down Here, and scarce Up There.
Dicæ. Well you shall take our Pilchards or our Pottery.
Theb. Pilchards and Pottery !—Naw ! we've plenty of they—
But think of something, as I said before,
That's plentiful Down Here, and scarce Up There—
Dicæ. (*after a moment's reflection*).
I have it !—A true-bred Sycophant, an Informer—
I'll give you one, tied neatly and corded up,
Like an oil-jar.
Theb. Ay ; that's fair ; by the Holy Twins !
He'd bring in money, I warrant ; money enough,
Amongst our folks at home, with shewing him,
Like a mischief-full kind of a foreign Ape.
Dicæ. Well, there's Nicarchus bustling on this way,
Laying his Informations—There he comes.
Theb. (*contemplating him with the eye of a purchaser*).
'A seems but a small one to look at.
Dicæ. Ay, but I promise ye,
He's full of tricks and roguery, every inch of him.

Enter NICARCHUS.

Nic. (*in the pert peremptory tone of his profession as an Informer*).
Whose goods are these ? these articles ?
Theb. Mine sure ;
We be come here from Thebes.
Nic. Then I denounce them
As enemies' property—
Theb. (*with an immediate outcry*). Why what harm have they done,
The birds and creatures ?—Why do you quarrel with 'em ?
Nic. And I'll denounce you too.

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[1] The conclusion in broader burlesque is expressed in the original by the word *ἐντετευτλανωμένης*. Aristophanes gives it to shew the rhythm suited to the conclusion of such a passage, and to mark more strongly the defect of the line in Euripides, from which it is parodied, ending with three words, each of them a separate Iambic foot, *τῆς μόνης πιστῆς ἐμοί*. The burlesque word has the true tender faltering cadence—*μηδὲ γὰρ ϑανών ποτε Σοῦ ᾿χωρὶς εἴην ἐντετευτλανωμένης*.

Theb. What, me? What for?
Nic. To satisfy the bystanders I'll explain—
You've brought in Wicks for Lamps, from an enemy's country.
Dicæ. (*ironically*). And so, you bring 'em to *light?*
Nic. I bring to light
A plot!—a plot to burn the arsenal!
Dicæ. (*ironically*). With the Wick of Lamp?
Nic. Undoubtedly—
Dicæ. In what way?
Nic. (*with great gravity*). A Bœotian might be capable of fixing it
On the back of a Cockroach, who might float with it
Into the Arsenal, with a north-east wind,
And if once the fire caught hold of a single vessel,
The whole would be in a blaze!
Dicæ. (*seizing hold of him*). You Dog—You Villain,
Would a Cockroach burn the Ships and the Arsenal?
Nic. Bear witness, all of ye.
Dicæ. There stop his mouth;
And bring me a band of straw to bind him up,
And send him safely away for fear of breaking,
Gently and steadily, like a potter's jar.

Chor. To preserve him safe and sound,
You must have him fairly bound,
With a cordage nicely wound
Up and down and round and round;
Se-curely pack'd.
Dicæ. I shall have a special care,
For he's a piece of paltry ware,
And as you strike him Here—or There—(*Striking him.*)
The noises he returns declare—(*The informer screaming.*)
He's partly crack'd.
Chor. How then is he fit for use?
Dicæ. As a store-jar of abuse,
Fit to slander and traduce,
Plots and lies he cooks and brews,
Or any thing.
Chor. Have you stow'd him safe enough?
Dicæ. Never fear, he's hearty stuff,
Fit for usage hard and rough,
Fit to beat and fit to cuff,
To toss and fling.

(*The informer being by this time reduced to a Chrysalis state, by successive involutions of cordage, is flung about and hung up and down in illustration and confirmation of Dicæopolis's warranty of him.*)

You can hang him up or down,
By the heels or by the crown.
Theb. I'm for harvest business bown.
Chor. Fare ye well, my jolly clown,
We wish ye joy.
You've a purchase tight and neat,

A rogue, a sycophant compleat—
Fit to bang about and beat,
Fit to bear the cold and heat—
And all employ.

Dicæ. I'd a hard job with the rascal tying him up!
—Come, my Bœotian, take away your bargain,
Theb. (*speaking to one of his servants*). Ismenias, stoop your back, and hoist him up,
Gently and steadily—So—now carry him off—
Dicæ. He's an unlucky commodity; notwithstanding,
If he earns you a profit, you can have to say
What few can say—" you've been a gainer by him
" And better'd your affairs by an informer."—

Having endeavoured to explain as well as we could, what we conceive to be the principles applicable to a translation of Aristophanes, and having moreover exemplified them to the best of our ability, we find it still necessary, to take notice of one point which, for the sake of those readers who may be disposed to compare our version with the original, may be, perhaps, more conveniently discussed after a perusal of the translation. The principles which we before stated will account for the omission of all local peculiarities, which, however interesting as matters of curiosity to the antiquary, would, if inserted in a translation, have no other effect than that of distracting the attention, or diverting it from the broad general expression of character and humour which is evidently the primary object of the poet; but it may, perhaps, be thought, that in one or two instances we have taken an unwarrantable liberty in expanding the text of the original. Our defence must be that the text of the original is not *the original*—it is the *text* of the original and nothing more: it contains the original always *potentialiter*, but not always *actualiter*. The true actual Original, which the ancient dramatic poets had in view, and upon the success of which their hopes of applause and popularity were founded, consisted of the entire Performance, as exhibited, and in the dialogue as represented by Actors trained and disciplined under the immediate direction of the Author himself; a sentence, therefore, of three words, or even a single word, if pronounced with the tone and gesture appropriated to it by the author, would in many, we may say in most cases, convey an expression, which would not belong to the same words barely printed or written, and presenting themselves, without any accompaniment, to the mere eye of the reader: wherever, therefore, in such cases, the tone and intended expression of the original can be ascertained or fairly inferred, we conceive that the translator (if he considers it as a part of his office to convey to the modern reader the sense and intention of his author) must of necessity expand his sentences into a dimension capable of bearing a distinct and intelligible impress of character. The original Author made use of a sort of comic short-hand; which was explained to the Actor, and through his medium was rendered intelligible, and even obvious to the audience: but the translator has no such intermediate agent at his command; words are his only instrument—words, in the form of dull, naked, uniform letter-press; he must, therefore, make use of them as well as he can, and he must make use of more of them, if he wishes to give his readers a tolerably easy chance of comprehending the conception which he has formed of the original design of the author, whom he professes to reproduce.

In considering the mode in which Aristophanes should be translated, there is one point of more than literary importance, which we must not overlook. As we would not consent to expel Swift from the shelves of an English library, so, with respect to mere grossness, vulgarity and nastiness, in a translation of Aristophanes, an occasional spice of each, sparingly applied, (more sparingly a great deal than in the literary banquet of the Dean,) may be necessary to give a notion of the genuine flavour of the original.—Mere physical impurity has not changed its nature, and the ancients and the moderns do not in this respect materially differ from each other—not more, perhaps, than the higher and lower classes in the same society. Aristophanes, it must be recollected, was often under the necessity of addressing himself exclusively to the lower class. But the σοφοὶ and the δεξιοὶ, the persons of taste and judgment, to whom the author occasionally appeals, form, in modern times, the tribunal to which his translator must address himself; the utmost which they can be expected to endure may, perhaps, be estimated by the degree of grossness which they tolerate as characteristic, in the vulgar (which are not altogether the worst) comedies of Molière; and within this limit we should think that a translator of Aristophanes would do well to confine himself. But with respect to moral impurity the case is widely different; the distance between the modern Christian world and Heathen antiquity is immense, and the retrenchment must be absolute; for this reason, at least, if for no other—that the impression is not the same, and consequently can no longer correspond with the intention of the Author.

We would not willingly particularize instances of this kind; but it would not be difficult to point out lines of extreme grossness, which have evidently been inserted, for the purpose of pacifying the vulgar part of the audience, during passages in which their anger or impatience, or disappointment, was likely to break out: they are evidently forced compromises on the part of the author; breaking in upon the unity of that true comic humour which he was directing to the more refined and intelligent part of his audience. When considered in connection with the context, and in relation to what is called the business of the stage, it is probable that they were delivered (parenthetically as it were) with some peculiar broadness of gesture and tone, sufficient to separate them from that genuine vein of comic humour, which the more intelligent auditors might still be able to follow, in spite of a burlesque interruption, as a Spanish audience follow up the interest of a serious dialogue, without finding their attention disturbed by the buffooneries and by-play of the Gracioso. In discarding such passages therefore, the translator is merely doing that for his author, which he would willingly have done for himself. It is only in the opening scenes of his plays that material chasms would occur; for, as the poet found it necessary (like the orator) to begin "by captivating the benevolence of his auditory," these popular and conciliatory efforts are occasionally accompanied by a most profuse largess of filth and trash.

It is now time for us to proceed to the examination of the manner in which Mr. Mitchell has executed his work. We do not mean to follow him through the Preliminary Discourse, which occupies his first hundred pages; indeed, we could only do so, for the purpose of amplification and illustration. He seems to have formed, and he has communicated in a very perspicuous style, a just estimate of the genius, the character, and the patriotic intention of his author, and he has swept away with great vigour, the heaps of calumnious rubbish, which have been accumulating against him for so many centuries.

We will now begin at the beginning. We do not see why the phrase in the fifth line of the original should not have been translated agreeably to Brunck's interpretation. Mr. Mitchell has himself translated τῇ πόλει γὰρ ἄξιον (v. 205) agreeably to the sense which is always implied by the word ἄξιος when followed by a dative case; "what is necessary for," "advantageous to," though he has at the same time with great good taste preserved the tinge of associated meaning, derived from its more general use, and which is always found to adhere to a word when employed in a sense remote from its habitual meaning.

τῇ πόλει γὰρ ἄξιον.

" It concerns her pride and honour that our town his motions know."

In this instance the strict grammatical import of the word *ἄξιος*,[1] and the associated impression connected with it, are very happily reconciled. We think that in v. 3. the same combination might have been effected with the same felicity, and that at any rate the real and strict sense of the passage ought at least to be discoverable in the translation. In the next line, it appears as if the translator had not perceived the humour of the original, and the double sense in which the word "*τραγῳδικὸν*" "(tragical)" is employed. We will endeavour to make it more palpable by re-arranging and concentrating the passage. Dicæopolis says, "I met with a *tragical* mis-" fortune lately, for I went to the theatre expecting to hear a *tragedy* " of Æschylus's; and when I got there, they were going to act a " new *tragedy* of Theognis's. Now that is what I call altogether " quite a *tragical* disappointment."

In verse 17 and 18 of the original, the translator (if we understand rightly the sense of his note) seems to be of opinion, that the humour of the passage consists in the want of connection between the proposition and its antecedent; but Dicæopolis is not, we conceive, *complaining of the dust*, either in jest or earnest. The whole passage appears to be a metaphor, drawn from one of *the Miseries of Human Life* in Athens, when persons bathing, and sprinkled with an alkaline powder in the bath, had the misfortune to get it into their eyes: children (whose skins did not require the same process) were exempt from this inconvenience, hence he says *ἐξ ὅτου*. On turning to Brunck's interpretation we find this sense recognized in the word *lixivium*—we again turn to the translator's note; but neither in the note nor the translation can we discover anything which explains the metaphor; or which even implies that the passage is altogether a metaphorical one. It is possible, that this may be a fault of misexplanation, rather than of misconception; but in either case, the result of embarrassment and disappointment to the reader remains the same. It is, after all, one of those many expressions which are best represented by an equivalent.

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[1] The real meaning of the word is *what is called for*. We are inclined to believe with Mr. Whiter, that there is no Greek verb which may not be followed through its various significations by a radical form in our own language; *ἀξιοω*, the verb, though apparently derived from the adjective, retains the primary sense, and signifies to *ask*, or, as we find it in old language, to *axe*.

We do not mean to pursue this minute species of remark any further; we might have objected to the translation of the word *παρέκυψε*, as if expressing a continued attitude instead of a momentary action; but taking the line—

> "That fellow, Chæris, stooping, Sirs, and slouching,"

as an amplification, sufficiently in harmony with the intention of the author, and characteristic of the appearance of a person performing on such an instrument, we are unwilling to object to it, though we wish that the strict sense (which we conceive to be that of unexpected and inopportune "appearance"), had been preserved at the same time. We should, however, leave our readers under a false impression of the merits of this translation, if they should infer that defects similar to those which we have noticed, occur in the same proportion in other parts of the work; it is unfortunate that they should present themselves in the first pages, and we therefore suggest them for reconsideration in a future edition.—*ἀρχομένου δ' ἐῤγου προσῶπον χρὴ θέμεν τηλαυγές.*

We shall take our leave of the long soliloquy upon which we have hitherto animadverted, by inserting the concluding lines, which ("excepting as before excepted") appear to us to be very happily translated.

> "For my part, Sirs, sure as the morning comes,
> So sure am I the first at the assembly.
> Solus cum solo there I take my seat;
> And first I groan a little,—then I yawn
> A little,—stretch a little,—hawk a little:—
> Then comes a fit of vapours,—then I fall
> To tracing figures in the sand, or pluck
> An idle hair or so, or puzzle me
> In sums and items of Arithmetic;
> While ever and anon I cast an eye
> Upon the blooming fields, and breathe a prayer
> Of earnestness for peace. As for the town,—
> Fogs and east winds light on't!—I lack of nothing
> But my snug country-box and pleasant acres.
> No talk from them of buying coals and oil
> And vinegar; *buy! buy!* thank heav'n the word's
> Unknown to them, they yield their produce all
> For nothing, they: nor ever stoop to twit me
> With that curs'd *by-word, buy.* Here then come I—
> Hands, feet and lungs prepared; and if a word
> Our orators let fall, save what pertains
> To peace, I'll raise a storm of words, and rain
> A very tempest of abuse upon them!"—pp. 17—19.

We may appear, perhaps, too minute in our criticism; but the words "snug country-box" do not quite satisfy us. A "snug country-box" conveys the idea of a place of occasional retirement for a person whose occupation and resources are fixed in a neighbouring city; it implies no connection with agriculture as a means of subsistence to the occupant. But Dicæopolis is lamenting the loss of his entire livelihood, his farm, not the mere convenience of a villa; a single word ill chosen is often sufficient, as in the present instance, to impair materially the breadth and harmony of a beautiful passage.[1]

We select with pleasure, and without any drawback of criticism, a Semi-Chorus characteristic of the patriotic inveteracy and vehemence of the Old Acharnians, in pursuit of poor Dicæopolis who has been detected in concluding a separate peace.

> "Toil and search are in vain,
> He is gone—fled amain.
> Now shame to my age,
> And to life's parting stage.
> Other tale it had been,
> When my years were yet green,
> And my youth in her pride
> Followed fast at the side
> Of Phayllus the racer!
> A fleet-going pacer,
> Though coals a full sack
> Press'd hard at my back.
> Then had not this maker
> Of peace, and a breaker
> With his best friends, I ween,
> Long space put between
> His country's undoer
> And me his pursuer,
> Nor should we thus part
> For a leap and a start."—pp. 38, 39.

Dicæopolis, after an altercation in long trochaics, some of which are most admirably translated, "makes a voluntary proposal: a block is to be brought forward, and if he cannot justify himself for having entered into this separate treaty of peace with the enemies of his country, his head is to pay the forfeit of his indiscretion.

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[1] The first origin of a phrase will always continue to mark its character. A citizen becomes the proprietor of a villa; he does not choose that his opulence should be estimated by the scale of his new purchase; he therefore applies a disqualifying term to it—"a mere box,"—"my box in the country.'

Such is the homeliness of humour with which the countrymen of Pericles and Plato were to be cheated into their proper interests."

We think that in the concluding observation the translator gives up the cause of his client rather too easily. We have little doubt that this incident is a mere burlesque of a rhetorical scene, in one of the many tragedies of Euripides of which we know nothing, in which the preparations for execution were made on the stage, and in the presence of the hero who was to harangue for his life.

In Dicæopolis's harangue which follows, the sense of the word ἐνασπιδώσομαι seems to have escaped Brunck and the present translator; the former interprets it "*clypeo me non muniam hercle*;" the true version would have been "*intra clypeum non me continebo*:" the metaphor is taken from a military phrase, expressing the behaviour of a cowardly soldier, who is contented with lying snug behind his own shield, without venturing to expose himself by attacking the enemy in return. This interpretation agrees perfectly with the context, the tenor of which implies that the future harangue is intended to be accusatory rather than exculpatory.

The prefatory discourse terminates to Dicæopolis's advantage; he obtains permission to prepare for his defence, by equipping himself in a pathetical costume, which is to be borrowed from Euripides. His interview with Euripides follows; but the translation represents it to great disadvantage. It appears as if Dicæopolis, in applying to Euripides for assistance, began by wantonly affronting him; whereas the original expresses only the impertinence which involuntarily escapes from a man in an excess of eagerness and hurry. We shall attempt to make our meaning more intelligible by a loose imitation. "Oh dear! Euripides, what, you're there, are you? You're writing your tragedies up stairs? You write them there always? Always upstairs in the garret, hah! You prefer it to the ground floor? Well, now, is it not You? an't you the Man that makes those tragedies with the cripples and the lame characters? Ah, if you had but a suit of tatters, belonging to one of your old tragedies, that you would lend me, to make me look pathetic! You're the poet, an't you, that makes the tragedies with the beggars in them?"

The interview which Dicæopolis enters upon thus blunderingly and abruptly, terminates to his satisfaction; he procures a complete tragical equipment, and returns to make his defence. At the close the Chorus are divided in opinion; they form themselves into a double Semi-Chorus, and commence a scuffle. When *Lamachus* arrives, he (of course, as a soldier) takes part against Dicæopolis, and a personal struggle (which is marked in the original, v. 590) takes place between them. Lamachus's military assault is baffled by some knack in wrestling, characteristic of his rustic opponent; and they proceed to dispute, in a tone which implies an ascendancy on the part of Dicæopolis; his arguments are directed to captivate the favour of the Chorus, composed (as their names indicate) of the charcoal-burners of Acharnæ—Prinides, Marilades, &c. He addresses them in the lowest style of popular rhetoric.

> "Why should not they be employed in Commands and Embassies?—They are old enough; they are steady, honest, industrious men—why should Lamachus, and the other showy expensive young fellows monopolize all the salaried offices and employments?

Lamachus is worked up to a fury by this discourse, and departs. But why (it may be asked) should Aristophanes have put topics of such extravagant low democracy into the mouth of his principal character?—We cannot help thinking that in this passage there is a spirit of deep and bitter irony;—we will suppose *Lamachus* himself, the individual *Lamachus* to have asked the question of the author.

> *L.* Well, Aristophanes, I have not seen you, I think, since your last comedy. —You have made very good fun of me; but there is nothing I ought to take amiss—nothing degrading in it, as far as I am concerned.
>
> *A.* I am glad you think so—it is not very easy to hit that precise point—it cost me some trouble, I assure you.
>
> *L.* But why should you make your friend Dicæopolis talk such low vulgar trash to the Chorus; as if men without birth or education were as well fitted for public employment as persons of my sort? We have had a good education, at least, and are used to live in a liberal society:—it seems so contrary to your principles, that I am at a loss to comprehend your drift.
>
> *A.* Then I will tell you; it is precisely the men of your sort (the young rising promising set) that have brought us into our present difficulties.—Pericles was employing the public resources, splendidly and usefully—embellishing the city; giving occupation to a multitude of the poorer class; creating future resources for us; and, (as he thought,) strengthening his own interest, by the patronage attached to this peaceful harmless sort of expenditure. But he and his administration were grown old;—a new generation had sprung up, who thought themselves active enough and clever enough, to begin fingering the public money. They could not endure, that the whole public expenditure should pass directly from Pericles's hands, to be distributed among mere architects and artists and mechanics. The young rising political and military geniuses (precisely the men of your sort) felt it as a kind of contempt that he should presume to govern without their participation or assistance. His scheme of policy was deficient in point of office and salary for persons of their description. They began, therefore, by attacking the system; Phidias was accused and ruined, and he himself was

threatened with opposition at the approaching audit of his accounts; finally, he was driven to a compromise, and was obliged to make war, in order to have the means of stopping your mouths with appointments and commissions.—I have seen all this; and now, I see you (the very same young gentlemen) extremely indignant at finding yourselves occasionally hustled and jostled and ousted in your contests for office, by the very individual ragamuffins who were your agents among the populace at the time when you succeeded in raising an uproar against Pericles. Now, for my own part, I feel quite incapable of sympathizing with those exalted and indignant sentiments; I prefer you, (no doubt,) to your new rivals; but whenever they happen to get the better of you, I console myself with the reflection, that your present mortifications are the results of your own measures—that you have, in fact, nothing to complain of, except that you are deprived (perhaps with some mortifying circumstances) of the fruits of your own unjustifiable policy.—And lastly; that after all, the remedy is in your own hands; if you will unite yourselves to make a peace, your own salaries, and this offensive rivalry on the part of your inferiors, will cease together at once, and so I think Dicæopolis has told you.—v. 619.

We shall now close our account of the Acharnæ; but we shall first extract a burlesque lyrical passage which appears to us perfectly well translated.

> "O, for a muse of fire,
> Of true Acharnian breed!
> A muse that might some strain inspire,
> Brightness, tone and voice supplying,
> Like sparks which, when our fish are frying,
> The windy breath of bellows raise
> From forth the sturdy holm-oak's blaze:
> What time our cravings to supply,
> Some sift the meal and some the Thasian mixture try."—
> p. 290.

We do not mean to enter so much at length into the examination of the Knights (or Demagogues, as they are more properly called.) We shall content ourselves with noticing a few oversights not peculiar to the present translator. In the first scene, there is a manifest tone of drunkenness in Demosthenes's part, it is the caricaturist's mark by which he indicates that the figure on the stage is meant to represent Demosthenes—timidity and superstition, in like manner, serve to mark out Nicias—just as, in the caricatures of fifty years ago, a fox's tail projecting between the flaps of a full dressed coat, supplied the defective resemblance of a young orator. The poet follows the rule of association, which is more suited to burlesque than the law of cause and effect. Demosthenes is represented drinking on the stage, but the tone of drunkenness begins as soon as he begins to talk about drinking—

> "The verse too stammers and the line is drunk."
> Ὁρᾷσ . . . ὅταν πίνουσιν ἄνθρωποι . . . τότε . . .

observe, too, the similar endings in the following lines perfectly suited to express the pronunciation of a drunken man.

According to the same rule, the poet, before he leaves the stage has no scruple in representing him as sober and even eloquent.—It is usual with Aristophanes, in the first instance, to mark the person; and afterwards to modify him. Thus Don Quixote, in the first chapters, is a mere madman; towards the conclusion he is modified, and becomes a vehicle for communicating many of the author's own sentiments and opinions. We shall now extract some lines of the attack upon Cleon, which appear to be admirably well translated.

> " Where's the officer at audit but has felt your cursed gripe?
> Squeez'd and tried with nice discernment, whether yet the wretch be ripe.
> Like the men our figs who gather, you are skilful to discern,
> Which is green and which is ripe, and which is just upon the turn.
> Is there one well-purs'd among us, lamb-like in heart and life,
> Link'd and wedded to retirement, hating bus'ness, hating strife?
> Soon your greedy eye's upon him—when his mind is least at home,—
> Room and place—from farthest Thrace, at your bidding he must come.
> Foot and hand are straight upon him—neck and shoulder in your grip,
> To the ground anon he's thrown, and you smite him on the hip."
>
> pp. 185, 186.

In the passage which follows, "*old* deeds of valour" is a most unlucky epithet. The party opposed to Cleon had been lately much strengthened in popularity and influence by the result of the expedition to Corinth. Cleon was aware of it—and (as it appears by this passage) had been truckling to them and began talking about "his intention of proposing a proposal for a plan for erecting a monument in memory of the event." In the last two lines of the original there is a studied vagueness of expression.

In verse 327, ὁδ' Ἱπποδάμου λείβεται θεώμενος, Brunck translates *liquitur lacrimis*, and the present translator has adopted the same sense. We would rather follow the scholiast, who thinks that a slap is given to Hippodamus, by the bye—the phrase should seem equivalent to τάκεται ὀφθαλμοὶς, not as expressing *sorrow*, but *envious longing.*[1]—At line 450, the translator observes—

> " If the reader should think that the abuse of this pair has reached its climax, he has yet to learn the perseverance and extent of Grecian invective—the two

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[1] Hence you squeeze and drain alone the rich milch kine of our allies,
While the son of Hippodamus licks his lips with longing eyes.
The Knights, vol. ii. p. 83.

rivals compass half the circle of Grecian science for terms of reproach, before they conclude;—the builder's art, the powers of the nail and the hammer, the glue-pot, the carpenter's yard, the art of running and casting metal, the crafts of the founder, the brazier, the cheesemonger, and the currier, all furnish terms which render their sarcasms more poignant, and alternately turn the tide of victory."—p. 199.

This, we think, is an imperfect view of the subject; in the passage, the omission of which is supplied by this observation, it is evidently the object of the poet to mark a departure from the ancient decorum of public oratory, by an affectation of employing metaphors derived from the mechanical arts.—A similar style of affected homeliness has occasionally been in fashion in parliamentary speaking, and would furnish sufficient equivalents for a translation.

But an example is more satisfactory, and commonly more concise than an explanation. We shall endeavour to give the passage according to our notion of the poet's intention.

CLEON says,—

"By the Holy Goddess it's not new to me,
This scheme of yours—I've known the job long since
The measurement and the scantling of it all,
And where it was shap'd out and tack'd together.
[*The* CHORUS *are alarmed at this new vein of popular metaphor, and encourage their advocate to do his best in the same style.*
Ch. Ah, there it is!—you must exert yourself,
Come, try to match him again with a carpenter's phrase.
Sausage-seller. Does he think I have not track'd him in his intrigues
At Argos? his pretence to make a treaty
With the people there, and his clandestine meetings
With the Spartans? Then he works and blows the coals,
And has plenty of other irons in the fire.
Chorus. Well done! the blacksmith beats the carpenter.

The contest in this instance is no longer a mere reciprocation of abuse and menace; it is an imitation of public oratory as infected and debased by vulgar jargon. What follows is in the same style, and is still more evidently an imitation of the accusatory and menacing style of the orators at that time, when actually speaking before the people. We should suspect that the Sausage-seller's style was copied from "*Hyperbolus's vein.*"

But our readers, if they have followed us thus far, will be glad to turn to a very beautiful specimen of Mr. Mitchell's, in which the higher and more austere lyrical poetry is imitated with a slight infusion of burlesque.

"Lord of the Waters! king of might,
Whose eyes and ears take stern delight
From neighing steeds and stormy fight
And gally swift pursuing;

"From starting car and chariot gay,
And contests on that festive day,
When Athens' sprightly youth display
Their pride and their undoing;

"Lord of the dolphins and the spear—
Geræstian—Sunian—or more dear,
If Cronus' name salute thy ear,
And Phormion's gallant daring;

"O come amongst us in thy power,
Great Neptune; in her trying hour
Athens knows none so swift to shower
Aids of immortal bearing."—pp. 209, 210.

In p. 213 (v. 595 of the original) the translator justly controverts the opinion of Casaubon as to the intention of the poet in this burlesque description of the expedition to Corinth. The truth seems to be that neither compliment nor censure was intended. Aristophanes was the poetical advocate of his party, it was his business to serve them by bringing their merits to the recollection of his audience, and he thought that this might be done more effectually and less invidiously in the fanciful style of humour which he has here adopted. His statement of the political character and merits of his clients was given distinctly in the Epirrema; here in the Antepirrema, it is enforced by example, but extravagantly and whimsically; in the first place, to avoid tediousness and uniformity; and secondly, from the consideration, (manifest in the concluding lines of the Epirrema) that the party for which he was pleading was particularly obnoxious to popular disgust and envy. It would have been politic in Cleon as their adversary, to tempt them to acquiesce in an offensive display of their services, by a public monument. Their advocate, on the contrary, (but from the same considerations,) makes his poetic record as humorous and as inoffensive as possible. The Chorus, composed of knights, could hardly have been allowed seriously to celebrate their own exploits.

We shall here insert, as a curious scene in itself, and as a fair specimen of the translation, the Sausage-seller's narrative of his contest with Cleon before the senate, with the chorus of congratulation on his success:—

"Straight as he went from hence, I clapt all sail
And followed close behind. Within I found him
Launching his bolts and thunder-driving words,
Denouncing all the Knights, as traitors, vile
Conspirators—jags, crags, and masses huge
Of stone were nothing to the monstrous words
His foaming mouth heav'd up. All these to hear
Did the grave Council seriously incline;
They love a tale of scandal to their hearts,
And his had been as quick in birth as golden-herb.
Mustard was in their faces, and their brows
With frowns were furrow'd up. I saw the storm,
Mark'd how his words had sunk upon them, taking
Their very senses prisoners:—and, oh!
In knavery's name, thought I,—by all the fools
And scrubs and rogues and scoundrels in the town,—
By that same forum, where my early youth
Received its first instruction, let me gather
True courage now: be oil upon my tongue,
And shameless Impudence direct my speech.
Just as these thoughts pass'd over me; I heard
A sound of thunder pealing on my right—
I mark'd the omen,—grateful, kiss'd the ground—
And pushing briskly thro' the lattice-work—
Rais'd my voice to its highest pitch, and thus
Began upon them—'Messieurs of the Senate,
I bring good news, and hope your favour for it.
Anchovies, such as since the war began
Ne'er cross'd my eyes for cheapness, do this day
Adorn our markets'—at the words a calm
Came over ev'ry face, and all was hush'd—
A crown was voted me upon the spot.
Then I (the thought was of the moment's birth),
Making a mighty secret of it, bade them
Put pots and pans in instant requisition,
And then—one obol loads you with anchovies,
Said I: anon most violent applause,
And clapping hands ensued; and every face
Grew unto mine, gaping in idiot vacancy.
My Paphlagonian discern'd the humour
O' the time; and seeing how the members all
Were tickled most with words, thus utter'd him:
'Sirs—Gentlemen—'tis my good will and pleasure,
That for this kindly news we sacrifice
One hundred oxen to our patron-goddess.'
Straight the tide turn'd; each head within the Senate
Nodded assent and warm good-will to Cleon:
'What! shall a little bull-flesh gain the day?'
Thought I within me; then aloud, and shooting
Beyond his mark:—'I double, sirs, this vote,—
Nay more, sirs, should to-morrow's sun see sprats

One hundred to the penny sold, I move
That we make offering of a thousand goats
Unto Diana.'—Every head was raised ;
And all turn'd eyes incontinent on me.
This was a blow he ne'er recover'd : straight
He fell to mutt'ring fooleries and words
Of no account—the chairmen and the officers
We're now upon him.—All meantime was uproar
In th' Assembly—Nought talk'd of but anchovies.—
How far'd our statesman ? he with suppliant tones
Begg'd a few moments' pause.—'Rest ye, sirs, rest ye
Awhile—I have a tale will pay the hearing—
A herald is arriv'd from Sparta, claiming
An audience—he brings terms of peace, and craves
Your leave to utter them before ye.' 'Peace !'
Cried all, (their voices one,) 'is this a time
To talk of peace ?—out, dotard ! What, the rogues
Have heard the price anchovies bear !—marry
Our needs, sir, ask not peace.—War, war, for us,
And, chairmen, break the assembly up. 'Twas done,
Upon their bidding, straight—who might oppose
Such clamour ?—then, what haste and expedition
On every side ! one moment clears the rails !
I the meantime steal privately away
And buy me all the leeks and coriander
In the market—these I straight make largess of,
And gratis give as sauce to dress their fish.
Who may recount the praises infinite
And groom-like courtesies this bounty gain'd me !
In short you see a man, for that one pennyworth
Of coriander vile has purchas'd him
An entire senate—not a man among them
But is at my behest and does me rev'rence."

pp. 217—221.

It will readily be imagined that this speech elicits a song of applause from the delighted Chorus.

Chorus. Well, my son, hast thou begun, and well hast thou competed ;
Rich bliss and gain wilt thou attain, thy mighty task completed.
He, thy rival, shall admire,
Chok'd with passion, pale with ire,
Thy audacity and fire :
He shall own, abash'd, in thee
Power and peerless mastery
In all crafts and tricks that be.
At all points art thou equipt,
Eye and tongue with treach'ry tipt,
Soul and body, both are dipt
In deceit and knavery.

Forward, son of mine, undaunted—complete thy bold beginning:
No aid from me shall be delay'd—which may the prize be winning.
pp. 222, 223.

The passage, from the sixth to the twelfth line of the Chorus, is, we think, in the true tone which should belong to the choruses of this extraordinary play. In the three first especially—

"He shall own, abash'd, in thee
Power and peerless mastery
In all crafts and tricks that be."

Mr. Mitchell has hit the very key-note of Aristophanes, whose choruses throughout this play are contrived to afford a relief and contrast to the vulgar acrimony of his dialogue; not in their logical and grammatical sense, but in their form and rhythm, and in the selection of the words; which, if heard imperfectly, would appear to belong (as in the present instance) to a grave, or tender, or beautiful subject.

We may except from this general observation the first chorus, Ὦ μιαρὲ καὶ βδελυρὲ, as it forms a transition from the eager and vehement part which the chorus has taken just before. This also is translated by Mr. Mitchell with great power and effect.

Cho. "Wretch! without a parallel—
Son of thunder—child of hell,—
Creature of one mighty sense,
Concentrated impudence!—
From earth's centre to the sea,
Nature stinks of that and thee.
It stalks at the bar,
It lurks at the tolls;
In th' Assembly, black war
And defiance it rolls.
It speaks to our ears
In an accent of thunder;
It climbs to the spheres
And rives heav'n asunder.
Athens deafens at the sound in her ears still drumming;
While seated high,
You keep an eye
Upon the tolls, like those who spy
If tunny-fish be coming."—pp. 188, 189.

Having extracted already the contest between Cleon and his adversary in the senate, we shall subjoin a part of their subsequent altercation before the assembly of the people, personified in the character of Demus.

Cl. (*to Demus.*) For service and zeal I to facts, sir, appeal :
say of all that e'er sway'd this proud city,
Who had ever more skill your snug coffer to fill,
undisturb'd by respectance or pity?
For one and for two I've the rope and the screw,
to a third I make soft supplication ;
And I spurn at all ties, and all laws I despise,
so that Demus find gratification.
Saus. Mere smoke this and dust! Demus, take it on trust,
that my service and zeal can run faster :
I am he that can steal at the mouth a man's meal,
and set it before my own master.
Other proofs than of love in this knave's grate and stove,
noble lord, may your eyes be discerning :
There the coal and the fuel that should warm your own gruel,
to your slave's ease and comfort are burning.
Nay, since Marathon's day, when thy sword (*to Demus*) pav'd the way
to Persia's disgrace and declension,
(That bountiful mint in which bards without stint
fashion words of six-footed dimension,)
Like a stone or a stock, hast not sat on a rock,
cold, comfortless, bare and derided :—
While this chief of the land never yet to your hand
a cushion or seat hath provided?
But take this (*giving a cushion*) to the ease of your hams and your knees :
for since Salamis' proud day of story,
With a fleet ruin-hurl'd, they took rank in the world,
and should seat them in comfort and glory.
Dem. What vision art thou! let me read on thy brow,
what lineage and kindred have won thee!
Thou wert born for my weal, and the impress and seal
of Harmodius are surely upon thee.
Cleon. (*mortified.*) O feat easy done! and is Demus thus won
by diminutive gifts and oblations?
Saus. Small my baits I allow, but in size they outgo
your own little douceurs and donations.
Cl. (*fiercely*). Small or great be my bait, ne'er my boast I abate,
but for proof head and shoulders I offer,
That in act and in will to Demus here still
a love unexampled I proffer.
Saus. (*dactylics*). You proffer love indeed! you that have seen him bleed;
buffing and roughing it years twice four;
A tub-and-cask tenant,—vulture-lodg'd—six-floor man;
batter'd and tatter'd, and bruis'd and sore!
There was he pent and shent with a most vile intent,
his milk and honey sweet from him to squeeze ;
Pity none e'er he won, tho' the smoke pinch'd his eyes,
and his sweet wine it was drawn to the lees.
When Archeptolemus lately brought PEACE to us;
who but you (*to* CLEON) scatter'd and scar'd the virgin,
While your foot rudely plac'd, where Honour's soul is cas'd,
spurn'd at all such as acceptance were urging?

Cl. (*fawning*). And, my good sir, the cause?—Marry that Demus' laws
Greece universal might obey:
Oracles here have I, and they in verity
bear that this lord of our's must hold sway;
Judging in Arcady, and for his salary,
earning him easily a five-obol coin.
Let him but wait his fate; and in meantime his state,
food and support shall be care of mine."—pp. 230-233.

Upon the whole, the specimens of lyrical execution which we have given above, will justify us in venturing the opinion (which Goldsmith's friend suggested to the travelling connoisseur as a safe one in all cases), that "the picture would have been better, if the painter had taken more pains." There is evidently a very just comprehension of the intended effect of the original, and a full power of expressing it, but this power is not uniformly exerted. With respect to the dialogue, we have already noticed the defects which are inseparable from an obsolete and unfamiliar language, and which, in our opinion, would make it impossible for any talent to produce an adequate representation of Aristophanes in a style so unsuited to this species of Comedy. This, however, is an estimate of the work merely as compared with the original;—as compared with former translations, it stands on the highest ground—and even the original does not, at the first perusal, reveal to the young student, so much, perhaps, as the mere English reader may collect from Mr. Mitchell's translation. His estimate of the character of his author, as detailed in the Preliminary Dissertation, is (in our opinion) perfectly correct and curious, and interesting in the highest degree. The notes, though we have pointed out one or two defects, are in general spirited, judicious, and learned:—and even if we were inclined to attribute to the translator a degree of poetical merit much inferior to that which he may justly claim; we should still consider British literature as under the highest obligations to him, for an addition of such a mass of curious, interesting, and instructive matter; which has hitherto been inaccessible and which is now laid open to every English reader, to a point beyond which many professed scholars have not thought it worth their while to proceed. Since the publication of Mr. Mitford, nothing has appeared, so calculated to convey a true impression of the character of antiquity, or to efface those theatrical and pedantic notions, which are become the source not only of infinite absurdity and distortion of mind among scholars, but of much practical mischief and error, in proportion as the blunders of the learned are diffused among the vulgar. W.

PROSPECTUS AND SPECIMEN

OF AN INTENDED

National Work,

BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT WHISTLECRAFT,

OF STOW-MARKET, IN SUFFOLK, HARNESS AND COLLAR-MAKERS,

INTENDED TO COMPRISE

THE MOST INTERESTING PARTICULARS

RELATING TO

King Arthur and his Round Table.

THE following stanzas being for the most part the production of my late brother William Whistlecraft, as composed by him in the year 1813, I have judged (by the advice of my friends) that it would be more suitable to publish them without alteration in any respect, and to which I have adhered strictly, as may be seen by a reference to the thirteenth stanza. This I thought it due to have stated, in consideration of our having proposed the Two Boards for Verse and Prose, which in the present crisis might be stigmatized; but it is well known that the public opinion was more consonant to magnificence and useful encouragement at that time than it has been for the last twelve months, or is likely to be the case again, unless the funds should experience a further advance, together with an improvement in the branches of Customs and Excise. The occasion of their remaining unpublished was in compliance with the advice of friends, though at present, in conformity with the pressure of the times, they have thought it advisable that the following publication should take place, which, if an indulgent public should espouse it, it is intended that it should be followed in due course with a suitable continuation.

I.

I'VE often wish'd that I could write a book,
Such as all English people might peruse;
I never should regret the pains it took,
That's just the sort of fame that I should choose:
To sail about the world like Captain Cook,
I'd sling a cot up for my favourite Muse,
And we'd take verses out to Demerara,
To New South Wales, and up to Niagara.

II.

Poets consume exciseable commodities,
They raise the nation's spirit when victorious,
They drive an export trade in whims and oddities,
Making our commerce and revenue glorious;
As an industrious and pains-taking body 'tis
That Poets should be reckon'd meritorious:
And therefore I submissively propose
To erect one Board for Verse and one for Prose.

III.

Princes protecting Sciences and Art
I've often seen, in copper-plate and print;
I never saw them elsewhere, for my part,
And therefore I conclude there's nothing in't;
But everybody knows the Regent's heart;
I trust he won't reject a well-meant hint;
Each Board to have twelve members, with a seat
To bring them in per ann. five-hundred neat:—

IV.

From Princes I descend to the Nobility:
  In former times all persons of high stations,
Lords, Baronets, and Persons of gentility,
  Paid twenty guineas for the dedications:
This practice was attended with utility;
  The patrons lived to future generations,
The poets lived by their industrious earning,—
So men alive and dead could live by Learning.

V.

Then, twenty guineas was a little fortune;
  Now, we must starve unless the times should mend:
Our poets now-a-days are deem'd importune
  If their addresses are diffusely penn'd;
Most fashionable authors make a short one
  To their own wife, or child, or private friend,
To show their independence, I suppose;
And that may do for Gentlemen like those.

VI.

Lastly, the common people I beseech—
  Dear People! if you think my verses clever,
Preserve with care your noble Parts of speech,
  And take it as a maxim to endeavour
To talk as your good mothers used to teach,
  And then these lines of mine may last for ever;
And don't confound the language of the nation
With long-tail'd words in *osity* and *ation*.

VII.

I think that Poets (whether Whig or Tory)
  (Whether they go to meeting or to church)
Should study to promote their country's glory
  With patriotic, diligent research;
That children yet unborn may learn the story,
  With grammars, dictionaries, canes, and birch:
It stands to reason—This was Homer's plan,
And we must do—like him—the best we can.

VIII.

Madoc and Marmion, and many more,
  Are out in print, and most of them have sold;
Perhaps together they may make a score;
  Richard the First has had his story told,
But there were Lords and Princes long before,
  That had behaved themselves like warriors bold;
Among the rest there was the great KING ARTHUR,
What hero's fame was ever carried farther?

IX.

King Arthur, and the Knights of his Round Table,
  Were reckon'd the best King, and bravest Lords,
Of all that flourish'd since the Tower of Babel,
  At least of all that history records;
Therefore I shall endeavour, if I'm able,
  To paint their famous actions by my words:
Heroes exert themselves in hopes of Fame,
And having such a strong decisive claim,

X.

It grieves me much, that Names that were respected
  In former ages, Persons of such mark,
And Countrymen of ours, should lie neglected,
  Just like old portraits lumbering in the dark:
An error such as this should be corrected,
  And if my Muse can strike a single spark,
Why then (as poets say) I'll string my lyre;
And then I'll light a great poetic Fire;

XI.

I'll air them all, and rub down the Round Table,
  And wash the Canvas clean, and scour the Frames,
And put a coat of varnish on the Fable,
  And try to puzzle out the Dates and Names;
Then (as I said before) I'll heave my cable,
  And take a pilot, and drop down the Thames—
—These first eleven stanzas make a Proem,
And now I must sit down and write my Poem.

CANTO I.

I.

BEGINNING (as my Bookseller desires)
Like an old Minstrel with his gown and beard,
"Fair Ladies, gallant Knights, and gentle Squires,
"Now the last service from the Board is clear'd,
"And if this noble Company requires,
"And if amidst your mirth I may be heard,
"Of sundry strange adventures I could tell,
"That oft were told before, but never told so well."

II.

THE GREAT KING ARTHUR made a sumptuous Feast,
And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the Vassals, most and least,
From every corner of this British Isle;
And all were entertain'd, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style;
The steeds were fed and litter'd in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

III.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
With truffles and ragoûts, and various crimes;
And therefore, from the original in prose
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes:
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

IV.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan and bustard
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own;
For porter, punch, and negus, were not known.

V.

The noise and uproar of the scullery tribe,
All pilfering and scrambling in their calling,
Was past all powers of language to describe—
The din of manful oaths and female squalling:
The sturdy porter, huddling up his bribe,
And then at random breaking heads and bawli
Outcries, and cries of order, and contusions,
Made a confusion beyond all confusions;

VI.

Beggars and vagabonds, blind, lame, and sturdy,
Minstrels and singers with their various airs,
The pipe, the tabor, and the hurdy-gurdy,
Jugglers and mountebanks with apes and bears
Continued from the first day to the third day,
An uproar like ten thousand Smithfield fairs;
There were wild beasts and foreign birds and crea
And Jews and Foreigners with foreign features.

VII.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses;
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes;
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting-maids, and waiting-women.

VIII.

But the profane, indelicate amours,
The vulgar, unenlighten'd conversation
Of minstrels, menials, courtezans, and boors,
(Although appropriate to their meaner station)
Would certainly revolt a taste like yours;
Therefore I shall omit the calculation
Of all the curses, oaths, and cuts and stabs,
Occasion'd by their dice, and drink, and drabs.

IX.

We must take care in our poetic cruise,
And never hold a single tack too long;
Therefore my versatile ingenious Muse
Takes leave of this illiterate, low-bred throng,
Intending to present superior views,
Which to genteeler company belong,
And show the higher orders of society
Behaving with politeness and propriety.

X.

And certainly they say, for fine behaving
King Arthur's Court has never had its match;
True point of honour, without pride or braving,
Strict etiquette for ever on the watch:
Their manners were refined and perfect—saving
Some modern graces, which they could not catch,
As spitting through the teeth, and driving stages,
Accomplishments reserved for distant ages.

XI.

They look'd a manly, generous generation;
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square, and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
Shew'd them prepared, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab and kick;
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well-bred.

XII.

The ladies look'd of an heroic race—
At first a general likeness struck your eye,
Tall figures, open features, oval face,
Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arch'd and high;
Their manners had an odd, peculiar grace,
Neither repulsive, affable, nor shy,
Majestical, reserved, and somewhat sullen;
Their dresses partly silk, and partly woollen.

XIII.

In form and figure far above the rest,
Sir LAUNCELOT was chief of all the train,
In Arthur's Court an ever welcome guest;
Britain will never see his like again.
Of all the Knights she ever had the best,
Except, perhaps, Lord Wellington in Spain:
I never saw his picture nor his print,
From Morgan's Chronicle I take my hint.

XIV.

For Morgan says (at least as I have heard,
And as a learned friend of mine assures),
Beside him all that lordly train appear'd
Like courtly minions, or like common boors,
As if unfit for knightly deeds, and rear'd
To rustic labours or to loose amours;
He moved amidst his peers without compare,
So lofty was his stature, look, and air.

XV.

Yet oftentimes his courteous cheer forsook
His countenance, and then return'd again,
As if some secret recollection shook
His inward heart with unacknowledged pain;
And something haggard in his eyes and look
(More than his years or hardships could explain)
Made him appear, in person and in mind,
Less perfect than what nature had design'd.

XVI.

Of noble presence, but of different mien,
  Alert and lively, voluble and gay,
Sir TRISTRAM at Carlisle was rarely seen,
  But ever was regretted while away;
With easy mirth, an enemy to spleen,
  His ready converse charm'd the wintry day;
No tales he told of sieges or of fights,
Of foreign marvels, like the foolish Knights,

XVII.

But with a playful imitative tone
  (That merely seem'd a voucher for the truth)
Recounted strange adventures of his own,
  The chances of his childhood and his youth,
Of churlish Giants he had seen and known,
  Their rustic phrase and courtesies uncouth,
The dwellings, and the diet, and the lives
Of savage Monarchs and their monstrous Wives:

XVIII.

Songs, music, languages, and many a lay
  Asturian or Armoric, Irish, Basque,
His ready memory seized and bore away;
  And ever when the Ladies chose to ask,
Sir Tristram was prepared to sing and play,
  Not like a minstrel earnest at his task,
But with a sportive, careless, easy style,
As if he seem'd to mock himself the while.

XIX.

His ready wit and rambling education,
  With the congenial influence of his stars,
Had taught him all the arts of conversation,
  All games of skill and stratagems of wars;
His birth, it seems, by Merlin's calculation,
  Was under Venus, Mercury, and Mars;
His mind with all their attributes was mixt,
And, like those planets, wandering and unfixt;

XX.

From realm to realm he ran—and never staid;
Kingdoms and crowns he wan—and gave away:
It seem'd as if his labours were repaid
By the mere noise and movement of the fray:
No conquests nor acquirements had he made:
His chief delight was on some festive day
To ride triumphant, prodigal, and proud,
And shower his wealth amidst the shouting crowd:

XXI.

His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
Inexplicable both to friend and foe;
It seem'd as if some momentary spleen
Inspired the project and impell'd the blow;
And most his fortune and success were seen
With means the most inadequate and low;
Most master of himself, and least encumber'd,
When overmatch'd, entangled, and outnumber'd.

XXII.

Strange instruments and engines he contrived
For sieges, and constructions for defence,
Inventions some of them that have survived,
Others were deem'd too cumbrous and immense:
Minstrels he loved, and cherish'd while he lived,
And patronized them both with praise and pence;
Somewhat more learned than became a Knight,
It was reported he could read and write.

XXIII.

Sir GAWAIN may be painted in a word—
He was a perfect loyal Cavalier;
His courteous manners stand upon record,
A stranger to the very thought of fear.
The proverb says, *As brave as his own sword;*
And like his weapon was that worthy Peer,
Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
Polish'd yet keen, though pliant yet upright.

XXIV.

On every point, in earnest or in jest,
His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
Were deem'd the very touchstone and the test
Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit;
A word from him set every thing at rest,
His short decisions never fail'd to hit;
His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
Were felt as the severest reprehension:

XXV.

His memory was the magazine and hoard,
Where claims and grievances, from year to year,
And confidences and complaints were stored,
From dame and knight, from damsel, boor, and peer:
Loved by his friends, and trusted by his Lord,
A generous courtier, secret and sincere,
Adviser-general to the whole community,
He served his friend, but watch'd his opportunity.

XXVI.

One riddle I could never understand—
But his success in war was strangely various;
In executing schemes that others plann'd,
He seem'd a very Cæsar or a Marius;
Take his own plans, and place him in command,
Your prospect of success became precarious:
His plans were good, but Launcelot succeeded
And realized them better far than He did.

XXVII.

His discipline was stedfast and austere,
Unalterably fix'd, but calm and kind;
Founded on admiration, more than fear,
It seem'd an emanation from his mind;
The coarsest natures that approach'd him near
Grew courteous for the moment and refined;
Beneath his eye the poorest, weakest wight
Felt full of point-of-honour like a knight.

XXVIII.

In battle he was fearless to a fault,
The foremost in the thickest of the field;
His eager valour knew no pause nor halt,
And the red rampant Lion in his Shield
Scaled Towns and Towers, the foremost in assault,
With ready succour where the battle reel'd:
At random like a thunderbolt he ran,
And bore down shields, and pikes, and horse, and man.

CANTO II.

I.

I'VE finish'd now three hundred lines and more,
And therefore I begin Canto the Second,
Just like those wandering ancient Bards of Yore;
They never laid a plan, nor ever reckon'd
What turning they should take the day before;
They follow'd where the lovely Muses beckon'd:
The Muses led them up to Mount Parnassus,
And that's the reason that they all surpass us.

II.

The Muses served those Heathens well enough—
Bold Britons take a Tankard, or a Bottle,
And when the bottle's out, a pinch of snuff,
And so proceed in spite of Aristotle—
Those Rules of his are dry, dogmatic stuff,
All life and fire they suffocate and throttle—
And therefore I adopt the mode I mention,
Trusting to native judgment and invention.

III.

This method will, I hope, appear defensible—
  I shall begin by mentioning the Giants,
A race of mortals, brutal and insensible,
  (Postponing the details of the Defiance,
Which came in terms so very reprehensible
  From that barbarian sovereign King Ryence)
Displaying simpler manners, forms, and passions,
Unmix'd by transitory modes and fashions.

IV.

Before the Feast was ended, a Report
  Fill'd every soul with horror and dismay;
Some Ladies, on their journey to the Court,
  Had been surprised, and were convey'd away
By the Aboriginal Giants, to their Fort—
  An unknown Fort—for Government, they say,
Had ascertain'd its actual existence,
But knew not its direction, nor its distance.

V.

A waiting damsel, crooked and mis-shaped,
  Herself the witness of a woful scene,
From which, by miracle, she had escaped,
  Appear'd before the Ladies and the Queen;
Her figure was funereal, veil'd and craped,
  Her voice convulsed with sobs and sighs between,
That with the sad recital, and the sight,
Revenge and rage inflamed each worthy knight.

VI.

Sir Gawain rose without delay or dallying,
  "Excuse us, madam,—we've no time to waste—"
And at the palace-gate you saw him sallying,
  With other knights, equipp'd and arm'd in haste;
And there was Tristram making jests, and rallying
  The poor mis-shapen Damsel, whom he placed
Behind him on a pillion, pad, or pannel;
He took, besides, his falcon and his spaniel.

VII.

But what with horror, and fatigue, and fright,
  Poor soul, she could not recollect the way.
They reach'd the mountains on the second night,
  And wander'd up and down till break of day,
When they discover'd, by the dawning light,
  A lonely glen, where heaps of embers lay;
They found unleaven'd fragments, scorch'd and toasted,
And the remains of mules and horses roasted.

VIII.

Sir Tristram understood the Giants' courses—
  He felt the embers, but the heat was out—
He stood contemplating the roasted horses,
  And all at once, without suspense or doubt,
His own decided judgment thus enforces—
  " The Giants must be somewhere here about !"
Demonstrating the carcasses, he shows
That they remain'd untouch'd by kites or crows;

IX.

" You see no traces of their sleeping here,
  " No heap of leaves or heath, no Giant's nest—
" Their usual habitation must be near—
  " They feed at sunset and retire to rest—
" A moment's search will set the matter clear."
  The fact turn'd out precisely as he guess'd;
And shortly after, scrambling through a gully,
He verified his own conjecture fully.

X.

He found a Valley, closed on every side,
  Resembling that which Rasselas[1] describes;
Six miles in length, and half as many wide,
  Where the descendants of the Giant tribes
Lived in their ancient Fortress undescried:
  (Invaders tread upon each other's kibes)
First came the Britons, afterwards the Roman,
Our patrimonial lands belong to no man:

---

[1] Prince of Abyssinia. See his Life, written by himself.

XI.

So Horace said—and so the Giants found,
  Expelled by fresh invaders in succession;
But they maintained tenaciously the ground
  Of ancient, indefeasible possession,
And robb'd and ransack'd all the country round;
  And ventured on this horrible transgression,
Claiming a right reserved to waste and spoil,
As Lords and lawful owners of the soil.

XII.

Huge mountains of immeasurable height
  Encompass'd all the level Valley round,
With mighty slabs of rock, that sloped upright,
  An insurmountable, enormous mound;
The very River vanish'd out of sight,
  Absorb'd in secret channels under ground:
That Vale was so sequester'd and secluded,
All search for ages past it had eluded.

XIII.

High overhead was many a Cave and Den,
  That with its strange construction seem'd to mock
All thought of how they were contrived, or when—
  —Hewn inward in the huge suspended Rock,
The Tombs and Monuments of mighty men;
  Such were the patriarchs of this ancient stock.
Alas! what pity that the present race
Should be so barbarous, and depraved, and base!

XIV.

For they subsisted (as I said) by pillage,
  And the wild beasts which they pursued and chased:
Nor house, nor herdsman's hut, nor farm, nor village,
  Within the lonely valley could be traced,
Nor roads, nor bounded fields, nor rural tillage,
  But all was lonely, desolate, and waste.
The Castle which commanded the domain
Was suited to so rude and wild a Reign:

XV.

A Rock was in the centre, like a Cone,
  Abruptly rising from a miry pool,
Where they beheld a Pile of massy stone,
  Which masons of the rude primeval school
Had rear'd by help of Giant hands alone,
  With rocky fragments unreduc'd by rule,
Irregular, like Nature more than Art,
Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.

XVI.

But on the other side a River went,
  And there the craggy Rock and ancient Wall
Had crumbled down with shelving deep descent;
  Time and the wearing stream had work'd its fall.
The modern Giants had repair'd the Rent,
  But poor, reduced, and ignorant withal,
They patch'd it up, contriving as they could,
With stones, and earth, and palisades of wood;

XVII.

Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain—
  A true bred Giant never trusts a Knight—
He sent a Herald, who return'd again
  All torn to rags and perishing with fright;
A Trumpeter was sent, but he was slain—
  To Trumpeters they bear a mortal spite:
When all conciliatory measures fail'd,
The Castle and the Fortress were assail'd.

XVIII.

But when the Giants saw them fairly under,
  They shovell'd down a cataract of stones,
A hideous volley like a peal of thunder,
  Bouncing and bounding down, and breaking bones,
Rending the earth, and riving rocks asunder;
  Sir Gawain inwardly laments and groans,
Retiring last, and standing most exposed;—
Success seem'd hopeless, and the combat closed.

XIX.

A Council then was call'd, and all agreed
  To call in succour from the Country round;
By regular approaches to proceed,
  Intrenching, fortifying, breaking ground.
That morning Tristram happen'd to secede:
  It seems his Falcon was not to be found;
He went in search of her, but some suspected
He went lest his advice should be neglected.

XX.

At Gawain's summons all the Country came;
  At Gawain's summons all the people aided;
They called upon each other in his name,
  And bid their neighbours work as hard as they did.
So well beloved was He, for very shame
  They dug, they delved, entrench'd, and palisaded,
Till all the Fort was thoroughly blockaded,
And every Ford where Giants might have waded.

XXI.

Sir Tristram found his Falcon, bruised and lame,
  After a tedious search, as he averr'd,
And was returning back the way he came
  When in the neighbouring thicket something stirr'd,
And flash'd across the path, as bright as flame,
  Sir Tristram follow'd it, and found a Bird
Much like a Pheasant, only crimson-red,
With a fine tuft of feathers on his head.

XXII.

Sir Tristram's mind—invention—powers of thought,
  Were occupied, abstracted, and engaged,
Devising ways and means to have it caught
  Alive—entire—to see it safely caged:
The Giants and their siege he set at nought
  Compar'd with this new warfare that he waged.
He gain'd his object after three days wandering,
And three nights watching, meditating, pondering,

XXIII.

And to the Camp in triumph he return'd:
  He makes them all admire the creature's crest,
And praise and magnify the prize he earn'd.
  Sir Gawain rarely ventured on a jest,
But here his heart with indignation burn'd:
  "Good Cousin, yonder stands an Eagle's nest!
—"A Prize for Fowlers such as you and me."—
Sir Tristram answer'd mildly, "We shall see."

XXIV.

Good humour was Sir Tristram's leading quality,
  And in the present case he proved it such;
If he forbore, it was that in reality
  His conscience smote him with a secret touch,
For having shock'd his worthy friend's formality—
  He thought Sir Gawain had not said too much;
He walks apart with him—and he discourses
About their preparation and their forces—

XXV.

Approving every thing that had been done—
  "It serves to put the Giants off their guard—
"Less hazard and less danger will be run—
  "I doubt not we shall find them unprepared—
"The Castle will more easily be won,
  "And many valuable lives be spared;
"The Ladies else, while we blockade and threaten,
"Will most infallibly be kill'd and eaten."

XXVI.

Sir Tristram talk'd incomparably well;
  His reasons were irrefragably strong.
As Tristram spoke Sir Gawain's spirits fell,
  For he discover'd clearly before long
(What Tristram never would presume to tell),
  That his whole system was entirely wrong;
In fact his confidence had much diminish'd
Since all the preparations had been finish'd.

XXVII.

"Indeed!" Sir Tristram said, "for aught we know—
"For aught that we can tell—this very night
The valley's entrance may be closed with snow,
"And we may starve and perish here outright—
"'Tis better risking a decided blow—
"I own this weather puts me in a fright."
In fine, this tedious conference to shorten,
Sir Gawain trusted to Sir Tristram's fortune.

XXVIII.

'Twas twilight, ere the wintry dawn had kist
With cold salute the mountain's chilly brow;
The level lawns were dark, a lake of mist
Inundated the vales and depths below,
When valiant Tristram, with a chosen list
Of bold and hardy men, prepared to go,
Ascending through the vapours dim and hoar,
A secret track, which he descried before.

XXIX.

If ever you attempted, when a boy,
To walk across the play-ground or the yard
Blindfolded, for an apple or a toy,
Which, when you reach'd the spot, was your reward,
You may conceive the difficult employ
Sir Tristram had, and that he found it hard,
Deprived of landmarks and the power of sight,
To steer their dark and doubtful course aright.

XXX.

They climb'd an hour or more with hand and knee;
(The distance of a fathom or a rood
Was farther than the keenest eye could see;)
At last the very ground on which they stood,
The broken turf, and many a batter'd tree—
The crush'd and shatter'd shrubs and underwood—
Apprised them that they were arrived once more
Where they were overwhelm'd the time before.

XXXI.

Sir Tristram saw the people in a fluster;
He took them to a shelter'd hollow place:
They crowded round like chickens in a cluster,
And Tristram, with an unembarrass'd face,
Proceeded quietly to take a muster,
To take a muster, and to state the case—
"It was," he said, "an unexpected error,
"Enough to strike inferior minds with terror;

XXXII.

"But since they were assembled and collected,"
(All were assembled except nine or ten)
"He thought that their design might be effected;
"All things were easy to determined men.
"If they would take the track which he directed,
"And try their old adventure once again,"
He slapp'd his breast, and swore within an hour
That they should have the Castle in their power.

XXXIII.

This mountain was like others I have seen;
There was a stratum or a ridge of stone
Projecting high beyond the sloping green,
From top to bottom, like a spinal bone,
Or flight of steps, with gaps and breaks between—
A Copper-plate would make my meaning known
Better than words, and therefore with permission,
I'll give a Print of it the next Edition.

XXXIV.

Thither Sir Tristram with his comrades went,
For now the misty cloud was clear'd away,
And they must risk the perilous ascent,
Right in the Giants' front, in open day:
They ran to reach the shelter which it lent,
Before the battery should begin to play.
Their manner of ascending up that ridge
Was much like climbing by a broken bridge;

XXXV.

For there you scramble on from pier to pier,
  Always afraid to lose your hold half way;
And as they clamber'd each successive tier
  Of rugged upright rocks, I dare to say,
It was not altogether without fear—
  Just fear enough to make brave people gay:
According to the words of Mr. Gray,
"They wound with toilsome march their long array."

XXXVI.

The more alert and active upward sprung,
  And let down ropes to drag their comrades after;
Those ropes were their own shirts together strung,
  Stript off and twisted with such mirth and laughter,
That with their jokes the rocky echoes rung:
  Like countrymen that on a beam or rafter
Attempt to pass a raging wintry flood,
Such was the situation where they stood:

XXXVII.

A wild tumultuous torrent raged around,
  Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's height;
The whirling clouds of dust, the deafening sound,
  The hurried motion that amazed the sight,
The constant quaking of the solid ground,
  Environ'd them with phantoms of affright;
Yet with heroic hearts they held right on,
Till the last point of their ascent was won.

XXXVIII.

The Giants saw them on the topmost crown
  Of the last rock, and threaten'd and defied—
"Down with the mangy dwarfs there!—Dash them down
  "Down with the dirty pismires!"—Thus they cried.
Sir Tristram, with a sharp sarcastic frown,
  In their own Giant jargon thus replied,
"Mullinger!—Caçamole!—and Mangonell!
"You cursed cannibals—I know you well—

XXXIX.

"I'll see that pate of yours upon a post,
  "And your left-handed squinting brother's too—
"By Heaven and Earth, within an hour at most,
  "I'll give the crows a meal of him and you—
"The wolves shall have you—either raw or roast—
  "I'll make an end of all your cursed crew."
These words he partly said, and partly sang,
As usual with the Giants, in their slang.

XL.

He darted forward to the mountain's brow—
  The Giants ran away—they knew not why—
Sir Tristram gain'd the point—he knew not how—
  He could account for it no more than I.
Such strange effects we witness often now;
  Such strange experiments true Britons try
In sieges, and in skirmishes afloat,
In storming heights, and boarding from a boat.

XLI.

True Courage bears about a Charm or Spell—
  It looks, I think, like an instinctive Law
By which superior natures daunt and quell
  Frenchmen and foreigners with fear and awe.
I wonder if Philosophers can tell—
  Can they explain the thing with all their jaw?
I can't explain it—but the fact is so,
A fact which every midshipman must know.

XLII.

Then instantly the signal was held out,
  To shew Sir Gawain that the coast was clear:
They heard his Camp re-echo with a shout—
  In half an hour Sir Gawain will be here.
But still Sir Tristram was perplext with doubt—
  The crisis of the Ladies' fate drew near—
He dreaded what those poor defenceless creatures
Might suffer from such fierce and desperate natures.

XLIII.

The Giants, with their brutal want of sense,
  In hurling stones to crush them with the fall,
And in their hurry taking them from thence,
  Had half dismantled all the new-built Wall.
They left it here and there, a naked fence
  Of stakes and palisades, upright and tall.
Sir Tristram form'd a sudden resolution,
And recommended it for execution.

XLIV.

" My Lads," he cried, " an effort must be made
  " To keep those Monsters half an hour in play,
" While Gawain is advancing to our aid,
  " Or else the Ladies will be made away.
" By mounting close within the palisade,
  " You'll parry their two-handed, dangerous sway
" Their Clubs and Maces : recollect my words,
" And use your daggers rather than your swords."

XLV.

That service was most gallantly perform'd :
  The Giants still endeavour'd to repel
And drive them from the breach that they had storm'd :
  The foremost of the Crew was Mangonell.
At sight of him Sir Tristram's spirit warm'd ;
  With aim unerring Tristram's falchion fell,
Lopt off his Club and fingers at the knuckle,
And thus disabled that stupendous Chuckle.

XLVI.

The Giant ran, outrageous with the wound,
  Roaring and bleeding, to the palisade ;
Sir Tristram swerved aside, and reaching round,
  Probed all his entrails with his poniard's blade :
His Giant limbs fall thundering on the ground,
  His goggling eyes eternal slumbers shade ;
Then by the head or heels, I know not which,
They dragg'd him forth, and tost him in the Ditch.

XLVII.

Sir Tristram, in the warfare that he waged,
  Strove to attract the Giant's whole attention ;
To keep it undivided and engaged,
  He rack'd his fiery brain and his invention ;
And taunted and reviled, and storm'd, and raged,
  In terms far worse, and more than I can mention.
In the mean while, in a more sober manner,
Sir Gawain was advancing with his banner.

XLVIII.

But first I must commemorate in rhyme
  Sir Tristram's dextrous swordmanship and might,
(This incident appears to me sublime),
  He struck a Giant's head off in the fight :
The head fell down of course, but for some time
  The stupid, headless trunk remain'd upright ;
For more than twenty seconds there it stood,
But ultimately fell from loss of blood.

XLIX.

Behold Sir Gawain with his valiant band ;
  He enters on the work with warmth and haste,
And slays a brace of Giants out of hand,
  Sliced downward from the shoulder to the waist.
But our ichnography must now be plann'd,
  The Keep or Inner Castle must be traced.
I wish myself at the concluding distich,
Although I think the thing characteristic.

L.

Facing your Entrance, just three yards behind,
  There was a Mass of Stone of moderate height,
It stood before you like a screen or blind :
  And there—on either hand to left and right—
Were sloping Parapets or Planes inclined,
  On which two massy Stones were placed upright,
Secured by Staples and by leathern Ropes,
  Which hinder'd them from sliding down the slopes.

LI.

" —Cousin, those Dogs have some device or gin !—
" —I'll run the gauntlet—and I'll stand a knock—"
He dash'd into the Gate through thick and thin—
He hew'd away the bands which held the block—
It rush'd along the slope with rumbling din,
And closed the entrance with a thundering shock,
(Just like those famous old Symplegades
Discover'd by the Classics in their seas.)

LII.

This was Sir Tristram—(as you may suppose)
He found some Giants wounded, others dead—
He shortly equalizes these with those ;
But one poor Devil there was sick in bed,
In whose behalf the Ladies interpose ;
Sir Tristram spared his life, because they said
That he was more humane, and mild, and clever,
And all the time had had an ague-fever.

LIII.

The Ladies?—They were tolerably well,
At least as well as could have been expected :
Many details I must forbear to tell,
Their toilet had been very much neglected ;
But by supreme good luck it so befell
That when the Castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpower'd,
Only two fat Duennas were devour'd.

LIV.

Sir Tristram having thus secured the Fort,
And seen all safe, was climbing to the Wall,
(Meaning to leap into the outer Court ;)
But when he came, he saved himself the fall,
Sir Gawain had been spoiling all the sport,
The Giants were demolish'd one and all :
He pull'd them up the Wall—they climb and enter—
Such was the winding up of this adventure.

LV.

The only real sufferer in the fight
  Was a poor neighbouring Squire of little fame,
That came and join'd the party overnight;
  He hobbled home, disabled with a maim
Which he received in tumbling from a height:
  The Knights from Court had never heard his name,
Nor recollected seeing him before—
Two leopards' faces were the arms he bore.

LVI.

Thus Tristram, without loss of life or limb,
  Conquer'd the Giants' Castle in a day;
But whether it were accident or whim
  That kept him in the Woods so long away
In any other mortal except him
  I should not feel a doubt of what to say;
But he was wholly guided by his humour,
Indifferent to report and public rumour.

LVII.

It was besides imagined and suspected
  That he had miss'd his course by deep design,
To take the track which Gawain had neglected—
  I speak of others' notions, not of mine:
I question even if he recollected—
  He might have felt a moment's wish to shine;
I only know that he made nothing of it,
Either for reputation or for profit.

LVIII.

The Ladies, by Sir Gawain's kind direction,
  Proceeded instantaneously to Court,
To thank their Majesties for their protection.
  Sir Gawain follow'd with a grand escort,
And was received with favour and affection.
  Sir Tristram remain'd loitering in the Fort;
He thought the building and the scenery striking,
And that poor captive Giant took his liking.

LIX.

And now the thread of our Romance unravels,
Presenting new performers on the stage;
A Giant's education and his travels
Will occupy the next succeeding page:
But I begin to tremble at the cavils
Of this fastidious, supercilious age;
Reviews, and paragraphs in morning papers—
The prospect of them gives my Muse the vapours.

LX.

" My dear," says she, " I think it will be well
" To ascertain our losses or our gains:
" If this first sample should succeed and sell,
" We can renew the same melodious strains."
Poor soul! she's had, I think, a tedious spell,
And ought to be consider'd for her pains.
And keeping of my company so long—
A moderate compliment would not be wrong.

CANTO III.

I.

I'VE a proposal here from Mr. Murray,
' He offers handsomely—the money down;
' My dear, you might recover from your flurry
' In a nice airy lodging out of town,
' At Croydon, Epsom, anywhere in Surrey;
' If every stanza brings us in a crown,
' I think that I might venture to bespeak
' A bed-room and front-parlour for next week.

II.

'Tell me, my dear Thalia, what you think;
'Your nerves have undergone a sudden shock;
'Your poor dear spirits have begun to sink;
'On Banstead Downs you'd muster a new stock,
'And I'd be sure to keep away from drink,
'And always go to bed by twelve o'clock.
'We'll travel down there in the morning stages;
'Our verses shall go down to distant ages.

III.

'And here in town we'll breakfast on hot rolls,
'And you shall have a better shawl to wear;
'These pantaloons of mine are chafed in holes;
'By Monday next I'll compass a new pair:
'Come, now, fling up the cinders, fetch the coals,
'And take away the things you hung to air,
'Set out the tea-things, and bid Phœbe bring
'The kettle up.'—*Arms and the Monks I sing.*

IV.

Some ten miles off, an ancient abbey stood,
Amidst the mountains, near a noble stream;
A level eminence, enshrined with wood,
Slop'd to the river's bank and southern beam;
Within were fifty friars fat and good,
Of goodly persons, and of good esteem,
That pass'd an easy, exemplary life,
Remote from want and care, and worldly strife.

V.

Between the Monks and Giants there subsisted,
In the first abbot's lifetime, much respect;
The Giants let them settle where they listed;
The Giants were a tolerating sect.
A poor lame Giant once the Monks assisted,
Old and abandon'd, dying with neglect,
The Prior found him, cured his broken bone,
And very kindly cut him for the stone.

VI.

This seem'd a glorious, golden opportunity,
To civilize the whole gigantic race;
To draw them to pay tithes, and dwell in unity;
The Giants' valley was a fertile place,
And might have much enrich'd the whole community,
Had the old Giant lived a longer space;
But he relapsed, and though all means were tried,
They could but just baptize him—when he died.

VII.

And, I believe, the Giants never knew
Of the kind treatment that befell their mate;
He broke down all at once, and all the crew
Had taken leave, and left him to his fate;
And though the Monks exposed him full in view,
Propt on his crutches, at the garden gate,
To prove their cure, and shew that all was right,
It happen'd that no Giants came in sight:

VIII.

They never found another case to cure,
But their demeanour calm and reverential,
Their gesture and their vesture grave and pure,
Their conduct sober, cautious, and prudential,
Engaged respect, sufficient to secure
Their properties and interests most essential;
They kept a distant, courteous intercourse;
Salutes and gestures were their sole discourse.

IX.

Music will civilize, the poets say,
In time it might have civiliz'd the Giants;
The Jesuits found its use in Paraguay;
Orpheus was famous for harmonic science,
And civilized the Thracians in that way;
My judgment coincides with Mr. Bryant's;
He thinks that Orpheus meant a race of cloisterers,
Obnoxious to the Bacchanalian roisterers.

X.

Deciphering the symbols of mythology,
  He finds them Monks, expert in their vocation;
Teachers of music, medicine, and theology,
  The missionaries of the barbarous Thracian;
The poet's fable was a wild apology
  For an inhuman bloody reformation,
Which left those tribes uncivilized and rude,
Naked and fierce, and painted and tattoo'd.

XI.

It was a glorious jacobinic job
  To pull down convents, to condemn for treason
Poor peeping Pentheus—to carouse and rob,
  With naked raving goddesses of reason,
The festivals and orgies of the mob
  That every twentieth century come in season.
Enough of Orpheus—the succeeding page
Relates to Monks of a more recent age;

XII.

And oft that wild untutor'd race would draw,
  Led by the solemn sound and sacred light
Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely shaw,
  To listen all the livelong summer night,
Till deep, serene, and reverential awe
  Environ'd them with silent calm delight,
Contemplating the Minster's midnight gleam,
Reflected from the clear and glassy stream;

XIII.

But chiefly, when the shadowy moon had shed
  O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,
Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed
  With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,
Till their brute souls with inward working bred
  Dark hints that in the depth of instinct grew
Subjective—not from Locke's associations,
Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations,

XIV.

Each was ashamed to mention to the others
One half of all the feelings that he felt,
Yet thus far each could venture—'Listen, brothers,
'It seems as if one heard heaven's thunder melt
'In music—! all at once it soothes—it smothers—
'It overpowers one—Pillicock, don't pelt!
'It seems a kind of shame, a kind of sin,
'To vex those harmless worthy souls within.'

XV.

In castles and in courts Ambition dwells,
But not in castles or in courts alone;
She breathed a wish, throughout those sacred cells,
For bells of larger size, and louder tone;
Giants abominate the sound of bells,
And soon the fierce antipathy was shown,
The tinkling and the jingling, and the clangour;
Roused their irrational gigantic anger.

XVI.

Unhappy mortals! ever blind to fate!
Unhappy Monks! you see no danger nigh;
Exulting in their sound and size and weight,
From morn till noon the merry peal you ply:
The belfry rocks, your bosoms are elate,
Your spirits with the ropes and pulleys fly;
Tired, but transported, panting, pulling, hauling,
Ramping and stamping, overjoy'd and bawling.

XVII.

Meanwhile the solemn mountains that surrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded,
When the first peal burst forth at break of day:
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think, or what to say;
And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,

XVIII.

Yet) Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
Thundering his deep surprise and indignation;
The lesser hills, in language of their own,
Discuss'd the topic by reverberation;
Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
Their only conversation was, 'ding-dong.'

XIX.

Those giant-mountains inwardly were moved,
But never made an outward change of place:
Not so the mountain-giants—(as behoved
A more alert and locomotive race),
Hearing a clatter which they disapproved,
They ran straight forward to besiege the place
With a discordant universal yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

XX.

Historians are extremely to be pitied,
Obliged to persevere in the narration
Of wrongs and horrid outrages committed,
Oppression, sacrilege, assassination;
The following scenes I wish'd to have omitted,
But truth is an imperious obligation.
So—'my heart sickens, and I drop my pen,'
And am obliged to pick it up again,

XXI.

And, dipping it afresh, I must transcribe
An ancient monkish record, which displays
The savage acts of that gigantic tribe;
I hope, that from the diction of those days,
This noble, national poem will imbibe
A something (in the old reviewing phrase),
'Of an original flavour, and a raciness;'
I should not else transcribe it out of laziness.

XXII.

The writer first relates a dream, or vision,
  Observed by Luke and Lawrence in their cells,
And a nocturnal hideous apparition
  Of fiends and devils dancing round the bells:
This last event is stated with precision;
  Their persons he describes, their names he tells,
Klaproth, Tantallan, Barbanel, Belphegor,
Long-tail'd, long-talon'd, hairy, black, and meagre.

XXIII.

He then rehearses sundry marvels more,
  Damping the mind with horror by degrees,
Of a prodigious birth a heifer bore,
  Of mermaids seen in the surrounding seas,
Of a sea-monster that was cast ashore;
  Earthquakes and thunder-stones, events like these,
Which served to shew the times were out of joint,
And then proceeds directly to the point.

XXIV.

Erant rumores et timores varii;
  Dies horroris et confusionis
Evenit in calendis Januarii;
  Gigantes, semen maledictionis
Nostri potentes impii adversarii,
  Irascebantur campanarum sonis,
Horâ secundâ centum tres gigantes
Venerunt ante januam ululantes.

XXV.

At fratres pleni desolationis,
  Stabant ad necessarium præsidium,
Perterriti pro vitis et pro bonis,
  Et perduravit hoc crudele obsidium,
Nostri claustralis pauperis Sionis,
  Ad primum diem proximorum Idium;
Tunc in triumpho fracto tintinnabulo,
Gigantes ibant alibi pro pabulo.

XXVI.

Sed frater Isidorus decumbebat
In lecto per tres menses brachio fracto,
Nam lapides Mangonellus jaciebat,
Et fregit tintinnabulum lapide jacto;
Et omne vicinagium destruebat,
Et nihil relinquebat de intacto,
Ardens molinos, Casas, messuagia,
Et alia multa damna atque outragia.

XXVII.

Those Monks were poor proficients in divinity,
And scarce knew more of Latin than myself;
Compared with theirs they say that true Latinity
Appears like porcelain compared with delf;
As for the damage done in the vicinity,
Those that have laid their Latin on the shelf
May like to read the subsequent narration
Done into metre from a friend's translation.

XXVIII.

Squire Humphry Bamberham, of Boozley Hall,
(Whose name I mention with deserved respect),
On market-days was often pleased to call,
And to suggest improvements, or correct;
I own the obligation once for all,
Lest critics should imagine they detect
Traces of learning and superior reading,
Beyond, as they suppose, my birth and breeding.

XXIX.

Papers besides, and transcripts most material,
He gave me when I went to him to dine;
A trunk full, one coach-seat, and an imperial,
One band-box—But the work is wholly mine;
The tone, the form, the colouring etherial,
'The vision and the faculty divine,'
The scenery, characters, and triple-rhymes,
I'll swear it—like old Walter of the Times.

XXX.

Long, long before, upon a point of weight,
  Such as a ring of bells complete and new,
Chapters were summon'd, frequent, full, and late;
  The point was view'd in every point of view,
Till, after fierce discussion and debate,
  The wiser monks, the wise are always few,
That from the first opposed the plan *in toto*,
Were over-borne, *canonicali voto*.

XXXI.

A prudent monk, their reader and librarian,
  Observed a faction, angry, strong, and warm,
(Himself an anti-tintinnabularian),
  He saw, or thought he saw, a party form
To scout him as an alien and sectarian.
  There was an undefined impending storm!
The opponents were united, bold, and hot;
They might degrade, imprison him—what not?

XXXII.

Now faction in a city, camp, or cloister,
  While it is yet a tender raw beginner,
Is nourish'd by superfluous warmth and moisture,
  Namely, by warmth and moisture after dinner;
And therefore, till the temper and the posture
  Of things should alter—till a secret inner
Instinctive voice should whisper, all is right—
He deem'd it safest to keep least in sight.

XXXIII.

He felt as if his neck were in a noose,
  And evermore retired betimes from table,
For fear of altercation and abuse,
  But made the best excuse that he was able;
He never rose without a good excuse,
  (Like Master Stork invited in the fable
To Mr. Fox's dinner); there he sat,
Impatient to retire and take his hat.

XXXIV.

For only once or twice that he remain'd
  To change this constant formal course, he found
His brethren awkward, sullen, and constrain'd,
  —He caught the conversation at a bound,
And, with a hurried agitation, strain'd
  His wits to keep it up, and drive it round.
—It saved him—but he felt the risk and danger,
Behaved-to like a pleasant utter stranger.

XXXV.

Wise people sometimes will pretend to sleep,
  And watch and listen while they droop and snore—
He felt himself a kind of a black sheep,
  But studied to be neither less nor more
Obliging than became him—but to keep
  His temper, style, and manner as before;
It seem'd the best, the safest, only plan,
Never to seem to feel as a mark'd man.

XXXVI.

Wise Curs, when canister'd, refuse to run;
  They merely crawl and creep about, and whine,
And disappoint the Boys, and spoil the fun—
  That picture is too mean—this Monk of mine
Ennobled it, as others since have done,
  With grace and ease, and grandeur of design;
He neither ran nor howl'd, nor crept nor turn'd,
But wore it as he walk'd, quite unconcern'd.

XXXVII.

To manifest the slightest want of nerve
  Was evidently perfect, utter ruin,
Therefore the seeming to recant or swerve,
  By meddling any way with what was doing,
He felt within himself would only serve
  To bring down all the mischief that was brewing;
"No duty binds me, no constraint compels
"To bow before the Dagon of the Bells,

XXXVIII.

" To flatter this new foolery, to betray
" My vote, my conscience, and my better sense,
" By bustling in the Belfry day by day;
" But in the Grange, the Cellar, or the Spence,
" (While all are otherwise employ'd), I may
" Deserve their thanks, at least avoid offence;
" For (while this vile anticipated clatter
" Fills all their hearts and senses), every matter

XXXIX.

" Behoveful for our maintenance and needs
" Is wholly disregarded, and the course
" Of our conventual management proceeds
" At random, day by day, from bad to worse;
" The Larder dwindles and the Cellar bleeds!
" Besides,—besides the bells, we must disburse
" For masonry, for frame-work, wheels and fliers;
" Next winter we must fast like genuine friars."

XL.

As Bees, that when the skies are calm and fair,
In June, or the beginning of July,
Launch forth colonial settlers in the air,
Round, round, and round-about, they whiz, they fly,
With eager worry whirling here and there,
They know not whence, nor whither, where, nor why,
In utter hurry-scurry, going, coming,
Maddening the summer air with ceaseless humming;

XLI.

Till the strong Frying-pan's energic jangle
With thrilling thrum their feebler hum doth drown,
Then passive and appeased, they droop and dangle,
Clinging together close, and clustering down,
Link'd in a multitudinous living tangle
Like an old Tassel of a dingy brown;
The joyful Farmer sees, and spreads his hay,
And reckons on a settled sultry day.

XLII.

E'en so the Monks, as wild as sparks of fire,
(Or swarms unpacified by pan or kettle),
Ran restless round the Cloisters and the Quire,
Till those huge masses of sonorous metal
Attracted them toward the Tower and Spire;
There you might see them cluster, crowd, and settle,
Throng'd in the hollow tintinnabular Hive;
The Belfry swarm'd with Monks; it seem'd alive.

XLIII.

Then, while the Cloisters, Courts, and Yards were still,
Silent and empty, like a long vacation;
The Friar prowl'd about, intent to fill
Details of delegated occupation,
Which, with a ready frankness and good will,
He undertook; he said, "the obligation
"Was nothing—nothing—he could serve their turn
"While they were busy with this new concern."

XLIV.

Combining prudence with a scholar's pride,
Poor Tully, like a toad beneath a harrow,
Twitch'd, jerk'd, and haul'd and maul'd on every side,
Tried to identify himself with Varro;
This course our cautious Friar might have tried,
But his poor convent was a field too narrow;
There was not, from the Prior to the Cook,
A single soul that cared about a book:

XLV.

Yet, sitting with his books, he felt unclogg'd.
Unfetter'd; and for two hours together tasted
The calm delight of being neither dogg'd,
Nor watch'd, nor worried; he transcribed, he pasted,
Repair'd old Bindings, index'd, catalogued,
Illuminated, mended Clasps, and wasted
An hour or two sometimes in actual reading;
Meanwhile the belfry business was proceeding;

XLVI.

And the first opening Peal, the grand display,
  In prospect ever present to his mind,
Was fast approaching, pregnant with dismay,
  With loathing and with horror undefined,
Like the expectation of an Ague-day;
  The day before he neither supp'd nor dined,
And felt beforehand, for a fortnight near,
A kind of deafness in his fancy's ear:

XLVII.

But most he fear'd his ill-digested spleen,
  Inflamed by gibes, might lead him on to wrangle,
Or discompose, at least, his looks and mien;
  So, with the Belfry's first prelusive jangle,
He sallied from the Garden-gate unseen,
  With his worst hat, his boots, his line and angle,
Meaning to pass away the time, and bring
Some fish for supper, as a civil thing.

XLVIII.

The prospect of their after-supper talk
  Employ'd his thoughts, forecasting many a scoff,
Which he with quick reply must damp and balk,
  Parrying at once, without a hem or cough,
" Had not the bells annoy'd him in his walk?—
  " No, faith! he liked them best when farthest off."
Thus he prepared and practised many a sentence,
Expressing ease, good-humour, independence.

XLIX.

His ground-bait had been laid the night before,
  Most fortunately!—for he used to say,
' That more than once the belfry's bothering roar
  ' Almost induced him to remove away;'
Had he so done,—the gigantean corps
  Had sack'd the convent on that very day,
But providentially the perch and dace
Bit freely, which detain'd him at the place.

L.

And here let us detain ourselves awhile,
My dear Thalia ! party's angry frown
And petty malice in that monkish pile,
(The warfare of the cowl and of the gown),
Had almost dried my wits and drain'd my style;
Here, with our legs, then, idly dangling down,
We'll rest upon the bank, and dip our toes
In the poetic current as it flows.

LI.

Or in the narrow sunny plashes near,
Observe the puny piscatory Swarm,
That with their tiny Squadrons tack and veer,
Cruising amidst the shelves and shallows warm,
Chasing, or in retreat, with hope or fear
Of petty plunder or minute alarm;
With clannish instinct how they wheel and face,
Inherited arts inherent in the race;

LII.

Or mark the jetty, glossy Tribes that glance
Upon the water's firm unruffled breast,
Tracing their ancient labyrinthic dance
In mute mysterious cadence unexpress'd;
Alas ! that fresh disaster and mischance
Again must drive us from our place of rest !
Grim Mangonel, with his outrageous crew,
Will scare us hence within an hour or two.

LIII.

Poets are privileged to run away—
Alcæus and Archilochus could fling
Their shields behind them in a doubtful fray;
And still sweet Horace may be heard to sing
His filthy fright upon Philippi's day;
(—You can retire, too—for the Muse's wing
Is swift as Cupid's pinion when he flies,
Alarm'd at periwigs and human Tyes).

LIV.

This practice was approved in times of yore,
 Though later bards behav'd like gentlemen,
And Garcilasso, Camoens, many more,
 Disclaim'd the privilege of book and pen;
And bold Aneurin, all bedripp'd with gore,
 Bursting by force from the beleaguer'd glen,
Arrogant, haughty, fierce, of fiery mood,
Not meek and mean, as Gray misunderstood.

LV.

But we, that write a mere Campaigning Tour,
 May choose a station for our point of view
That's picturesque and perfectly secure;
 Come, now we'll sketch the friar—That will do—
'Designs and etchings by an amateur;'
 'A frontispiece, and a vignette or two:'
But much I fear that aqua-tint and etching
Will scarce keep pace with true poetic sketching.

LVI.

Dogs that inhabit near the banks of Nile,
 (As ancient authors or old proverbs say),
Dreading the cruel critic Crocodile,
 Drink as they run, a mouthful and away;
'Tis a true model for descriptive style;
 "Keep moving," (as the man says in the play),
The power of motion is the poet's forte—
Therefore, again, "keep moving! that's your sort!"

LVII.

For, otherwise, while you persist and paint,
 With your portfolio pinion'd to a spot,
Half of your picture grows effaced and faint,
 Imperfectly remember'd, or forgot;
Make sketch, then, upon sketch; and if they a'n't
 Complete, it does not signify a jot;
Leave graphic illustrations of your work
To be devised by Westall or by Smirke.

LVIII.

I'll speak my mind at once, in spite of raillery;
I've thought and thought again a thousand times,
What a magnificent Poetic Gallery
Might be design'd from my Stowmarket rhymes;
I look for no reward, nor fee, nor salary,
I look for England's fame in foreign climes
And future ages—*Honos alit Artes*,
And such a plan would reconcile all parties.

LIX.

I'm strongly for the present state of things;
I look for no reform, nor innovation,
Because our present Parliaments and Kings
Are competent to improve and rule the Nation,
Provided Projects that true Genius brings
Are held in due respect and estimation.
I've said enough—and now you must be wishing
To see the landscape, and the friar fishing.

CANTO IV.

I.

A MIGHTY current, unconfin'd and free,
Ran wheeling round beneath the mountain's shade,
Battering its wave-worn base; but you might see
On the near margin many a watery glade,
Becalm'd beneath some little island's lee
All tranquil, and transparent, close embay'd;
Reflecting in the deep serene and even
Each flower and herb, and every cloud of Heaven;

II.

The painted kingfisher, the branch above her,
Stand in the sultry mirror fixt and true ;
Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover,
Freshening the surface with a rougher hue ;
Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over,
Again returning to retire anew :
So rest and motion, in a narrow range,
Feasted the sight with joyous interchange.

III.

The Monk with handy jerk, and petty baits,
Stands twitching out apace the perch and roach ;
His mightier tackle, pitch'd apart, awaits
The grovelling barbel's unobserved approach :
And soon his motley meal of homely Cates
Is spread, the leather bottle is a-broach ;
Eggs, Bacon, Ale, a Napkin, Cheese and Knife,
Forming a charming Picture of Still-life.

IV.

The Friar fishing—a design for Cuyp,
A cabinet jewel—'Pray remark the boot ;
'And, leading from the light, that shady stripe,
'With the dark bulrush-heads how well they suit ;
'And then, that mellow tint so warm and ripe,
'That falls upon the cassock, and surtout :'
If it were fairly painted, puff'd and sold,
My gallery would be worth its weight in gold.

V.

But hark !—the busy Chimes fall fast and strong,
Clattering and pealing in their full career ;
Closely the thickening sounds together throng,
No longer painful to the Friar's ear,
They bind his Fancy with illusion strong ;
While his rapt Spirit hears, or seems to hear,
"*Turn, turn again—gen—gèn, thou noble Friar,*
"*Eleele—lèele—lèele—lected Prior.*"

VI.

Thus the mild Monk, as he unhook'd a gudgeon,
  Stood musing—when far other sounds arise,
Sounds of despite and ire, and direful dudgeon;
  And soon across the River he espies,
In wrathful act, a hideous huge Curmudgeon
  Calling his Comrades on with shouts and cries,
"There!—there it is!—I told them so before;"
He left his Line and Hook, and said no more;

VII.

But ran right forward, (pelted all the way),
  And bolted breathless at the Convent-gate,
The messenger and herald of dismay;
  But soon with conscious worth, and words of weight,
Gives orders which the ready Monks obey:
  Doors, windows, wickets, are blockaded straight;
He reinspires the Convent's drooping sons,
Is here and there, and everywhere, at once.

VIII.

"Friends! fellow-Monks!" he cried, ("for well you know
  "That mightiest Giants must in vain essay
"Across yon river's foaming gulf to go:)
  "The mountainous, obscure and winding way,
"That guides their footsteps to the Ford below,
  "Affords a respite of desired delay—
"Seize then the passing hour!"—the Monk kept bawling,
In terms to this effect, though not so drawling.

IX.

His words were these, "Before the Ford is crost,
  "We've a good hour,—at least three quarters good—
"Bestir yourselves, my lads, or all is lost—
  "Drive down this Staunchion, bring those Spars of wood;
"This Bench will serve—here, wedge it to the Post;
  "Come, Peter, quick! strip off your Gown and Hood—
"Take up the Mallet, Man, and bang away!
"Tighten these Ropes—now lash them, and belay.

X.

"Finish the job while I return—I fear
"Yon Postern-gate will prove the Convent's ruin;
"You, brother John, my Namesake! stay you here,
"And give an eye to what these Monks are doing;
"Bring out the scalding Sweet-wort, and the Beer,
"Keep up the Stoke-hole fire, where we were brewing:
"And pull the Gutters up and melt the Lead—
"(Before a dozen aves can be said,)

XI.

"I shall be back amongst you."—Forth he went,
Secured the Postern, and return'd again,
Disposing all with high arbitrement,
With earnest air, and visage on the main
Concern of public safety fixt and bent;
For now the Giants, stretching o'er the plain,
Are seen, presenting in the dim horizon
Tall awful forms, horrific and surprising—

XII.

I'd willingly walk barefoot fifty mile,
To find a scholar, or divine, or squire,
That could assist me to devise a Style
Fit to describe the conduct of the Friar;
I've tried three different ones within a while,
The Grave, the Vulgar, and the grand High-flyer;
All are I think improper, more or less,
I'll take my chance amongst 'em—you shall guess.

XIII.

Intrepid, eager, ever prompt to fly
Where danger and the Convent's safety call;
Where doubtful points demand a judging eye,
Where on the massy gates huge maces fall;
Where missile vollied rocks are whirl'd on high,
Pre-eminent upon the embattled wall,
In gesture, and in voice, he stands confest;
Exhorting all the Monks to do their best.

XIV.

We redescend to phrase of low degree—
  For there's a point which you must wish to know,
The real ruling Abbot—where was he?
  For (since we make so classical a show,
Our Convent's mighty structure, as you see,
  Like Thebes or Troy beleaguer'd by the foe:
Our Friar scuffling like a kind of Cocles),
You'll figure him perhaps like Eteocles

XV.

In Æschylus, with sentries, guards and watches,
  Ready for all contingencies arising,
Pitting his chosen chiefs in equal matches
  Against the foe—anon soliloquizing;
Then occupied anew with fresh dispatches——
  Nothing like this!—but something more surprising—
Was he like Priam then—that's stranger far—
That in the ninth year of his Trojan war,

XVI.

Knew not the names or persons of his foes,
  But merely points them out as stout or tall,
While (as no Trojan knew them, I suppose),
  Helen attends her father to the wall,
To tell him long details of these and those?
  'Twas not like this, but strange and odd withal;
'Nobody knows it—nothing need be said,
'Our poor dear Abbot is this instant dead.

XVII.

'They wheel'd him out, you know, to take the air—
  'It must have been an apoplectic fit—
'He tumbled forward from his garden-chair—
  'He seem'd completely gone, but warm as yet:
'I wonder how they came to leave him there;
  'Poor soul! he wanted courage, heart, and wit
'For Times like these—the Shock and the Surprise!
'Twas very natural the Gout should rise.

XVIII.

‘But such a sudden end was scarce expected;
‘Our parties will be puzzled to proceed;
‘The belfry set divided and dejected:
‘The crisis is a strange one, strange indeed;
‘I'll bet yon fighting Friar is elected;
‘It often happens in the hour of need,
‘From popular ideas of utility,
‘People are pitch'd upon for mere ability.

XIX.

‘I'll hint the subject, and communicate
‘The sad event—He's standing there apart;
‘Our offer, to be sure, comes somewhat late,
‘But then, we never thought he meant to start,
‘And if he gains his end, at any rate,
‘He has an understanding and a heart;
‘He'll serve or he'll protect his friends, at least,
‘With better spirit than the poor deceased;

XX.

‘The convent was all going to the devil
‘While he, poor creature, thought himself beloved
‘For saying handsome things, and being civil,
‘Wheeling about as he was pull'd and shoved,
‘By way of leaving things to find their level.’
The funeral sermon ended, both approved,
And went to Friar John, who merely doubted
The fact, and wish'd them to enquire about it;

XXI.

Then left them, and return'd to the attack:
They found their Abbot in his former place;
They took him up and turn'd him on his back;
At first (you know) he tumbled on his face:
They found him fairly stiff, and cold, and black;
They *then* unloosed each ligature and lace,
His neckcloth and his girdle, hose and garters,
And took him up, and lodged him in his quarters.

XXII.

Bees serv'd me for a simile before,
And bees again—'Bees that have lost their king,'
Would seem a repetition and a bore;
Besides, in fact, I never saw the thing;
And though those phrases from the good old store
Of "feebler hummings and a flagging wing,"
Perhaps may be descriptive and exact;
I doubt it; I confine myself to fact.

XXIII.

Thus much is certain, that a mighty pother
Arises; that the frame and the condition
Of things is alter'd, they combine and bother,
And every winged insect politician
Is warm and eager till they choose another.
In our monastic Hive the same ambition
Was active and alert; but angry fortune
Constrain'd them to contract the long, importune,

XXIV.

Tedious, obscure, inexplicable train,
Qualification, form, and oath and test,
Ballots on ballots, ballotted again;
Accessits, scrutinies, and all the rest;
Theirs was the good old method, short and plain;
Per acclamationem they invest
Their fighting Friar John with Robes and Ring,
Crozier and Mitre, Seals, and every thing.

XXV.

With a new warlike active Chief elected,
Almost at once, it scarce can be conceived
What a new spirit, real or affected,
Prevail'd throughout; the monks complained and grieved
That nothing was attempted or projected;
While Quiristers and Novices believed
That their new fighting Abbot, Friar John,
Would sally forth at once, and lead them on.

XXVI.

I pass such gossip, and devote my cares
By diligent inquiry to detect
The genuine state and posture of affairs:
Unmanner'd, uninform'd, and incorrect,
Falsehood and Malice hold alternate chairs,
And lecture and preside in Envy's sect;
The fortunate and great she never spares,
Sowing the soil of history with tares.

XXVII.

Thus, jealous of the truth, and feeling loth
That Sir Nathaniel henceforth should accuse
Our noble Monk of cowardice and sloth,
I'll print the Affidavit of the Muse,
And state the facts as ascertain'd on Oath,
Corroborated by Surveys and Views,
When good King Arthur granted them a Brief,
And Ninety Groats were raised for their relief.

XXVIII.

Their arbours, walks, and alleys were defaced,
Riven and uprooted, and with ruin strown,
And the fair Dial in their garden placed
Batter'd by barbarous hands, and overthrown;
The Deer with wild pursuit dispersed and chased,
The Dove-house ransack'd, and the Pigeons flown;
The Cows all kill'd in one promiscuous slaughter,
The Sheep all drown'd, and floating in the water.

XXIX.

The Mill was burn'd down to the water-wheels;
The Giants broke away the Dam and Sluice,
Dragg'd up and emptied all the Fishing-reels;
Drain'd and destroy'd the Reservoir and Stews,
Wading about, and groping carp and eels;
In short, no single earthly thing of use
Remain'd untouch'd beyond the convent's wall:
The Friars from their windows view'd it all.

XXX.

But the bare hope of personal defence,
  The church, the convent's, and their own protection,
Absorb'd their thoughts, and silenced every sense
  Of present loss, till Friar John's election;
Then other schemes arose, I know not whence,
  Whether from flattery, zeal, or disaffection,
But the brave Monk, like Fabius with Hannibal,
Against internal faction, and the cannibal

XXXI.

Inhuman foe, that threaten'd from without,
  Stood firmly, with a self-sufficing mind,
Impregnable to rumour, fear, or doubt,
  Determined that the casual, idle, blind
Event of battle with that barbarous Rout,
  Flush'd with success and garbage, should not bind
Their future destinies, or fix the seal
Of ruin on the claustral Common-weal.

XXXII.

He check'd the rash, the boisterous, and the proud,
  By speech and action, manly but discreet;
During the siege he never once allow'd
  Of chapters, or convoked the monks to meet,
Dreading the consultations of a crowd.
  Historic parallels we sometimes meet—
I think I could contrive one—if you please,
I shall compare our Monk to Pericles.

XXXIII.

In Former Times, amongst the Athenians bold,
  This Pericles was placed in high command,
Heading their troops (as statesmen used of old),
  In all their wars and fights by sea and land;
Besides, in Langhorne's Plutarch we are told
  How many fine ingenious things he plann'd;
For Phidias was an Architect and Builder,
Jeweller and Engraver, Carver, Gilder;

XXXIV.

But altogether quite expert and clever;
  Pericles took him up and stood his friend,
Persuading these Athenians to endeavour
  To raise a Work to last to the world's end,
By means of which their Fame should last for ever;
  Likewise an Image (which, you comprehend,
They meant to pray to, for the country's good):
They had before an old one made of wood,

XXXV.

But being partly rotten and decay'd,
  They wish'd to have a new one spick and span,
So Pericles advised it should be made
  According to this Phidias's plan,
Of ivory, with gold all overlaid,
  Of the height of twenty cubits and a span,
Making eleven yards of English measure,
All to be paid for from the public treasure.

XXXVI.

So Phidias's talents were requited
  With talents that were spent upon the work,
And every body busied and delighted,
  Building a Temple—this was their next quirk—
Lest it should think itself ill-used and slighted.
  This Temple now belongs to the Grand Turk,
The finest in the world allowed to be,
That people go five hundred miles to see.

XXXVII.

Its ancient Carvings are safe here at home,
  Brought round by shipping from as far as Greece,
Finer, they say, than all the things at Rome;
  But here you need not pay a penny-piece;
But curious people, if they like to come,
  May look at them as often as they please—
I've left my subject, but I was not sorry
To mention things that raise the country's glory.

XXXVIII.

Well, Pericles made every thing complete,
  Their town, their harbour, and their city wall;
When their allies rebell'd, he made them treat
  And pay for peace, and tax'd and fined them all,
By which means Pericles maintain'd a fleet,
  And kept three hundred galleys at his call;
Pericles was a man for every thing;
Pericles was a kind of petty king.

XXXIX.

It happen'd Sparta was another State;
  They thought themselves as good; they could not bear
To see the Athenians grown so proud and great,
  Ruling and domineering every where,
And so resolved, before it grew too late,
  To fight it out and settle the affair;
Then, being quite determined to proceed,
They muster'd an amazing force indeed;

XL.

And (after praying to their idol Mars)
  March'd on, with all the allies that chose to join,
As was the practice in old heathen wars,
  Destroying all the fruit-trees, every vine,
And smashing and demolishing the jars
  In which those classic ancients kept their wine;
The Athenians ran within the city wall
To save themselves, their children, wives, and all.

XLI.

Then Pericles (whom they compar'd to Jove,
  As being apt to storm and play the deuce),
Kept quiet, and forbad the troops to move,
  Because a battle was no kind of use;
The more they mutinied, the more he strove
  To keep them safe in spite of their abuse,
For while the Farms were ransack'd round the Town,
This was the people's language up and down:

XLII.

‘ ’Tis better to die once than live to see
  ‘ Such an abomination, such a waste ;’
‘ No ! no !’ says Pericles, ‘ that must not be,
  ‘ You’re too much in hurry,—too much haste—
‘ Learned Athenians, leave the thing to me ;
  ‘ You think of being bullied and disgraced ;
‘ Don’t think of that, nor answer their defiance ;
‘ We’ll gain the day by our superior science.’

XLIII.

Pericles led the people as he pleased,
  But in most cases something is forgot :
What with the crowd and heat they grew diseased,
  And died in heaps like wethers with the rot ;
And, at the last, the same distemper seized
  Poor Pericles himself—he went to pot.
It answer’d badly ;—therefore I admire
So much the more the conduct of the Friar.

XLIV.

For in the Garrison where he presided,
  Neither distress, nor famine, nor disease,
Were felt, nor accident nor harm betided
  The happy Monks ; but plenteous, and with ease,
All needful monkish viands were provided ;
  Bacon and Pickled-herring, Pork and Peas ;
And when the Table-beer began to fail,
They found resources in the Bottled-ale.

XLV.

Dinner and supper kept their usual hours ;
  Breakfast and luncheon never were delay’d,
While to the sentries on the walls and towers
  Between two plates hot messes were convey’d.
At the departure of the invading powers,
  It was a boast the noble Abbot made,
None of his Monks were weaker, paler, thinner,
Or, during all the siege, had lost a dinner.

XLVI.

This was the common course of their hostility;
  The giant forces being foil'd at first,
Had felt the manifest impossibility
  Of carrying things before them at a burst,
But still, without a prospect of utility,
  At stated hours they pelted, howl'd, and cursed;
And sometimes, at the peril of their pates,
Would bang with clubs and maces at the gates;

XLVII.

Them the brave monkish legions, unappall'd,
  With stones that served before to pave the court,
(Heap'd and prepared at hand), repell'd and maul'd,
  Without an effort, smiling as in sport,
With many a broken head, and many a scald
  From stones and molten lead and boiling wort;
Thus little Pillicock was left for dead,
And old Loblolly forced to keep his bed.

XLVIII.

The giant-troops invariably withdrew,
  (Like mobs in Naples, Portugal, and Spain),
To dine at twelve o'clock, and sleep till two,
  And afterwards (except in case of rain),
Return'd to clamour, hoot, and pelt anew.
  The scene was every day the same again;
Thus the Blockade grew tedious: I intended
A week ago, myself, to raise and end it.

XLIX.

One morn the drowsy Centry rubb'd his eyes,
  Foil'd by the scanty, baffling, early light;
It seem'd, a Figure of inferior size
  Was traversing the Giants' camp outright;
And soon a Monkish Form they recognize—
  And now their brother Martin stands in sight,
That on that morning of alarm and fear
Had rambled out to see the Salmon-Weir;

L.

Passing the Ford, the Giants' first attack
  Left brother Martin's station in their rear,
And thus prevented him from falling back;
  But during all the Siege he watch'd them near,
Saw them returning by their former Track
  The Night before, and found the Camp was clear;
And so return'd in safety with delight
And rapture, and a ravenous appetite.

LI.

"Well! welcome,—welcome, brother!—Brother Martin!
  "Why, Martin!—we could scarce believe our eyes:
"Ah, brother! strange events here since our parting—"
  And Martin dined (dispensing brief replies
To all the questions that the monks were starting,
  Betwixt his mouthfuls), while each friar vies
In filling, helping, carving, questioning;
So Martin dined in public like a king.

LII.

And now the Gates are open'd, and the Throng
  Forth issuing, the deserted Camp survey;
'Here Murdomack, and Mangonel the strong,
  'And Gorboduc were lodged,' and 'here,' they say
'This pigsty to Poldavy did belong;
  'Here Brindleback, and here Phagander lay.'
They view the deep indentures, broad and round,
Which mark their posture squatting on the ground.

LIII.

Then to the traces of gigantic feet,
  Huge, wide apart, with half a dozen toes;
They track them on, till they converge and meet,
  (An earnest and assurance of repose)
Close at the Ford; the cause of this retreat
  They all conjecture, but no creature knows;
It was ascribed to causes multifarious,
To saints, as Jerom, George and Januarius,

LIV.

To their own pious founder's intercession,
  To Ave-Maries, and our Lady's Psalter;
To news that Friar John was in possession,
  To new wax candles placed upon the altar,
To their own prudence, valour, and discretion;
  To reliques, rosaries, and holy water;
To beads and psalms, and feats of arms—in short,
There was no end of their accounting for't:

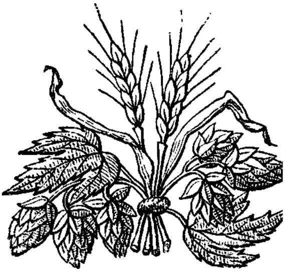
LV.

But though they could not, you, perhaps, may guess;
  They went, in short, upon their last adventure,
After the Ladies—neither more nor less—
  Our story now revolves upon its centre,
And I'm rejoiced myself, I must confess,
  To find it tally like an old indenture;
They drove off Mules and Horses half a score,
The same that you saw roasted heretofore.

LVI.

Our Giants' memoirs still remain on hand,
  For all my notions, being genuine gold,
Beat out beneath the hammer and expand,
  And multiply themselves a thousandfold
Beyond the first idea that I plann'd;
  Besides,—this present copy must be sold:
Besides,—I promised Murray t'other day,
To let him have it by the tenth of May.

END OF CANTO IV.



MISCELLANIES.

FABLES FOR FIVE YEARS OLD.

FABLE I.

Of the Boy and his Top.

A LITTLE boy had bought a Top,
The best in all the toyman's shop;
He made a whip with good eel's-skin,
He lash'd the top, and made it spin;
All the children within call,
And the servants, one and all,
Stood round to see it and admire.
At last the Top began to tire,
He cried out, " Pray don't whip me, Master,
" You whip too hard,—I can't spin faster,
" I can spin quite as well without it."
The little Boy replied, " I doubt it;
" I only whip you for your good,
" You were a foolish lump of wood,
" By dint of whipping you were raised
" To see yourself admired and praised,
" And if I left you, you'd remain
" A foolish lump of wood again."

Explanation.

* Whipping sounds a little odd,
It don't mean whipping with a rod,
It means to teach a boy incessantly,
Whether by lessons or more pleasantly,
Every hour and every day,
By every means, in every way,

By reading, writing, rhyming, talking,
By riding to see sights, and walking:
If you leave off he drops at once,
A lumpish, wooden-headed dunce.

FABLE II.

OF THE BOY AND THE PARROT.

PARROT, if I had your wings,
“ I should do so many things.
“ The first thing I should like to do
“ If I had little wings like you,
“ I should fly to uncle Bartle.[1]
“ Don't you think 'twould make him startle,
“ If he saw me when I came,
“ Flapping at the window-frame,
“ Exactly like the print of Fame?”
All this the wise old Parrot heard,
The Parrot was an ancient bird,
And paused and ponder'd every word.
First, therefore, he began to cough,
Then said,—“ It is a great way off,—
“ A great way off, My Dear:”—and then
He paused awhile, and cough'd again,—
“ Master John,[2] pray think a little,
“ What will you do for beds and victual?”
—“ Oh! parrot, uncle John can tell—
“ But we should manage very well.
“ At night we'd perch upon the trees,
“ And so fly forward by degrees.”—
—“ Does uncle John,” the parrot said,
“ Put nonsense in his nephew's head?
“ Instead of telling you such things,
“ And teaching you to wish for wings,
“ I think he might have taught you better;
“ You might have learnt to write a letter:—
“ That is the thing that I should do
“ If I had little hands like you.”

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[1] The late Bartholomew Frere, then Secretary to the Embassy at Constantinople.
[2] His nephew, the late Rev. John Frere, rector of Cottenham.

FABLE III.

Of the Boy and the Wolf.

A LITTLE boy was set to keep
A little flock of goats or sheep.
He thought the task too solitary,
And took a strange perverse vagary,
To call the people out of fun,
To see them leave their work and run,
He cried and scream'd with all his might,—
" Wolf! wolf!" in a pretended fright.
Some people, working at a distance,
Came running in to his assistance.
They search'd the fields and bushes round,
The Wolf was no where to be found.
The Boy, delighted with his game,
A few days after did the same,
And once again the People came.
The trick was many times repeated,
At last they found that they were cheated.
One day the wolf appeared in sight,
The Boy was in a real fright,
He cried, "Wolf! wolf!"—The Neighbours heard,
But not a single creature stirr'd.
" We need not go from our employ,—
" 'Tis nothing but that idle boy."
The little boy cried out again,
" Help, help! the Wolf!"—he cried in vain.
At last his master went to beat him,
He came too late, the wolf had eat him.

THIS shews the bad effects of lying,
And likewise of continual crying;
If I had heard you scream and roar,
For nothing, twenty times before,
Although you might have broke your arm,
Or met with any serious harm,
Your cries could give me no alarm,

They would not make me move the faster,
Nor apprehend the least disaster;
I should be sorry when I came,
But you yourself would be to blame.

FABLE IV.

Of the Piece of Glass and the Piece of Ice.

ONCE on a time, it came to pass,
A piece of ice and piece of glass
Were lying on a bank together.
There came a sudden change of weather,
The sun shone through them both.—The ice
Turn'd to his neighbour for advice.
The piece of glass made this reply,—
"Take care by all means not to cry."
The foolish piece of ice relied
On being pitied if he cried.
The story says—That he cried on
Till he was melted and quite gone.

This may serve you for a rule
With the little boys at school;
If you weep, I must forewarn ye,
All the boys will teaze and scorn ye.

FABLE V.

Of the Cavern and the Hut.

AN ancient cavern, huge and wide,
Was hollow'd in a mountain's side,
It served no purpose that I know,
Except to shelter sheep or so,
Yet it was spacious, warm, and dry.
There stood a little hut hard by.—
The cave was empty quite, and poor,
The hut was full of furniture;

By looking to his own affairs,
He got a table and some chairs,
All useful instruments of metal,
A pot, a frying-pan, a kettle,
A clock, a warming-pan, a jack,
A salt-box and a bacon-rack;
With plates, and knives, and forks, and dishes,
And lastly, to complete his wishes,
He got a sumptuous pair of bellows.—
The cavern was extremely jealous:
"How can that paltry hut contrive
"In this poor neighbourhood to thrive?"—
"The reason's plain," replied the hut,
"Because I keep my mouth close shut;
"Whatever my good master brings,
"For furniture, or household things,
"I keep them close, and shut the door,
"While you stand yawning evermore."

If a little boy is yawning
At his lessons every morning,
Teaching him in prose or rhyme
Will be merely loss of time;
All your pains are thrown away,
Nothing will remain a day,
(Nothing you can teach or say,
Nothing he has heard or read,)
In his poor unfurnish'd head.

FABLE VI.

SHOWING HOW THE CAVERN FOLLOWED THE HUT'S ADVICE.

THIS fable is a very short one:
The cave resolved to make his fortune;
He got a door, and in a year
Enrich'd himself with wine and beer.

Mamma will ask you, can you tell her,
What did the cave become?—A cellar.

FABLE VII.

BY MASTER JOHN'S[1] DESIRE, ABOUT THE ROD AND THE WHIP.

THE Rod and Whip had some disputes;
One managed boys, the other brutes.
Each pleaded his superior nature,
The Goad was chosen arbitrator,
A judge acquainted with the matter,
Upright, inflexible, and dry,
And always pointed in reply:—
"'Tis hard," he said, "to pass a sentence,
"Betwixt two near and old acquaintance;
"The Whip alleges that he drives
"The plough, by which the farmer lives,
"And keeps his horses in obedience,
"And on this ground he claims precedence.
"The Rod asserts, that little boys,
"With nonsense, nastiness, and noise,
"Screaming, and quarrelling, and fighting,
"Not knowing figures, books, or writing,
"Would be far worse than farmer's horses,
"But for the rules which he enforces—
"He proves his claim as clear as day,
"So Whips and Goads must both give way."

FABLE VIII.

OF THE NINE-PINS.

(Being a Fable for Six Years Old.)

A NINEPIN that was left alone,
When all his friends were overthrown,
Every minute apprehending,
The destructive stroke impending,
Earnestly complain'd and cried;
But Master Henry[2] thus replied:—

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[1] See Note 2, p. 264.

[2] The present Earl Cadogan.

"Are you the wisest and the best?
"Or any better than the rest?
"While you linger to the last,
"How has all your time been past?
"Standing stupid, unimproved,
"Idle, useless, unbeloved;
"Nothing you can do or say
"Shall debar me from my play."

The Nine-pins you perceive are men,
'Tis death that answers them again;
And the fable's moral truth,
Suits alike with age and youth.
How can age of death complain,
If his life has past in vain?
How can youth deserve to last
If his life is idly past?
And the final application,
Marks the separate obligation,
Fairly placed within our reach,
Your's to learn, and mine to teach.

A FABLE.

A DINGY donkey, formal and unchanged,
Browzed in the lane and o'er the common ranged,
Proud of his ancient asinine possessions,
Free from the panniers of the grave professions,
He lived at ease; and chancing once to find
A lion's skin, the fancy took his mind
To personate the monarch of the wood;
And for a time the stratagem held good.
He moved with so majestical a pace
That bears and wolves and all the savage race
Gazed in admiring awe, ranging aloof,
Not over anxious for a clearer proof—
Longer he might have triumphed—but alas!
In an unguarded hour it came to pass
He brayed aloud; and shewed himself an ass!

THE moral of this tale I could not guess
Till Mr. Landor sent his works to press.

"Poetry is too sublime for my comprehension, and I have just to put up with plain prose."

"Weel, Sir, ye speak like a sensible man; you're just the customer I like to meet wi'; you'll find on the perusal o' my poems a *fullness* of *expression* about them, that you'll no ken but that it's prose you're reading."—*The Laird of Logan.*

AN APPEAL[1] TO THE PROFESSORS OF ART AND LITERATURE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

ON BEHALF OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQUIRE; CONCLUDING WITH A RESPECTFUL REPRESENTATION TO THE ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

YE painters and engravers ! hear my call,
Sculptors and poets, artists one and all,
Let Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Walter Scott,
Pitt, Fox, and Burke, and Canning be forgot :
—Pre-eminent in priggery supreme
Let Walter Savage Landor be your theme :
Neither a Tory, Radical, nor Whig,
But an immaculate consummate prig !
—Ye Shaftesbury's and prigs of elder time,
Less perfect, and of priggery less sublime,
In those Elysian fields where now you tread
Engaged in conversations with the dead,
With contemplation of the immortal Plato,
And admiration of the virtuous Cato,
And other mighty prigs renowned in story ;
Alas, alas, for your departed glory !
Here Walter Savage Landor comes to snatch
The laurel from the brows of all your batch !
Rise then, and with profound obeisance greet
Bowing at Walter Savage Landor's feet !
And own yourselves (as needs you must confess,
In prose less prosy, and in priggishness,
Beyond dispute, immeasurably less—
But I proceed too fast. It may be said

---

[1] This "Appeal" was provoked by Walter Savage Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, more especially that between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning ; Conversation III. vol. 4, p. 59 of the Ed. 1829—and a diatribe on Mr. Canning, for his conduct to Queen Caroline, in vol. 5, p. 195.

That Walter Savage Landor is not dead.
'Tis well observed, and therefore I return
To speak a word to those it may concern—
Painters and artists (as I said before)
I wish you to proceed on a new score.
Let Walter Savage Landor's glorious noddle
Be your exclusive, universal model.
Work! Work upon it! with renewed delight,
Work! Work (I tell ye) morning, noon, and night,
That in shop windows it may charm the sight,
Attracting every gaze; eclipsing all
Modern celebrities, both great and small,
Whiggish, Conservative, and Radical.
—Ye printsellers all! wherefore should ye deal
In lithographs of Wellington and Peel,
O'Connells, and Lord Melbournes, and Lord Johns
List to my words! discard them all at once!
Compared, I say, with Walter Savage Landor
The most distinguished statesman and commander
In future ages will be deemed a gander.
Yes! Walter Savage Landor beats them hollow,
Away with them; let wits and poets follow,
Let the great Landor be your great Apollo;
Discard Lord Byron with his loose shirt collar,
Our glorious Landor is a better scholar,
Riper, as Shakespeare has it, and completer,
And makes Hendecasyllables in metre
As good as any fifth-form boy could do,
Without false quantities, or very few;
And tho' Lord Byron's peerage ranks him higher,
Yet Mister Landor writes himself "Esquire,"
And keeps a groom![1] and boasts himself to be
A scion of heraldic ancestry,

---

[1] James Wilkins, the same person who learned Welsh from Mr. Landor's Scullion, or *under cook*, is now living with me as my *head groom*, in consequence of his rejection as a candidate for orders which he had applied for at the suggestion of his former master (Mr. Landor). I keep a stable boy besides (and if it should be in any way interesting to the reader), it may be proper to inform him that both of them wear *my crest* on the buttons of their Sunday liveries.—See "Reflections on Athens at the Decease of Pericles," appended to Pericles and Aspasia.

Wearing a coat of arms upon his seal!
A circumstance which animates his zeal
Against a base plebeian prelacy,
Fellows without a genealogy!
Poised on the cherub contemplation's wings,
His lordship sits blaspheming as he sings,
Cursing and damning all terrestrial things,
Feeling the persecution and malignity
Of providence; but feeling it with dignity,
Such as befits a person of his quality,
Pursued by a predestinate fatality,
But an essential poet in reality.
Admitting, therefore, that his lines are grander
Than those of Mister Walter Savage Landor,
We still maintain that in another sense
Our Landor claims a first pre-eminence.
I should be sorry to be deemed severe,
But Byron was a most licentious peer,
Leading, in fact, a dissipated life,
Without respect of widow, maid, or wife.
While Walter Savage Landor's immorality
Is mere imaginary classicality,
Wholly devoid of criminal reality.
Yet Walter Savage Landor in his way
Is often-times unutterably gay.
"*He frolicketh*," and "*doth frolic*," and in fine
(Adhering strictly to the classic line
With such methodic gambols as become
A classic Prig) Landor *is frolicsome:*
Quite a beau garçon, a consummate beau,
In the beau-monde two thousand years ago.
A perfect master of the *savoir vivre.*
Un homme à bonnes fortunes, a gay deceiver.
In his own conduct cautious and correct,
But a decided rake in retrospect
With classic ardour, rash and uncontrolled,
With Lais and with Thais he makes bold,
The Harriette Wilsons of the days of old.
He loves a tête-a-tête with fair Aspasia,
And takes his daily lounge in the gymnasia;

But his supreme delight is Alcibiades.
A rhyme, I want a rhyme for Alcibiades;
There's none that I can think of, none but Pleiades.
And a more lucky rhyme I never met!
For it suggests a scheme I might forget.
One point is settled, that we must not squander,
While we possess a Walter Savage Landor,
Honour or praise on any man beside;
Is he not Europe's wonder? England's pride?
Therefore, I say, let every means be tried
To immortalize the most immortal man;
Let all true Britons do the best they can,
Whatever art can do with brass and copper,
Canvas and marble, will be just and proper:
Whilst we that manufacture prose and verse
In humble strains endeavour to disburse
Our debt of admiration; and express
His high deserts by dint of letter-press;—
But all is transitory—prose and verse,
Sculpture and painting—Wise astronomers!
"*In all things I prefer the permanent.*"
Could you not place our Landor in the firmament?
Marble will decompose, and canvas moulder,
Before the world is many centuries older.
Moreover, in all likelihood, God knows!
Our compositions, whether verse or prose,
Compose them as we may, will decompose:
Even great Landor's deathless works may die.
Whereas, if you could place him in the sky,
Nothing that happened here need signify.
There he might shine in spite of the ravages
And devastations of invading savages,
Tranquil and bright; whilst a benighted age
Profaned in filthy sort his mighty page.
Surely with all your curious observation
You might detect a vacant constellation;
Or make another new one here or there,
Just as you did with Berenice's hair.
Pope asked the question once, and so shall I!
"Is there no bright reversion in the sky?"
No reserved district? Nothing unallotted?

Were all your predecessors so besotted
As to grant out a total hemisphere
Assigned to the first claimants that appear
(Like that proud Pontiff the sixth Alexander.)
Is nothing left for Walter Savage Landor?
I should not wish for our heraldic scion
To stand a whole-length figure like Orion,
Perseus, and other astronomic giants;
I merely think that by the kind compliance,
Favour and aid of an illustrious science,
Somewhere or other in the bounds of space
His glorious *inkstand* might obtain a place.
See what a list of articles appear
Established in the southern hemisphere;
Their own chronometers and telescopes
Canonized by your astronomic Popes!
With other objects that still less concern us,
A painter's easel, and a chemist's furnace,
A sculptor's tools and workshop in a lot,
A microscope, an air-pump, and what not,[1]
And, oh! shall LANDOR'S INKSTAND be forgot.[2]
For Landor "scrawls not upon greasy platters,"
Nor such like sordid sublunary matters;
His paper and his ink are transcendental,
Warranted sempiternal, elemental,
His patent right in ink is a good rental,
His affidavit states that the true article
Does not contain a perishable particle.

P. S. AND N. B.

A necessary caution to the buyer—
Counterfeits are abroad—please to enquire
For packets sealed[3] and signed, "*Landor, Esquire.*"
The Aeidian fluid, ink of immortality,
The rest are frauds of an inferior quality.

---

[1] Horologium, telescopium, equleus pictoris, fornax chemica, apparatus sculptoris, cela sculptoris, microscopium, antlia pneumatica.

[2] *Inkstandium Landorianum.*

[3] Observe the Landor arms, a Donkey Sejant Proper—armed fanged and langued—Escryvant Brayant.

P. S.

ON second thoughts, "*I must recall my groom*,
And add a postscript, tho' for want of room
It must be short—a warning was omitted
Which to the sons of science is submitted.
My dear Astronomers! you must be sensible
That caution in this case is indispensable;
—I feel I must confess—my doubts and fears,
From Landor's exaltation to the spheres.
Let it be done with care and circumspection;
And don't proclaim a general election
Of candidates for the new constellation,
Or every star will hurry from his station:
The least of them that feels the least ambition
To change his place and better his condition
Will bustle and start forth in the confusion
Of a chaotic general dissolution,—
Depend upon it, we shall hear the sky.
Re-echoing with an universal cry,
" Place us in Landor's *inkstand* or we die.
"—Yes, welcome chaos! if we can attain
"That high distinction, let it come again."

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

THE cumbrous pollards that o'ershade,
Those uplands rough with brakes and thorns,
The green way with its track-worn glade
The solitary grange forlorn,
The lonely pastures wild and drear
The lonely dwellings wide apart,
Are whispering to the fancy's ear
A secret strain that moves the heart.
No forms of grandeur or of grace,
In the rude landscape you behold,
But their rough lineaments retrace
The features of the times of old:
They speak of customs long retained
Of simple, plain, primeval life,
They mark the little we have gained,
With all our study, toil and strife;
Such England was to Shakespeare's eyes;
So Chaucer viewed her as he roved,
In russet weeds of rustic guise,
In homelier beauty more beloved.
Our ancient halls have left the land,
Turrets and towers have passed away,
Arcades and porticoes were planned
And these again have had their day:
Impatient, peevish wealth recalls
The forms which she defaced before,
Unthrifty sires destroyed the halls,
Which modern prodigals restore;
Confounding England, Rome, and Greece,
Our antient and our modern race,
We dislocate with wild caprice
All unities of time and place;
Yet here attended by the Muse
Let harassed Fancy pause awhile
And unpolluted yet peruse
This remnant of our ancient isle.

JOURNEY TO HARDINGHAM

TO VISIT THE REV. W. WHITER, OF CLARE HAL

THE rude South-wester from his de
Comes raving o'er a range of fen;
The window frame of massy cast,[1]
Unhinged, unpullied, never fast,
Trembles and jostles to the blast;
The drops still standing on the pane,
The shivering twigs that drip with rain,
The prospect of the distant plain,
Obscure and undistinguish'd furnish
No motive for cross country journeys.
Besides—with waiting for the post—
The morning is already lost.
While Reason pauses to decide,
Let Fancy paint the future ride.
From famed Winfarthing's lonely pound
To Buckenham's huge mysterious mound,
How dull and dismal is the scene—
Dreary, monotonous, and mean.
Its ancient Common, wide and bare,
Dissected into straight and square,[2]
How cheerless and devoid of grace!
With painful interrupted pace,
The drooping Peasantry retire
Stumbling and staggering thro' the mire:
From scattered huts the transient rays
Betray their frugal evening blaze;
The wintry sun's descending beam,
With chilly melancholy gleam,

---

[1] In the study at Roydon Hall.

[2] By a late enclosure.

Reflected from the stagnant drains
Illuminates those endless lanes:
Such scenes absorb my thoughts and bring 'em,
Prepared with joy to enter Hingham;
Her stately steeple strikes the sight,
And cheerful sounds and lively light,
My past antipathies requite;
Again, afraid to miss the mark,
I plunge thro' turnings close and dark,
Immerging among trackless acres
I hope to light upon the Quakers.[1]
The Quakers—sure it must be so—
The stream lies glimmering there below,
Look on—the steeple stands in view—
The parsonage and the steeple too—
The clattering gate returning hard,
Announces guests within the yard;
I see the worthy priest rejoice—
With open face and hearty voice,
His old acquaintance kindly hailing,
With hand outstretched across the paling
Alighting now, we pass the hall
And view the parlour snug and small,
The fire of logs, the tapestry wall;
Huge volumes prostrate on the floor;
A parsonage of the days of yore.
Our dinner ended, we discourse
Of old traditions and their source,
Of times beyond the reach of history,
Of many a mythologic mystery,
Of primitive records and acts,
Their traces and surviving facts,
Of tribes, of languages, and nations,
Of immemorial old migrations;
Hence our digressive chat enquires
Of justices, divines, and squires,
Of births, and marriages, and deaths,
Enclosures of the neighbouring heaths,

---

[1] A Dissenter who went by that name, at the foot of whose garden a little stream runs.

Of ancient friends at Caius and King's.
And such like sublunary things.
Again—we soar to the sublime,
On pinions of recited rhyme,
While you persuade me to proceed
With "Well," or "Very well, indeed!"
A long continued recitation,
Epistle, fable, or translation,
Exhausting all my last year's stock,
Conducts us on to twelve o'clock.
So be it then—In spite of weather,
I'll take the good and bad together;
So George put up of shirts a pair,
And bid them saddle me the mare.

IMITATION OF HORACE, LIB. I. EP. XI.

Quid tibi visa Chios, etc.

Dear Bartle,[1]

HOW does Turkey suit your taste,
Compared with it is Lisbon quite effaced,
Seville, and all the scenes we viewed together,
What sort of climate have you found, and weather?
The fish, the figs, the grapes, and Grecian wine,
In real earnest, are they quite as fine
As modern travellers have represented?
Inform us—are you joyous and contented,
Or are you sick of Dragomans and Turks,
Muftis, Bashaws, and all their wicked works?
And pine to visit our domestic scene,
Roydon, Finningham, and Mellis' Green,
To pass a rainy winter afternoon
With Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Moon,
Till, like an affable convivial priest,
Returning late from his parochial feast,
Temple[2] diverts us from backgammon playing,

---

[1] See page 264, note 1.

[2] The Rev. Temple Frere, late Prebendary of Westminster.

With phrases of old Daniel Garrard's saying.
Next morning we must saunter out once more
To view the scenes so often viewed before.
The solemn feature and commanding stare
Of antient justices and ladies fair,
Which Rednall still preserves with loyal care,
Arranged in order round his parlour wall,
Poor emigrants from the deserted hall;
Or prune with grave discussion and suspense
The rising saplings in the new-made fence;
Or wander forth where Syret's wife deplores
The broken pantiles in her pantry floors;
Or eastward pass to that remoter scene
Where tracts of hostile acres intervene,
To look at Kersey's maid, and taste his ale,
And grieve to see the new-made plaister fail.
Then to return, and find at every station
Old topics, that revive the conversation,
Themes of complacency and consolation.
"That stream with proper care might overflow
"The strip of pasture ground that lies below;
"Those trees have of themselves contrived to grow;
"Those ancient chimneys have been well replaced,"
And "Temple's chancel has been tiled with taste."
Such joys as these attend on my return
To Roydon, from the place of date—Eastbourne.
August 23, 1812.

FRAGMENT.

AS the dominion of an abstract rule
Restricted to the Geometric School,
To be recognized there, and there alone,
Shall we conclude of sciences unknown

* * * * *

Analogy forbids it. What is true
In an established science, in a new

May be true likewise. Her reply would say,
" Must—absolutely must—not only may—
" But struggle for yourselves, I point the way."
And what say we? shall our familiar pride
Hear her instructions scoffed at, and denied?
Good old analogy that first supplied
Our infant world with elemental speech!
She, that in daily life descends to teach
With nature at her side, adult, and grown
And wise in an experience of our own,
What nature dictates, and analogy,
Shall we with peremptory pride deny?
Or shall we follow where she points the way,
A path of steep ascent and hard assay,
Yet leading to a summit clear and high,
Of boundless vision, in a cloudless sky,
Where nature's mighty landscape, unsurveyed
By mortal eye, lies open and displayed.

* * * * *

The Ideal ruling law, like words to deeds,
In numbers and geometry, precedes
The Concrete, Thought is then the lord and king,
The sov'reign; the mechanic subject thing
Is substance, practice, and experiment;
And shall we deem, that intellect was lent
To light a single science? Have the rest
Lost their high cast, degraded and deprest
Irrevocably: doomed to labour here
For fame and gain, in an inferior sphere,
Surveyor, architect, or engineer?
Is there no spirit of a loftier strain,
A Kepler or a Newton once again,
With light upon the chaos, to divide,
And fix the mass of knowledge dark and wide,
With a divining hand, to seize the clue,
To keep the known conclusion full in view,
And work the problem till he proves it true?
Must we for ever shrewd and worldly wise,
Confine ourselves to Solomon's advice,
To seek enjoyment, and escape from want,
To take our pattern from the labouring ant,

Where imitative nature emulates
The forms of understanding, and creates
Devoid of intellect, her pigmy states,
A single soul in sundry forms combined,
A patriotic universal mind,
An instrumental nature, ever striving
For a fixt purpose, labouring and contriving,
United, orderly, coherent, still
Without a selfish aim or separate will,
With nothing individual? Which is he,
The legislator master of the tree,
The great preceptor, teaching from his tomb
A living multitude, that shall presume
To place his model for the rule of man,
In parallel with this, the simple plan
Fixed and ordained for an inferior state,
Penultimate of man's penultimate?

* * * *

With righteous or perverted will to take
Good simply as good—evil for evil's sake;
Mischief in children—bold debauch in men
Exulting and approved—the pimping pen
That seeks to pander for a race unborn,
The unholy league that pours contempt and scorn
On every better purpose, industry
Perverse and servile, that descends to pry
In crevices of forgotten infamy,
With unrewarded toil, to canonize
The rakes and drabs of former centuries,
Their relics and remains.
These and a thousand other signs reveal
The existence of a pure unpurchased zeal,
Zeal in the cause of evil, that divests
The obedient mind of selfish interests,
And ranks them in the legendary list,
The martyrs of the great antagonist.
Enough of Evil—for the law of good
Misconstrued, scandalized, misunderstood,
Denied and hated—still that it exists
I feel and know—Deny it he that lists—
But grant it—contemplate human will

Working in eager chase of good or ill.
These rudiments of an ulterior state
Embarrass and bewilder with debate
Our human hive and ant-hill—as the wings
Unfledged, are cumbrous and contentious things
To callow birds (that struggle in the nest
Naked and crowded) useless at the best.

* * * *

FRAGMENT. II.

THE revelation of an element,
Its accidents and forms—What else is meant
By that established phrase, "the visible world?"
What but a single element unfurled
And manifested to a single sense?
Is tangible creation more immense,
More multiform than the domain of Light,
That visible creation which the sight
Holds as its empire through the ministry
Of light, its elemental sole ally?
The Almighty Wisdom and Power that could direct,
And with a single element effect
So vast a purpose, shall we dare deny
(What reason teaches and analogy)
That the same Wisdom and Power, working his will
With the like simple means, with the same skill,
In a like form and method might devise
All that a grosser sense can recognize?
No! the celestial Author and Creator
In those two volumes of the Book of Nature
Ordained for our instruction, represents,
By multiform but single elements,
One universe of sense, all that we know,
The visible world of instantaneous show
And tangible creation, hard and slow,
The last remaining inlet of the mind,
The dreary blank creation of the blind.
Nor is it vain what elder bards indite
Of Love self-born, and by inherent might
Emerged from chaos and primeval night.

Was this the form, which idle fancy sings,
With glowing cheeks adorned and glittering wings,
The classic idol and the modern toy,
A torch, a quiver, and a blinded boy?
Was this the sense? or does it represent
Some sovereign and controlling element,
Some impulse unapproachable by thought,
Some force that 'midst the eternal tumult wrought,
And this fair order from confusion brought;
Established motion's substance, form, and weight,
The statutes of this earth's material state?
—Suppose a single element the source
Of all attractive and impelling force,
That motion and cohesion are the extreme
United opposites upon the beam
Of Nature's balance, a magnetic whole,
Single itself, and one; but pole to pole
Contrasted; as the powers of heat and light
Stand each confronted with its opposite
Darkness and cold; not mere negations they,
But negatives with a divided sway,
Pressing—oppressed—advancing—giving way.
Suppose then (as has been supposed before
By wisest men) that in the days of yore
There was a deeper knowledge, and a store
Of science more exalted and sublime,
Whose relics on the barren shore of time
Lie stranded and dispersed, retaining still
Intelligible marks of art and skill,
Of an intended purpose and appliance,
The scanty salvage of a shipwrecked science
Submerged time out of mind! Kepler could draw
From these remains the mighty truth he saw
Of an harmonic, necessary law;
Then with an indefatigable mind
Analogies incessantly combined
With a foreseen conclusion full in view
He worked the problem till he proved it true.
Is there no spirit of a nobler strain,
A Kepler or a Newton once again,
With light upon the chaos to divide,

And fix the mass of knowledge waste and wide;
For as "the crowd of trees conceals the wood,"
With all things known, with nothing understood,
Perplexed with new results from year to year,
As on the puzzled Ptolemaic sphere
With cycles epicycles scribbled o'er,
Like ancient Philomaths we doze and pore:
Thus Ashmole, Lilly, shine in portraiture
(Dear to the calcographic connoisseur);
While the wise nightcap and the Jacob's staff
Awe the beholder and conceal his laugh.
—If we despair then to decypher nature
With our new facts and novel nomenclature:
Those almanacks of science that appear
Framed and adjusted for the current year,
And warranted correct for months to come;
If calculation fails to find the sum
(A formula to comprehend the whole)
Of countless items on the crowded scroll,
Corrected, re-corrected, and replaced,
Obliterated, interlined, effaced,
Blotted and torn in philosophic squabble,
And endless, unintelligible scrabble;
If the huge labyrinth with its winding ways
Entangled in the inextricable maze,
The wilderness of waste experiment,
Has foiled your weary spirits worn and spent,
Since every path is trodden round and tried,
—Trust for a moment a superior guide;
The trembling needle or the stedfast star,
Some point of lofty mark and distant far,
These shall conduct you, whatsoe'er your fate,
At least in a decided path and strait;
Not running round in circles, evermore
Bewildered and bewitched as heretofore:
Like the poor clown that robbed the wizard's store
Breathless and hurrying in his endless race,
With eager action, and a ghastly face,
By subtle magic tether'd to the place.
Yet let us hope that something may befall!
That things will find their level after all!

That these atomic facts, ever at war,
Tumbled together in perpetual jar,
After a certain period more or less
Will ultimately form or coalesce.
So shall it be! Strife shall engender motion,
And kindle into life each tardy notion.
Keen disputants in a judicial fight,
Sparring with spurs of controversial spite,
In battle-royal shall decide the right.
Till truth's majestic image stands revealed
The sole surviving game-cock in the field!
—That venerable, old, reviewing phrase,
Threadbare and overworn—mark what it says
The fashionable tenet of the time,
Tho' stale in prose, it may be hashed in rhyme.
—When disputants, it says, with hasty zeal
Clash in hard discord like the flint and steel,
The sparks elided from their angry knocks,
Caught in a philosophic tinder-box,
Falling upon materials cut and dried,
With modest brimstone diligently ply'd,
And urged with puffs incessantly supplied,
As an atonement for the noise and scandal,
Will serve to light a scientific candle.
—But no!—the wrath of man never attains
To pure results, nor his ambitious pains,
Nor busy canvas, nor a learned league,
(Except in undermining and intrigue;)
In lonely shades those miracles of thought
Are brought to light. No miracles are wrought
To gratify the scruples or the whim
Of a contentious testy Sanhedrim.
"To satisfy just doubts," "to guide decision,"
For no such purposes, the mighty vision
Was ever yet vouchsaf'd sudden and bright,
Descending in a soft illapse of light.
Quenching its murky steam of filthy vapour,
It kindles at a touch the fumy taper.
  Let, then, a new progressive step be tried,
Since light and heat, it is not now denied,
Are agents, consubstantial and allied.

Now for this other power, which we must call
(Taking a single quality for all)
Attraction, or the power of gravity,
The power of motion, form, solidity,
Third person of the Pagan Trinity.
This power, then, of attraction, truly viewed,
Displays a likeness and similitude
With light, as a congenial kindred force;
For common reason will concede, of course,
That all attractive forces great and small
Are retroactive and reciprocal;
As when the mariners with trampling feet,
In even cadence round the capstan beat,
Moving in order round the mighty beam,
To warp their vessel against wind and stream,
While the huge cable, with its dripping fold,
In weary coils incessantly enrolled,
Drags forth the labouring vessel to the deep.
The point, then, we have conquer'd, and can keep:
As being drawn itself, the cable draws,
Tho' passive, it becomes a moving cause.
Take then at once the reason and the facts,
Light is attracted, therefore light attracts—
And though the noble attributes of light
Have left this incident unnoticed quite,
And tho' we find its feebler efforts fail,
Of marked effect on a material scale,
Unheeded and impalpable to sense,
Yet reason must acknowledge its pretence
Enough to range it in a kindred class
Tho' inefficient on the subject mass.
The facts and inferences fairly viewed,
With this result we finally conclude—
If ever Reason justly gave assent
To truths too subtle for experiment,
Then light is an attracting element,
And heat, its congener, will be the same,
A joint supporter of this worldly frame.
Nor these alone—but that attractive force
Described in the first lines of our discourse,
Whose nature and existence known of yore

Was but a portion of the secret store
Of Eastern learning, which the busy Greek,
Active and eager, started forth to seek,
Purchasing here and there a wealthy prize,
Amidst the ruins of the rich and wise,
The mighty sacerdotal monarchies,
Stupendous Egypt—Stately Babylon
By the barbarian Persian overthrown.
(The Chivalrous Barbarian in his line,
A gallant loyal warrior, but in fine
A fierce Iconoclastic Ghibelline!)
Such is the fact—our first historic page
—Herodotus—begins with a dark age,
An age of antient Empires overturned,
Records obliterated, temples burned,
Their living archives, all the learned class,
Methodically murder'd in a mass.
Hence like a sutler at a city's sack,
The wary Grecian pedlar filled his pack,
And cannily contrived to bring it back
With merchandize: such as a pedlar gets,
Remnants and damaged samples, broken sets,
Fragments of plunder, purchased or purloined,
Rich fragments but incongruously joined.
  The scheme of Hutchinson was incomplete,
It stands without its complement of feet:
A tripod resting upon light and heat
His third supporter fails, limping and bare
Of evidence, his element of air.
His scheme then at the time was doomed to fal
Or left with lumber propt against the wall,
A maim'd utensil, destitute of use;
Obscure with dust of obsolete abuse—
The learned dust excited in the frays
Of Jacobite and Hanoverian days.
Newton and Cambridge and the Brunswick lin
And Dr. Clarke, and Gracious Caroline,
Matched against Oxford and the right divine.
Whether, in fact, as all opinions mix,
They finally converge to politics,
Or shrewd intriguers had contrived to fix

On their opponents a disloyal stain,
Blind to the glories of so bright a Reign,
The name with Jacobite opinions link't
With Jacobite opinions was extinct:
Each cultivated ornamental prig
Of hybrid form, a parson and a whig,
(A whig by principle or calculation,
A Christian Priest by trade and occupation)
Each smooth aspirant, loyal and correct,
Was bound in policy to shun the sect;
While of the sacred bench each righteous son,
Clayton and Hoadley, and meek Warburton,
Condemned them soul and body, blood and bone!
Meanwhile Sir Isaac's theory of attraction,
Afforded universal satisfaction;
Applauded by the clerical profession
As friendly to the Protestant succession;
A sober well-affected theory
Which none but a nonjuror could deny—
A theory may be false or incomplete,
While the phenomena and the rules may meet;
Conceive (as was imagined formerly)
That vision is ejected from the eye
—You'll find the rules of perspective apply.
We judge from practice the physician's skill,
And let him choose what principles he will,
Bad theories may cure and good ones kill.
First then our drugs and aliments we see,
Dry, cold, or hot in some assigned degree:
Next mathematic learning came in use,
The blood was clogged with particles obtuse:
Poisons were points which antidotes must sheat
Mechanic action made us move and breathe:
A chemic system rose upon its fall,
Acids and alkalis were all in all:
A change of argument, a change of style,
Mere speculative change, for all the while
The same prescriptions rested on the file,
And while the verbal argument endured,
The patients as before were killed or cured.
A theory that enables us to plant

A tortoise underneath our elephant,
But wants a creature of some other sort,
To serve us for our tortoise's support:
In other words it teaches us the laws
—Of motion and attraction—not the cause.
The laws are undisputed, and we see
How punctually predicted facts agree;
Meanwhile the cause unnoticed or denied
Is with a monstrous postulate supplied:
First we suppose that our terrestrial ball,
Launched forth with an enormous capital
Of motion—like a wandering prodigal
Without a stipend of in-coming rent,
In all his course of travel, has not spent
One stiver of the first allotted sum,
Nor ever will, for ages yet to come.
The quantum still remains as heretofore,
An unexhausted, undiminished store,
The same precisely, neither less nor more;
An article of faith hard to digest,
If common sense and nature are the test,
Yet proselytes must bolt it, husk and bran,
And keep it on their stomachs if they can—
—No theory or conjecture, not a notion,
Of the first causes of a planet's motion!
Whence it originates no creature knows,
But with a given impulse forth it goes;
Attraction's laws prohibit it to roam,
And bind the wand'rer to his central home;
Else had the wretched orb been whirl'd away,
Far from the stars of night and beams of day,
A cheerless, endless, solitary way.
Rescued, and grateful for the glad reprieve,
It gilds the morn or decks the front of eve,
And winds a joyous uneccentric way
In the warm precincts of the solar ray:
Obedient system clears the bounds of space
From all that might retard the yearly race.
The same incessant circuit is pursued,
With the same force for ages unrenewed,
And sages of the sacred gown conclude,

That independent of an acting cause,
The properties of matters, motions, laws,
Preserve the punctual planet in his sphere,
Ordain the seasons and bring round the year—
See here the lessons reverend gownsmen teach,
The proud result of Learning's utmost reach.

Since wisest moderns have approved it true,
We take it as a fact—Nothing is new.
No—not the boast of this new century,
Our busy science of geology;
The terms of parturition and of birth
Express the first development of earth.
" This habitable earth, cheerful and fair,
" Heaved from the teeming depth to light and air;"
This truth which Hutton's school has taught us newly
Where do we find it first? In Moses truly!
You see the passage paraphrased and quoted,
In the two lines above with commas noted,
Much weaker than the original. Again—
The wisest, in his time, of living men
Adopts the same expression, adding more,
How the protruded mountains pierced the core
Of secondary strata formed before,
Even as a finger passing thro' "a ring,"
This truth was known to the "sapient king—"
See Proverbs, chapter eight, verse twenty-five,
And try what other meaning you can give;
Or take the converse; to characterise
The sense proposed, and frame it otherwise,
In Hebrew words, clearer and more precise;
And we shall hail you when the task is done
A better scholar than King Solomon—
—The Hetrurian priesthood knew the identity
Of lightning and of electricity.
Discovery or tradition!—Such things were
Sources of hidden knowledge, deep and rare,
Before the days of Franklin and Voltaire,
(In the good days of old idolatry,
And priestcraft! undisturbed by blasphemy)
—Or tell me! By what strange coincidence
Is the same word employed in the same sense,

A single word that serves to signify
The electric substance and the Deity
Of storms and lightning; (their Elician Jove)
Whom with due rites invoked from the dark clouds above,
The priest attracted downwards! woe betide
The novice that presumptuously tried,
Ignorant of the ritual and the form,
To dally with the Deity of the storm;
Like the rash Roman king, by the dread stroke,
Which his unpractised art dared to provoke,
Smitten and slain; a just example made
For ancient sovereigns who might dare to invade,
And tamper with the sacerdotal trade.

In the vast depths of ocean far below,
Where neither storms disturb nor currents flow,
Fish would remain unconscious of the water:
And reason, if experience had not taught her
By the rude impulse of the changeful wind,
Mere common understanding would not find,
That air existed—Nothing here below,
Unless it can be felt or make a show,
Is marked or heeded, nothing else we know.
If light were universally displayed
Without its opposites, darkness and shade,
Constant and uniform in operation,
It never would attract our observation.
Suppose the case, and that it were denied
That light existed—how could we decide,
Or judge the question by what test applied?
Strong Reason and superior Art perhaps,
Long labouring in a long continued lapse
Of ages, might at length attain to show
What infants from their first impression know:
—"Ever the same yesterday and to-day;"
Powers that exhibit no phenomena,
(No signs of life in change or difference)
To the mere understanding and the sense,
Are non-existencies; but here again,
Can our acknowledged principles explain
All our acknowledged facts? Do none remain?

When causes are assigned to their effects,
Will there be no *Lacuna*, no defects,
Nothing anomalous or unexplained?
I doubt it—otherwise the point is gained;
The point, I presuppose, that there exists
An unacknowledged power, that as it lists
Rules paramount in its domain of air,
Guiding its endless eddies here and there:
But whither or from whence the currents flow,
Their source or end our senses cannot show,
And science never has attained to know.

Darwin has sung in verse beyond compare,
That in the North, beneath the Frozen Bear,
A huge chamelion spits and swallows air.
In fact, an instantaneous formation,
And a precipitous annihilation
Of our aerial fluid seems implied
In facts not yet developed or denied.
As in a whirlpool's strife the waters flow,
Pressing in eager eddies as they go
Precipitously to the void below,
In their own giddy circle wheeled and held
By mutual haste impelling and impell'd:
With a like action airy currents move
To some unseen and hasty void above.
Now mark a strong coincidence!—Compare
The whirlpool's centre with its spire of air
Drawn downwards; and behold the waters move
From the smooth ocean's surface rear'd above
In fluid spires! Phenomena like these,
The careless seaman, in the summer seas,
Views unalarmed, the momentary play
Of nature's power, an innocent display.
But what a power is here!·how little known,
That not beneath the Frozen north alone,
As Darwin deemed, but in the sultry zone
Exists and acts—an atmosphere destroyed,
And the creation of an instant void!
What other explanation can be found?
You see the watery columns whirling round,

They rise and move while Gravitation's laws
Are modified by a suspending clause—
In fine, if all our explanations fail,
When neither reason nor research avail
To solve the difficulty, this remains
The fair result and guerdon of our pains—
That *ex absurdo* thus it might be shown
That Gravity has phenomena of its own.
Thus far, at least, we might presume to say—
Here is a power without phenomena,
And the phenomena of a power unknown,
If both can be combined and brought in one
We gain a point, and something may be done.
The mere suggestion sure may be permitted :
No damage is incurred, no harm committed,
If not, they both remain on their own score
Obscure and unconnected as before.
  Now then, resuming what before was stated,
We seek to show the converse : Air created,
And a continued efflux generated,
Where seamen witness in a cloudless sky
A driving hurricane eager and dry,
Continuous fury—without pause or shift
Its unappeasable, impetuous drift
Scourges and harasses the main for hours,
For days, for weeks, with unabated powers,
The Spirit of the Tempest hurries by,
With hideous impulse, and a piercing cry,
A persevering wild monotony.
Shorn of her topmast, all her goodly pride
And rich attire of canvas stript aside;
In a bare staysail, with an abject mien,
The vessel labours in the deep ravine,
A watery vale that intercepts the sight,
Or in an instant hurried to the height,
Pauses upon the fluid precipice,
Then downward to the dark and deep abyss
Shoots forth afresh, and with a plunging shock
Achieves the leap of her Tarpeian rock.
Her joints of massy frame compactly clenched
With the tormenting strain, are racked and wrenched;

The baffled mariners, forlorn and pale,
Beneath eternal buffet droop and fail.
—Yet strange it seems the while! no signs are given
Betokening hope or fear—no vapour driven
In quick career across the void of Heaven!
Tranquil and calm and blank, the mighty space
Wears an unconscious and unruffled face
Impassive in sublimity serene,
Mocking our toil, smiling upon the scene!
And yet the strong commotion was foretold,
(The sign Archilochus beheld of old)
The crooked, wicked cloud that, creeping slow
Around the distant mountain's haughty brow,
Folded its angry wreath, settled and fixed,
Coiled in itself, unmoving and unmixed,
—A talismanic atmospheric spell—
The wary seaman knew the signal well;
The seal of wrath: and from the token drew
A timely warning, terrible but true—
—Will the known principles of any school,
Will hydrostatic laws, or those which rule
The motions of elastic fluids guide
Our judgment, or assist us to decide
On facts like these? Alas! when all is said,
We seek a living power among the dead,
And struggle to draw water in a sieve.
The cause of such effects must act and live,
Subsisting as a separate element,
Not as a mere result and accident
A simple passive thing urged or controuled
By change of cold to heat, or heat to cold,
The vassal of a fickle temperature,
But a distinct and active power of nature.

TO A LADY[1] WITH A PRESENT OF A WALKING STICK.

A COMPLIMENT upon a crutch
Does not appear to promise much;
A theme no lover ever chose
For writing billet-doux in prose,
Or for an amatory sonnet;
But thus I may comment upon it.
Its heart is whole, its head is bright,
'Tis smooth and yielding, yet upright.
In this you see an emblem of the donor,
Clear and unblemished as his honor,
Formed for your use, framed to your hand,
Obedient to your least command.
Its proper place is by your side,
Its main utility and pride
To be your prop, support, and guide.

TO PADRE RIGORD.[2]

THERE is here, you must know, an old poet, Rigord, between eighty and ninety, formerly a Jesuit. I went to call upon him, and when he was told my name he pulled the following distich out of his pocket:—

Clarissimo viro Frere vati Anglo
Vates Melitensis octogenarius
Gallico ludens vocabulo,

Distichon.

Si Frer nos fratres in primo nascimur Adam
Frer sic in Phœbo nos decet esse fratres.

He made a much better distich for Bonaparte:—

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[1] Jemima Dowager Countess of Errol, to whom he was afterwards married.

[2] Louis Maria Rigord, born in Malta, May 4, 1739, educated in the Jesuits' College in Palermo. On the expulsion of the Jesuits from Sicily in 1767 he went to Rome. He translated Catullus into Italian, and wrote several pieces of poetry, both in Italian and Maltese. He died and was buried in Malta.—See sketch of his life prefixed to the translation of Catullus, printed in Malta, 1839.

Napoleon jacet hic—nomen tibi sufficit unum
Huic par nullus erat—non erit alter—abi.

I could not answer him except in Iambics, because he made the first syllable of *frater* short; so I made these:—

ALOYSIO RIGORD, S. J. POETÆ MELETENSI.

Hic me carentem patriâ atque affinibus,
Fratrem vocari non piget,
Ætate quippe major et meritis tuis
Fratrem minorem respicis:
Longæve vates! Quid salutanti tibi
Faustum precarer vel mihi?
Ut innocentes sicut hactenus dies
In laude ducas publicâ;
Gratusque amicis semper, atque animo vigens,
Sæclum perenne compleas.
Mihi, precari fas sit, exemplo tuo,
Quod Flaccus olim optaverat,
Sanam senectam nec carentem carminis
Cum mente sanâ consequi.

Malta, Sept. 26, 1821.

LINES ON ED. NUCELLA, ESQ., ÆT. 75.

DANCES; GOES LONG JOURNEYS; AND WALKS SIX MILES AN HOUR FOR TWO HOURS DAILY.

SEE the spirit and the vigour
Of an aged hearty figure,
Fit to dance and fit to sing,
Fit for any kind of thing,
To be sober, to be sad,
To be merry, to be mad;
Never weary or afraid,
Undejected, undismayed,
With a manner and a tone,
A demeanour of his own,
Like a former age reviving,
Lingering among the living.

1833.

WRITTEN IN THE FLY-LEAF OF MR. POLLOK'S POEM, "THE COURSE OF TIME."

ROBERT POLLOK, A.M! this work of yours
Is meant, I do not doubt, extremely well,
And the design I deem most laudable,
But since I find the book laid on my table,
I shall presume (with the fair owner's leave[1])
To note a single slight deficiency:
I mean, in short (since it is called a poem),
That in the course of ten successive books
If something in the shape of poetry
Were to be met with, we should like it better;
But nothing of the kind is to be found,
Nothing, alas! but words of the olden time,
Quaint and uncouth, contorted phrase and queer,
With the familiar language that befits
Tea-drinking parties most unmeetly matched.

1832.

SPAIN.

ALAS, alas! for the fair land of Spain,
That noble and haughty nation, whose domain,
Stretched from the rising to the setting sun,
Are not her judgments even now begun?
Is she not marked and sealed, stamped with the stain
Of unrelenting fiery persecution?
And this the final hour of retribution
Fallen upon her? her that we beheld
Roused into wrath unquenchable, unquelled,
Disarmed and circumvented and betrayed
With an unanimous outbreak undismayed,
Daring him single-handed to the fight,
The fiend whose recreation and delight

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[1] Lady Hamilton Chichester.

Was massacre in masses; at whose word
The multitudinous European herd,
A meaner Race,
Politic and refined, sordid and base,
Enlightened, scientific, and polite,
Courts, cabinets, and camps crouched in affright,
Nor was their cumbrous and unwieldy strength
Roused by the fierce example, till at length
They saw the new Sennacherib down cast,
Smitten and withered in the wintry blast
With all his legions: then the cry went forth
Summoning to the field the people north,
Swarming in arms, and the quick life and soul
That had excited Spain inspired the whole.
Then warfare in another form was seen,
  The strenuous effort—the people's strife,
And the tremendous tactical machine,
  Moved on its mighty wheels instinct with life.

Malta, 1844.

HEXAMETERS.[1]

MALTA, sovereign isle, the destined seat and asylum
Of chivalry, honour, and arms—the nursing mother of heroes,
Mirror of ancient days, monumental trophy recording
All that of old was felt, or feared, or achieved, or attempted,
When proud Europe's strength, restored with the slumber of ages,
Roused and awoke to behold the triumphant impious empire
Throned in the East, and vaunting aloud with lordly defiance;
When from the Euxine shore to the Caspian and to the southern
Vast Erythrean main to the Gulfs of Ophir and Ormus,
Lydia Syrian Sion and all the dominion eastward,
Which the old Assyrian controlled to the bounds of Imaus,

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[1] "I send John [his nephew, the late Rev. John Frere] in return some English Hexameters of my own of the right sort, without false quantities, all about Malta—at least they begin about Malta."—*Letter from Mr. Frere to his brother Mr. Geo. Frere, March* 1, 1824.

See also note "Hexameters," Vol. II. p. 293.

Bowed to the Sultan's yoke: when slavery bitter and hopeless,
Hopeless and helpless, oppressed the dejected lowly believers.
Thence to the setting sun, where Mauritanian Atlas,
Chilled with eternal snows in a boundless cheerless horizon,
Views the deserted plain where Carthage, briefly triumphant,
(Africa's only boast, the rival of Italy, Carthage,)
Claimed for a while to command the subject world, and accomplish'd
That which destiny doom'd—her dark oblivion's annals
Torn and blotted in hate; her policy, valour, and ancient
Glory reduced to a scoff; with a proverb left to the pedant,
Thence enslaved and adorn'd with the toys of slavery—temples
Palaces, arches, baths—till they, the remorseless, apostate
Infidel enemy came to avenge that gaudy debasement,
Trampling in hate and scorn laws, learning, lazy religion,
Luxury, sumptuous art, antiquity. Woe to the vanquish'd!
Woe to the fields of Spain, to the towers of lordly Toledo,
Wealthy Valencia, proud Castile, and stately Granada!
Woe to the Gascon tribes, to the mountain glens, to the lonely
Pyrenean abodes, to the herdsman and hunter and hermit;
Even amidst your shades, your woody recesses, and inmost
Rocky ravines, shall the armed tide with hideous impulse
Rise and inundate all, pouring, precipitous, headlong,
Forth to the fields of France.

THE BUBBLE YEAR.

MIGHT we not hope, with humble confidence,
That finally a benignant Providence
Will extricate the British nation
From her embarrassed situation,
And graciously dispense
An earthquake or a pestilence.
An earthquake would be far the best,
To set the question once for all, at rest;
Sinking the sister isle
At least a statute mile,
With a low, subsiding motion,
Beneath the level of the German Ocean,

There to suffer a sea change,
Into something queer and strange:
Then *if* their "bones are coral made"
They may supply the British trade
With an important new commodity:
Besides, when each Papistic churl
Shall have his eye-balls turn'd to pearl,
When "those are pearls which were his eyes."
When each invaluable ball
Is fish'd to light by British enterprize
And British capital,
To what a premium will the shares rise.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER[1]

From the Right Hon. J. H. Frere, *written from Malta to Dr.* Davy, *on the subject of a Natural Phenomenon recently discovered in the neighbourhood of the* Pietà.[2]

COMMUNICATED BY DR. DAVY[3] TO THE "EDINBURGH NEW PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL" FOR JANUARY, 1837.

YOU may recollect my attempt at forming a kitchen-garden at the Pietà by levelling a piece of rocky ground at the top of the hill; it has led to a discovery which is very extraordinary, and which to every person who has visited it appears unaccountable.

Near the Carruba tree, which you may remember on your right hand at the top of the new flight of steps, a piece of rock had been left untouched for fear of injury to the tree; at length, however, we ventured to remove this last remnant of rock. It was found to rest on a body of clay, about twenty-seven feet in length, and (at the surface) about fifteen in width. As a welcome addition to the scanty collection of soil which had served to cover the rocks and stones, one-half of the length and the whole of the width was excavated to the depth of about twelve feet; but in doing this, stones (one or two of them as big as a man's head) were found imbedded in the clay, evidently rounded by the action of water; others were found of a laminous texture, in which all the crevices and interstices were penetrated by the clay, shewing that this same clay (though it had now become so hard, and dense, and heavy, as to be with difficulty broken up by a strong man working with a pick-axe) must at one time have been in a fluid state, suspended probably in a body of turbid water.

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[1] From the "Malta Gazette," 26th July, 1836.

[2] Any persons who on a Sunday or *festa* may wish to visit the premises, will be admitted on applying to the gardener, *Giovanni Moretti, Vico Secondo, No.* 2 *Molo della Pietà.*

[3] Dear Sir,—I am induced by the interest of the subject to send you an extract of a letter, published in the *Malta Gazette,* which Mr. Frere has been pleased to address to me, relating to certain geological appearances recently discovered in Malta. One important point of inquiry to which they seem to lead is, the connection of the traces of human art with indications of great changes in the physical condition of the surface; and associated with other facts relative to Malta, they may possibly warrant the conclusion, that Malta was inhabited by man before the great catastrophe took place to which it owes its present form, and by which it may have been separated from the continent. The bone noticed by Mr. Frere in his letter, in the opinion of M. Clift, to whom I have submitted it, is probably a portion of the radius of a ruminating animal—perhaps a goat. I have examined it chemically, and have found it in composition very similar to the bone of the bone-breccia, which occurs in many parts of the shores of the Mediterranean, consisting chiefly of phosphate of lime, without any animal matter, and with a larger proportion of carbonate of lime than exists in recent bone.—*Dr. Davy in a letter to the Editor.*

Moreover, the sides of the rock, forming a sort of irregular funnel in which the clay was contained, exhibited on one side (the side which may be called concave, and which as we descended was found to be vaulted and overhanging) indications distinctly suggesting, even to an unpractised observer, the notion of their having been formed by a rotatory action of water; and that this rotatory action had probably originated in the rush of water to some great cavity below, forming a sort of whirlpool. Indications different in appearance, but equally bearing witness to the violent action of water, were observable on the opposite, or what may be called the convex side, the form of which might be described as resembling a portion of an inclined cylinder, or of a cone; striped, as it was found to be, from top to bottom with deep longitudinal furrows, shewing that the direct downward rush of water must have taken place on this side, while on the opposite and concave side the rotatory action resulting from the contraction of the lower part of the rocky funnel had left its traces in a series of horizontal furrows.

It followed, therefore, as an obvious inference, that the funnel upon which we had entered, would be found to penetrate through the whole depth of the rock. The work, therefore, was continued, partly from curiosity and partly for the chance of finding water, till it was brought down to the level of the sea, a depth of sixty-three feet from the surface; when all further operations were stopped by the influx of water. But the existence of a continued cavity filled with clay, and extending in a downward direction below the surface of the water, was ascertained by the facility with which iron-bars could be thrust down into it, for the water was not found at first, but flowed in gradually as soon as the fissures of the rock were left unobstructed by the removal of the clay.

If my report had ended here, it would hardly have been worth while to trouble you with it; but the only organized substance which was discovered is a fragment of bone, which I send, in the hope that some of your scientific friends may be able to determine the genus or species of animal to which it belonged. It was found (after we had been at work about three weeks) imbedded in the dense and tenacious clay. But a more singular discovery was made a day or two after; a piece of hard and very heavy stone, about four inches in length, and two and a half in width. It was irregularly fractured at the back and at the edges, but on the other and larger side reduced to what may be called a smooth surface; that is to say, smooth with the exception of the traces of the instrument which had been employed for the purpose of giving it an even surface; these traces are very distinctly observable upon it. This stone, like many others which were found imbedded in the same clay, was covered with a black fuliginous varnish, a mark of authenticity which, if I had any suspicion of the good faith of the workmen, would have been sufficient to remove it. It was entrusted to a lapidary, who has carefully polished one of the edges, the rest of the stone being left in the state in which it was found, with its varnish untouched. He declares it to be what they call a *piètra dura* of the hardness of a jasper or hone.

Stones exactly of the same quality have been procured for me by favour of the lapidary above mentioned. They were found near St. Julian's, imbedded in a red earth. Having examined their natural fractures, none of them were found to bear any resemblance to the surface which I supposed to have been produced artificially.

Chalk is nowhere to be traced in the existing strata of the island, but nodules of perfect chalk occurred frequently in the clay; it is singular, however, that no fragment of flint has been found to accompany it. Another circumstance worthy of remark is this; that a slip of the rock is distinctly perceptible, extending from top to bottom, at the extremity of the major axis of the whole cavity; the rock itself being unbroken and perfectly solid till we descend to the level of the sea, where we find it broken and disjoined to such a degree as to have occasioned great difficulty, and made many precautions necessary for the safety of the workmen: this disruption must have been anterior to, or at least contemporary with, the rush of turbid water in which the clay was suspended, since in nearly all those places where the rock is discovered to be in a broken and shattered state, its interstices are found filled with this hard and tenacious clay. Another circumstance might be mentioned in confirmation of the former conclusion that the whole of this clay had been suspended in a torrent of turbid water. It was found, that in lateral cavities (which would have escaped the general rush and pressure of such a torrent) the clay did not completely fill the whole of such cavities, and was taken out in a loose granulated state. There is one circumstance which seems to imply a very long continued action of water, or, more properly speaking, the same action renewed after long intervals. The rounded stones above described, "one or two of them as large as a man's head," must have been brought there by a torrent of water; but it is impossible that they could have remained in the place which they were found to occupy, only twelve feet from the surface, unless the turbid water had, at the time when they were brought there, already deposited a mass of mud firm enough to afford them support, and to prevent them from being borne by their own weight to the bottom of the cavity.

I now come to a circumstance which, except to an actual spectator, might make the statement and inferences above mentioned appear wholly fallacious and incredible. Accordingly, even to an actual spectator, it has usually been the last which I have pointed out. I have said: "You see immediately beneath your feet the straight furrows stretching downwards; you see the horizontal furrows on the side opposite; in neither of them are there any salient parts; but every angle either in a downward or horizontal direction is worn and rounded off: you see further down little niches and cavities worn out by the rebound of the water, and becoming gradually deeper and more marked as you descend to those parts where the rocky funnel is more straitened, and where the resistance and reaction must have been greatest: in short, all the undoubted traces of a rush of water pouring down the cavity from the side on which we are standing. Now, let us turn round, and look for the higher or equal level from which this rush of water must have proceeded. It has ceased to exist; you can see nothing behind you but a declivity leading down to a branch of the present harbour."

This, therefore, is one of the local enigmas which are of frequent occurrence in geology, and which are usually (and in the present state of science perhaps justly) overlooked by those observers whose attention is more properly directed to general and comprehensive facts.

The single circumstance, however, of the discovery of the traces of human workmanship in the situation above described, is sufficient to place it in a distinct class. If the frozen elephant of Siberia had been discovered two hundred years ago, it would have given rise to a number of vain and fanciful theories. It now finds its just and proper place; being classed apart, as a separate and (in our present state of knowledge) an unaccountable fact, awaiting its solution from such future discoveries as chance or science may produce, and which it may contribute to confirm or to illustrate. In the same manner the discovery (which I have been endeavouring to describe), though not immediately available for the solution of any question actually in discussion, or even likely to be discussed for some time to come, appears to me so singular and unusual as to deserve at least to be distinctly authenticated and recorded. With this view, wishing that scientific strangers who may happen to pass this way should have an opportunity of visiting the spot while the traces of every thing are fresh and distinct, I hope you will not think that I take an unwarrantable liberty with your name, if what I have written is communicated to this portion of the public in the easiest and most obvious way, being printed with its Italian translation in the *Malta Gazette.*

The following inscription was cut in the rock, over the entrance to the cave:—

INGREDERE HOSPES
SUMMUM NATURÆ MIRACULUM VISURUS
VORAGINEM ASPICIES
DENSISSIMA DUDUM ARGILLA OPPLETAM:
QUA EXHAUSTA
MANIFESTA TORRENTIS AQUÆ VESTIGIA
DETECTA SUNT
AB HAC BOREALI PARTE IRRUENTIS
UBI NUNC SCILICET SINUS MARIS EST
OLIM CONTINENS TERRA EXTITERAT:
QUO MAGIS MIRERE
IN TENACI ILLA ARGILLA
INTER SAXA
ROTANTIBUS AQUIS
TRITA ET ROTUNDATA
AD PROFUNDITATEM XV. PEDUM
DURIOR LAPIS INVENTUS EST
OPIFICIO HUMANO PROCUL DUBIO
ELABORATUS!
HOC TE NESCIRE NOLUIT
QUI HUNC LABOREM EXANTLAVIT
COMMODUMQUE TIBI INGRESSUM
EXCISA RUPE
PATEFECIT.
I. H. FRERE
NATIONE ANGLUS HUJUSCE INSULÆ
PER COMPLURES ANNOS INCOLA.
MDCCCXXXIX.

EPITAPH ON LORD LAVINGTON.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF LADY LAVINGTON.

WITH every part well acted—life enjoyed,
And every talent to the last employed,
Here Lavington is laid; a people's grief
Consigns to memory their regretted chief.
That easy vein of unaffected sense,
The wit devoid of effort or offence,
The cordial welcome and the smile sincere
To living memory long shall linger near.
Not that they feared those traces to forget,
Their ready suffrage paid the general debt,
And gave this lasting form to long regret.
No, fixt to future years they bid it stand,
A record of well exercised command.
Strict and exact, though popular and kind,
Discordant virtues in a single mind;
High principles with easy manners join'd,
A courtier's graces, but without his art;
A patriot's zeal where faction had no part,
And manly virtues in a gentle heart.

EPITAPH ON LORD NELSON.

THE fragile texture of this earthly form,
Which Death has stript aside and cast below,
Must never more be shaken by the storm,
Nor worn with care, nor shatter'd by the foe.

At war's grim sacrifice in fire and blood
My living presence never must preside;
The keen pursuit across the trackless flood
My watchful spirit never more must guide.

Britons, farewell! Our country's utmost claim,
My life, my labours all are past and paid;
The tears of vain regret, the toys of fame,
Are idle offerings to your champion's shade.

This only tribute to my memory give:—
In all your struggles, both by land and sea,
Let Nelson's name in emulation live,
And in the hour of danger think on me.

EPITAPH UPON THE DUQUE DE ALBURQUERQUE.

IMPIGER, impavidus, spes maxima gentis Iberæ,
Mente rapax, acerque manu bellator, avita
Institui monumenta novis attollere factis;
Fortunâ comite, et virtute duce, omnia gessi:
Nullâ in re, nec spe, mea sors incepta fefellit.
Gadibus auxilium tetuli, patriamque labantem
Sustentavi; hæc meta meis fuit ultima factis:
Quippe iras hominum meritis superare nequivi.
Hic procul a patriâ vitæ datus est mihi finis,
Sed non laudis item; gliscit nova fama sepulto:
Anglorum quod testantur proceres populusque,
Magno funus honore secuti, mæstitiâque
Unanimes. Æterna, pater, sint fœdera, faxis,
Quæ pepigi. Nec me nimium mea patria adempto
Indigeat, nec plus æquo desideret unquam.
Sint fortes alii ac felices, qui mea possint
Facta sequi, semperque benignis civibus uti.

EPITAPH ON THE REV. WALTER WHITER,[1]

AUTHOR OF THE "ETYMOLOGICON UNIVERSALE," ETC. ETC.

IF, wandering here, the learned or the wise
Should wish to view the spot where Whiter lies,
Here is his last abode! and close beside
The simple dwelling where he lived and died.
For forty years an unpromoted priest,

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[1] See verses entitled "A Visit to Hardingham," vol. I. p. 276; also Vol. II., pp. 256 and 352.

In the world's estimate the last and least,
By genius and by learning placed above
The greedy, noisy, literary drove
Immeasurably high. Without a frown,
He views the silly press, the busy town,
And clouds of blockheads clamouring for renown.
The purpose of his life, its end and aim
The search of hidden truth; careless of fame,
Of empty dignities or dirty pelf,
Learning he sought—and loved it for itself.

1834.

EPITAPH ON SIR VINCENT BORG,

IN THE CHURCH AT BIRCHIRCARA, MALTA.

D. O. M.
Eques Vincentius Borg
Afflictis et prope desperatis
Patriæ rebus
Cum adversus invadentium Gallorum
Contumelias
Inopino impetu Melitensium indignatio
Prorupuit:
A concivibus hujusce pagi
Dux acclamatus
Postero die
Incredibili fiducia et fortuna
Cohortem CCC Gallorum
Fudit fugavitque
Ab inermi rusticorum multitudine
Fustibus et saxis oppressam:
Deinde melioribus armis instructus
Hostium eruptiones
Ab hac boreali parte
Donec ad deditionem redacti sunt
Constanter cohibuit:
Idem ut concives suos bello simul
Et fame afflictos invecto frumento
Sublevaret

Sortem universam
Quam in mercatura habuit
Vili pretio Siciliensibus addixit
Patrimoniumque gravi fœnore oneravit:
Vir tantis in patriam meritis
Pristinam simplicitatem et modestiam
Semper retinuit:
Per reliquam vitam, sanctitate morum,
In Deum pietate in pauperes
Benevolentia
Præcipue notabilis
Hujusce Ecclesiæ fabricam
Summa liberalitate
Auxit et ornavit.
Obit XIII. Kal. Aug. MDCCCXXVII.
Vixit annos LXIV
I. H. Frere anglus scripsit
An. MDCCCXXVII.

EPITAPHS ON MR. CANNING.

WHILE sister arts in rivalry combine
For Canning's honour,—Sculpture and Design,
Verse claims her portion; a memorial line
Such as he lov'd; and fittest to rehearse
His merit and his praises—Truth in verse.
The pride of Honor, and the love of Truth,
Adorn'd his age, and dignified his youth.
Approv'd thro' life, and tried with every test,
In power, in favour, in disgrace, confest
The first of his coevals, and the best.
Unchanged thro' life, from Childhood's early day,
Playfully wise, and innocently gay,
Ever the same; with wit correctly pure,
Reason miraculously premature,
Vivid imagination ever new,
Decision instantaneously true,
A fervid and precipitated power

Of hasty thought, atchieving in an hour
What tardier wits, with toil of many a day,
Polish'd to less perfection by delay.[1]
By nature gifted with a power and skill
To charm the heart, and subjugate the will:
Born with an ancient name of little worth,
And disinherited before his birth;
A landless Orphan—rank and wealth and pride
Were freely rang'd around him; nor denied
His clear precedence, and the warrant given
Of nobler rank; stamp'd by the hand of Heav'n
In every form of genius and of grace,
In loftiness of thought, figure and face.
Such Canning was: and, half a century past,
Such all the world beheld him to the last:
Admir'd of all, and by the best approv'd,
By those, who best had known him, best belov'd;
His Sovereign's support and the people's choice,
When Europe's balance trembled on the poise,
Call'd to command by their united voice;
Fate[2] snatch'd him from the applauding world; the firs
Omen of Europe's danger, and the worst.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME, SHOULD THE FORMER BE CONSIDERED TOO LONG.

WHILE sister arts in rivalry combine
For Canning's honor,—Sculpture and Design,
Verse claims her portion; a memorial line
Such as he lov'd; and fittest to rehearse
His merit and his praises—Truth in verse.
Truth was his idol; and the pride of truth
Adorn'd his age, and dignified his youth.

---

[1] Or for these last four lines—

Invention preternatural, with a power
Of hasty thought, outstripping in an hour
What tardier wits, with wearisome delay,
Could scarce achieve, and toil of many a day.

[2] Or "Death."

Ever the same; with wit correctly pure,
Reason miraculously premature,
Vivid imagination ever new,
Decision instantaneously true.
By nature gifted with a power and skill
To charm the heart, and subjugate the will,
Admir'd of all, and by the best approv'd,
By those, who best had known him, best belov'd;
His Sovereign's support, and the people's choice,
When Europe's balance trembled on the poise,
Call'd to command by their united voice:
Fate snatch'd him from the applauding world; the first
Omen of Europe's danger, and the worst.

ANOTHER MORE CONCISE.

I WAS destroyed by Wellington and Grey.
They both succeeded. Each has had his day.
Both tried to govern, each in his own way;
And both repent of it—as well they may!

LINES INSCRIBED IN ROYDON CHURCH,

Memory of his nephews, Temple and Griffith Frere, the eldest and the youngest son of Temple and Jane Frere. The elder was drowned when saving the life of a fellow student at Trinity College, Cambridge; and the younger died in the fire which consumed the Vicarage House, at Warfield, Berks.

A MANLY tender heart, a form and frame
Heroical, the pride of all his race,
Their pride and hope in early youth he came
An unexpected inmate of this place
Ordain'd for all that breathe on earth below.
Exempted from the common ills of life,

No wearisome disease, painful and slow,
  No wild excess, nor youthful hasty strife,
Consigned him to the tomb. The prompt endeavour
  Of a kind heart to succour and to save,
Darkened our dawn of hope, and closed for ever
  His rising worth in an untimely grave.

Deem them not unprepared, nor overtaken
  At unawares, whose daily life is pure.
God's chosen children never are forsaken :
  His mercies and his promises are sure.

TABLET IN ROYDON CHURCH.

Richard Edward Frere, sixth son of Edward and Mary Anne Frere, born at Llanelly, Brecknockshire, 28*th February*, 1817, *died at Rawul Pindee Punjab*, 18*th November*, 1842, *Lieutenant in H.M.* 13*th Regiment Light Infantry.*

HEROIC England, prodigal of life,
Sends forth to distant enterprise and strife
Her daring offspring: we must not repine
If, from the frozen circle to the line,
Our graves lie scattered : and the sole relief
For kindred sorrow and parental grief
Is, to record upon an empty tomb
Merit and worth, and their untimely doom.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD EDWARD FRERE.

WRITTEN FOR A MONUMENT PROPOSED TO BE ERECTED BY HIS BROTHER OFFICERS.

IN early youth, with a determined heart,
I sought to study war's tremendous art;
Thence all that studious hours or busy thought,
Or rudimental discipline had taught,
To the true test of practice was applied,
For daily scenes of action proved and tried.

In our first enterprize, when Ghuzni fell,
I placed our colours on the citadel;
Thence other toils and hardships were essayed,
An unexampled siege and marches made
Twice to Cabool and homewards in a line
Of inexpugnable defiles—in fine,
We visited again that Indian flood
Improvidently passed, and gladly stood
In a secure and peaceable domain,
When a severer foe, disease and pain,
Approach'd, and in that hard assault I fell,
A soldier! having served and *suffer'd well*;
My duties *all discharged, with a firm mind,*
Tranquil *and pure, and peaceably resigned,*
My course *is* closed; *and if I leave* a name
Unregister'd upon the rolls of fame,
Still my kind comrades' care may make it known,
Recording on a monumental stone
A gentle, generous spirit like their own.

LINES

DESCRIBING THE ALTERED FEELINGS AND CHARACTER OF THE APOSTLES BEFORE AND AFTER THE EFFUSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

—"And he took * * * the twelve, and began to tell them what things should happen unto him."—*Mark* x. 32.

ALAS, what words are these! we vainly thought
When Israel's redemption should be wrought,
And David's ancient dynasty restored,
That we—the first disciples of the Lord,
Whom his own wise and understanding heart
Had chosen for himself, and classed apart
From the promiscuous giddy multitude,
The gazing, empty crowd, fickle and rude,
Taught in his secret hours to feel the force
And unsuspected depth of his discourse:
On whose behalf, vouchsafing to perform

His mightiest miracle, he rebuked the storm—
On the lone waves, and at the midnight hour
That wondrous act of elemental power
Was wrought; and the presumptuous challenge given
(The challenge to produce a sign from heaven)
Was answered—for our comfort and behoof!
To fix our faith affording us a proof
Of his assured divinity, denied
To the demand of Pharisaic pride!—
Ordain'd in pairs, on his own errand sent,
For works of love and mercy forth we went,
When, as our *faith availed us, the distrest*
Were healed, and *evil spirits dispossest,*
And our kind *Lord, unused to show concern,*
Rejoiced in spirit at our glad return.
Thus therefore, as distinguish'd and preferr'd
To the proud learned and the vulgar herd—
—We deem'd that his disciples and his friends
Might look in cheerful hope to loftier ends;
That when the promised kingdom was his own,
With a deputed power, each on his throne,
We might preside, sitting in humble state
With our great Chief, gravely subordinate.
  And must it end in this? must we behold
The sad result so fatally foretold?
Our promised Saviour, our expected King,
Reduced to a rejected, abject thing!
Must we behold him baffled and defied,
Insulted and tormented—crucified?
  Far other thoughts were ours, of happy days,
Of peaceful empire, glory, power, and praise,
Of all the nations of the world combined
Beneath the rule of an harmonious mind,
A divine spirit affable and kind.
  Must we behold him thus? we that have seen
His tender and compassionating mien
When witnessing in others the distress
Of griefs in daily life lighter and less!
  All vanishes at once! the long delusion
Of our mistaken hopes—fears and confusion
Must haunt our future years! where shall we find

The firm support of his celestial mind,
For exhortation, comfort, or reproof;
Dispersed, pursued, and scattered wide aloof
Without a master and without a friend,
Sinking in shame for his opprobrious end;
Outcasts of every synagogue—the scorn
Of Jews and heathen—hated and forlorn!
  Such were the thoughts the poor apostles had,
Communing in their hearts, cheerless, and sad,
Weakness and faith united! grief and love!
Till strengthened by the Spirit from above.

"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them."—*Acts* ii. 2, 3.

The promise is fulfilled; we see and own
The force and action of a power unknown.
What in a thousand forms our weary mind
And feeble spirit, ignorant and blind,
In vain imaginings had turn'd and cast,
That mighty blessing is conferred at last:
(Dimly conceived as an expected good
Now thankfully received and understood)
That spirit which inures us to behold
With a collected mind, tranquil and cold,
All that alarmed us or allured of old:
Prospective rank and power, the public breath,
Censuring or applauding, chains or death;
That Spirit which enables us to stand
In presence of the rulers of the land,
Aweless and unabash'd, with confidence
Unshaken, and spontaneous eloquence
Infused and prompted at the present hour;
Or in the public place with the like power
To quell the raving, giddy multitude,
Pierced to the quick, dejected, and subdued,
With self-conviction of their past offence:
Thence eager all with ready penitence,
Imploring consolation and advice,

Pledged in remorse and shame to pay the price
Of their announced redemption; to discard
Their former hopes and fears; to disregard
Their ancient fixed adherence to the rules
Of Pharisaic hypocritic schools,
Emancipated from the vulgar awe
Of subtle formalists and priestly law.
Nor these alone, but other gifts and powers,
Our Lord's bequests, are attributes of ours,
Authentic warrants of a power Divine
Confirmed by many a wonder, many a sign
Wrought in His name and in the public view,
Proving our faith and testimony true.
 The beggar crouching at the temple gate,
A cripple from the cradle that had sate
With hand outstretching and imploring eye,
And an unvaried customary cry,
Known and habitual to the passers-by;
Him (for he saw the power of inward faith
Lodged in his heart) Peter accosts and saith—
"Of gold or silver or the coin you crave,
"Nought we possess—we give you what we have:
"Through faith in Christ our Lord, and in His name
"Stand forth upon thy feet—cease to be lame."
'Twas done! (Such miracles are witness'd still
Of a free grace adjuring a free will.
The cripples rise with an obedient start,
With a strong effort and believing heart).[1]
The great Apostle, with an outstretch'd hand,
Rears and assists, and teaches him to stand,
Plying his ignorant unpractised feet:
While—not to leave the blessing incomplete,
The loved disciple at his other side
Attends the novice to support and guide
Within the temple, where he never stood,
With heart elate, leaping and praising God.
Nor are there wanting to the later law
Severer signs such as our fathers saw
Quelling their rebel hearts with fear and awe:

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[1] "Jones of Nayland," Sermon VI., vol. iii. p. 347, ed. 1810.

The perjured hypocrite bereft of life,
With his prevaricating, sordid wife,
Firm and erect in steady perjury
They stand, and in the twinkling of an eye
Struck by the deadly sentence, there they lie.
Such are the powers conferr'd; and for their use
Thus gifted and endow'd—can we refuse
Danger or toil or pain or hardship? No!
With a fix'd faith and purpose forth we go,
In face of a vain world, bound to proclaim
His mission, and atonement in His name.
Secure of our reward, sure to succeed,
And well content to suffer and to bleed.

Malta, 2nd April, 1840.

A FRAGMENT.

OUR fancies figure a Divinity,
Like Fielding's squire, a Mr. Alworthy:
Easy, benignant, equitable, kind—
A sort of patron, suited to our mind;
(A kind of character we should revere
For an estated neighbour or a peer);
The qualities by fellow mortals praised,
Ad infinitum multiplied and raised,
Become our graven image in effect
By mortal handicraft advanced and deck'd.
Imagination, ever poor and blind,
Frames its own idol, after its own kind,
In its own likeness. We construct on high
A mighty form of human quality,
And worship the colossal effigy;
We puzzle and confuse our puny wits
To build an infinite with endless bits
As silly children use—we strive to fill
A mimic fountain of eternal will,
And form a puddle with our idle skill.
But deem not of the Deity as is meant
In daily phrase—good, wise, omnipotent:

No; nor all-wise, all-good; nor hope to span
That mighty compass with the speech of man.
Not entity, but essence, such is He
Beyond all measure, quality, or degree—
Power, wisdom, goodness in infinity,
In abstract. He, the Centre and the Source
Of the attributes of good, which vain discourse
Collects, concentrates—and, when all is done,
Reflects its idle mirror to the sun.
With Him the past abides—the eternal past—
The future is fulfill'd—and first and last
Stand obvious to the immeasurable sense,
Mere digits in the vast circumference.
Thro' chinks and crevices we dimly trace
Existence in the forms of time and place;
Predicamental loopholes, poor and small,
That bound our vision through the dungeon.
The future, or the present, or the past,
The there or here—a simultaneous, vast
Infinite omnipresence—First and last
Centre in Him, the ineffably sublime,
Beyond all thought or language. If a crime—
I feel it or I fear it even thus,
In words of human usage to discuss
The Eternal Essence; and delineate
nfinitude—Shall the puny prate
Be suffer'd, which would limit and confine,
n an imaginary moral line,
he compass of eternal power and law?
hall human reason frame a rule to draw
efore its puny court the cognizance
f a Divine eternal ordinance
ith warrants of its own? Not more uncouth
he fines or forfeits in a barber's booth,
r regulations in a billiard-room—
quoted and applied to guide the doom
ermined judges in the learned hall
nt on a serious plea—than those you call
ur axioms absolute and general.
Or wilt thou call for archives and records,
y charter of existence, and the words
ich qualify the grant—with curious eye

Decyphering obsolete eternity?
Canst thou peruse the content and declare
No covenant exists recited there
Of older date? No former forfeit due—
Mere affirmation? Can you prove it true?
The Apostle shall reply—"Nay, what art thou,
"Oh man, that with a bold and hardy brow
"Arraign'd, and pleading in thine own defence,
"Question and cross-examine Providence?
To be considered as a fellow-creature
Seems a pretension of a modest nature,
But fails you when address'd to the Creator:
Justice you call for—justice let it be,
Such as inferior life receives from thee:
Your justice slays your vermin, and the fly
In pity saved, or left to drown or die,
Is the true pattern of a sinking spirit,
(In thorough parallel) its works and merit,
Of equal worth, whatever claims arise
Of just demeanour with his fellow flies,
Moral effort, or struggling to be free,
And to crawl out by mere congruity—
Your aidance is gratuitously given;
Gratuitously,—like the grace of Heaven.

Pietà, November, 1824.

ADMONITU LOCORUM.[1]

QUO sensu antiquas hospes perlustrat Athenas,
Strata videns passim fana, sepulcra, domus!
Aut vix Romanam retinentia mœnia pompam,
Templaque barbaricas non bene passa manus!
Cuncta obit admirans oculis, passimque vaganti
Nunc trepidant sacro percita corda metu;
Nunc gemit antiqui miseratus nominis umbram,
Temperat et lenis gaudia mista dolor.

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[1] The above verses, written while at Eton in 1787, and published in the "Musæ Etonenses," Vol. II., p. 220, ought to have been printed among the "Miscellanies, 1785-1792," p. 31, *et seq.*, of this volume.

"Ergone," ait, "veteres artes operumque labores
"Excelsasque ædes una ruina premit?
"Hîc Gracchi, hîc spissâ circùm plaudente coronâ
"Tullius intonuit libera jura foro.
"Hîc celebrans claros solenni more triumphos
"Consul quadrijugis nobilis ibat equis."
Inde loca heroum vel nomine clara sophorum
Observans tacitâ religione colit.
Mens nempe ipsa memor, quo nescio percita motu
Hos monitus viso sentit inesse loco.
Quo pariter sensu, longo post tempore, alumnus
Jam senior campos lustrat, Etona, tuos.
Scilicet hinc turres venerandaque tecta tuenti
Lætitia (at modico tincta dolore) subit.
"His," ait, "in campis meditatus, sæpe vocabam
"Cultor Pierias in nova jura Deas:
"Sæpe etiam ludo spatia hæc celebrata fremebant,
"Sive trochus, baculo seu levis icta pila est.
"Durato incisum testatur robore nomen,
"Quasve tenet fidas sculpta columna notas.
"O felix, nova cui proles assurgit, Etona,
"Perpetuumque recens læta juventa viget."
Sic pius arcano commotus pectora sensu
Tempora lapsa diu, nec reditura, refert.
At mihi jam dulcesque lares sedesque paranti
Linquere Pieridum, quid mihi mentis inest?
Scilicet hinc rapior diversæ in munia vitæ,
Imparilem officiis vimque animumque ferens.
Hei mihi! quæ dicam? faveat modò multa volenti
Dicere flebilibus mœsta Elegea modis.
Sed desiderio nimiùm mens icta fideli
Obstupet, ad Musas nec facit ille dolor.
Hos, lector, grati quos scribimus, accipe versus,
Munera, queîs pietas, qualiacunque, litet.

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